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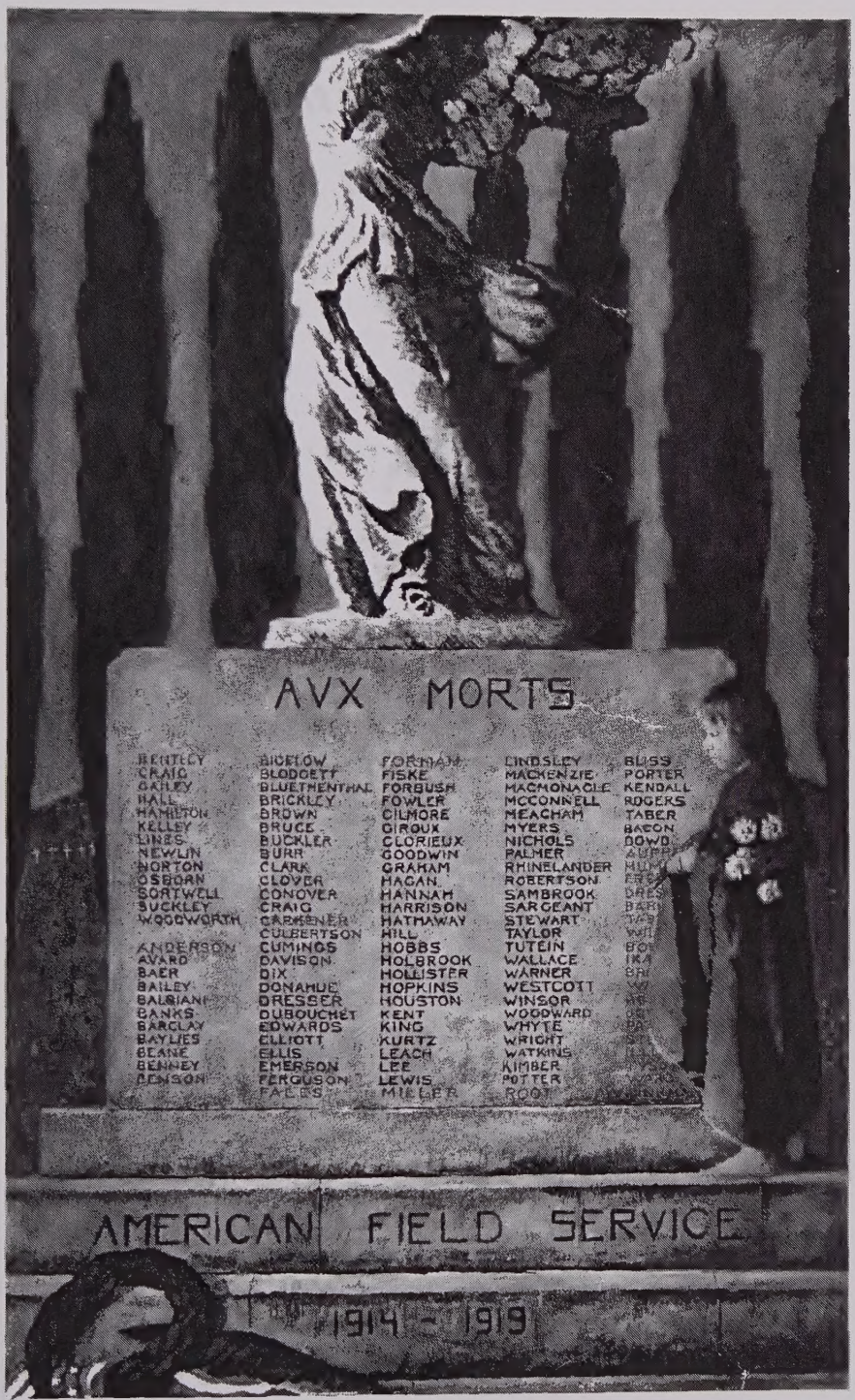
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HALL BRICKLEY FOWLER MCCONNELL ROGERS
HAMILTON BROWN GILMORE MEACHAM TABER
KELLEY BRUCE GIROUX MYERS BACON
LINES BUCKLER GLORIEUX NICHOLS DOWD
NEWLIN BURR GOODWIN PALMER AUPH
NORTON CLARK GRAHAM RHINELANDER MUM
OSBORN CLOVER HAGAN ROBERTSON FRY
SORTWELL CONOVER HANNAM SAMBROOK DRES
SUCKLEY CRAIG HARRISON SARGEANT BAR
WOODWORTH CARMENER HATHAWAY STEWART TAY
CULBERTSON HILL TAYLOR WIL
ANDERSON CUMINGS HOBBS TUTEIN BO
AVARD DAVISON HOLBROOK WALLACE IKA
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BALDIANI DRESSER HOUSTON WINSOR
BANKS DUBOUCHET KENT WOODWARD
BARCLAY EDWARDS KING WHYTE
BAYLIES ELLIOTT KURTZ WRIGHT
BEANE ELLIS LEACH WATKINS
BENNEY EMERSON LEE KIMBER
BOWSON FERGUSON LEWIS POTTER
FAILES MILLER ROOT
AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE
1914 - 1919

Painted by Waldo Pierce

"AUX MORTS"

Memorial Volume of the American Field Service in France

"FRIENDS OF FRANCE"
1914-1917

Edited by
JAMES W. D. SEYMOUR

With an Introduction by
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. PIATT ANDREW

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE
50 STATE STREET, BOSTON
1921

D609
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EDITOR'S PREFACE

In this volume an attempt has been made to catch in short biographies the true spirit of those who volunteered to serve with the Field Service in France and died for our Cause. The intent has not been to eulogize their heroisms nor dilate upon their great achievement, but to sketch these men's lives, to touch on their ideals and beliefs, to express a little of their dreams. The work has been undertaken with the deeply-felt, sincere wish to pay deserved tribute to the memory of their living and service, and to the inspiration of their death

The plan was formulated by the Chief of the Field Service in France, A. Piatt Andrew, with the idea that each story, while complete in itself, should be part of a whole which would set forth the purpose and vigour of thought that animated all of the volunteers. It was carried out in detail by a group of Field Service men who made every effort to put upon paper the real characters of the men of whom they wrote In all cases the families were consulted, and, except for the exigencies of space on some occasions, their wishes were followed and their suggestions carried out. Always they rendered every aid in their power, furnishing statistics, photographs, personal correspondence, details of home and school life, and anecdotes which bring to life again youthful days and experiences wherein were often foreshadowed the idealisms of the future. All this made the task a very personal and moving one, and impressed on each biographer the significance of the stories thus gathered together — not only individually, but forming, in the mass, a striking estimate of the temper of the volunteers It made the writing a thing of heart as well as hand The editorial staff consisted of Preston Lockwood, S. S. U. 3, Jerome Preston, S S. U. 15, Arthur J. Putnam, S S. U. 18, and Frank J. Taylor, S S. U. 10, each of whom strove to see all angles of each situation and of each man's interests. Stories also have been graciously contributed by Henry

Sydnor Harrison, S. S. U. 1, J. Paulding Brown, S. S. U. 1, and Harold B. Willis, S. S. U. 2. Gratitude is owing to the colleges of the men in many cases for precise data and essential facts. Many comrades, likewise, were called upon for help, as were the families, and all have assisted in every possible way, correcting our errors and suggesting chances for improvement.

The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting by Waldo Peirce, S. S. U. 3, in commemoration of the men whose stories are here told. To him as well as to all those who labored faithfully in sending material, who advised, and criticised, and wrote, but most of all to Colonel Andrew, with his constant enthusiasm and judicial supervision, wishing it to be, above all a tribute of appreciation from the Field Service to its members who are gone, the existence of the book is due. To them, everyone, go very sincere thanks.

THE EDITOR.

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INTRODUCTION

THE vision which illumined the world three years ago has paled with the light of common day. The monstrous epoch in which we of the old volunteer Field Service played a very little part now looms like a distant mountain range upon the horizon It seems almost as remote to us who were participants, as it will seem to those who contemplate it generations hence. Gone are the flash and thunder of battle, and gone also is the willing acceptance of hardship and effort and sacrifice in a common cause. Gone are the grim peril and the anguish, and gone likewise is the readiness with which men did and dared and died, when called, for noble ends. Though millions risked everything only three years ago that others might live in freedom and that justice might prevail, only dreamers, it seems today, would jeopardize their lives for such immaterial and disinterested aims. We need not seek the reasons for this change. Whatever they may be, the fact is all too manifest.

Is it not possible to rescue from extinction some traces of the spirit which exalted those Great Days? Can we not revive an echo of that war-time faith which made it worth our while to strive and give and suffer for something beyond ourselves and those immediately about us? Must the fearful price of the victory be wasted, or may we perhaps hold fast some fragments of the vision which made that victory possible? Can we not at least keep fresh the memory of what was great and beautiful during those epic years, and hand it on to those who never knew them?

In answer to such questioning, and with such purpose as it indicates, this book has been composed. It is not alone a backward glance upon cherished personalities, closely associated with us in the war, which in the melancholy course of that catastrophe were blotted out. It is not merely a tribute to those tenderly regretted companions of romantic and tragic hours in France. It *is*

all this; but it is intended to be something more We have hope that the stories of what these young Americans did and gave may help to perpetuate the vision which their brief lives reflected The pages that follow, drawn from the little circle of our comrades' lives, portray the exalted spirit which among the Allied peoples translated the war into a religion and made its battles a crusade. They show the faith which inspired those peoples and which, even in the darkest hours of German ascendancy, spurred them, with certainty of ultimate success, to any sacrifice,— a faith in the ineluctable final triumph of justice and right. In commemorating these men, we hope to keep alive some embers of the spirit and the faith with which their lives were consecrated.

There is another purpose which was fundamental with the old Field Service, and which every one of these men would have hoped to see continued,— the furthering of friendship and understanding with the people of France. The men whose life stories are here recounted went as volunteers to France, most of them many months before our government had ceased to be neutral, all of them before an American Army had been sent there. They went to serve with the Armies of France. The lives of some of them had already terminated in active service with those armies a year or more before our government had decided to join hands with France. Not one of these men but had formed warm comradeship with the French soldiers whose hardships and gaieties they shared, whether plodding through the wintry mud of bleak, war-ridden villages, resting by dusty roadsides under the summer sun, or waiting by night in the fetid squalor of black dugouts. Not one who had not grown to regard these soldiers,— their blue-coated comrades,— with affection and more — with something akin to reverence Not one who did not become attached to France as to no other country save his own. Of this their letters and their diaries give abundantly the proof.

How then could we better commemorate these men than by encouraging through future generations that friendship and understanding between the youth of the two countries which so marked their relations in old Field Service days, and which so imbued their lives and fateful destinies? What could be more fitting than that through all the years to come young Americans should be stimulated to go to France, to explore the fountains of her learning, and to bring back sympathetic comprehension of her traditions and her traits, and that young men of France should reciprocally be enabled to study here our ways of thinking?

With this idea in mind, a plan has been undertaken which, when it succeeds, will provide in perpetuity an annual fellowship in memory of each and every one of these men, either to send an American student to France, or to bring a French student here. Thus will the fraternity of war days be cherished and kept alive for posterity. Successive generations of French and American youth will forever go back and forth between the two countries, fostering mutual comprehension and mutual sympathy, just as these men were glad to do If endowments for these fellowships can be found, they will build a noble and enduring monument to the hundred and twenty-seven comrades who gave all that they were and all that they might ever have hoped to be to the common cause of America and France. They will help to make perpetual the spirit in which these men gave their lives.

If there is anything in this volume to awaken solemn and mournful thought, it must not be regret for lives that have ended, and for youths that are gone. The book will have failed of its essential purpose if the impression that it conveys, so far as these young men are concerned, is one of blighted hopes, or loss, or unfulfillment. It is really the story of dreams that have come true, of careers that have been completed without disappointment, without retrogression, without regret,

of lives that have counted as much as individual lives may count, in the final reckoning. These men had the fortune to depart gloriously at the pinnacle of their career. They achieved the summit, and facing eternity in the morning of their lives gallantly offered life's noontime and its evening upon the altar of their country. They "bartered dull age for immortality."

> "They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old,
> Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn."

And we who are left, their erstwhile comrades of great days and nights in France, shall think of them "at the going down of the sun, and in the morning," and we shall think of them as always young and always happy. For us they can not alter. They are beyond all sorry chance of change.

I know no words that more perfectly express how we shall remember them, as time and life speed by, than those of the sonnet written many years ago by a great American, bravely facing the loss of his son.

> "At eve when the brief wintry day is sped,
> I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering glare —
> Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair —
> Of those who, dying young, inherited
> The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
> I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air,
> Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair
> Shining unwithered on each sacred head,
> And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize,
> With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
> The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
> Bartering dull age for immortality,
> Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee
> The youth that thrilled them to the finger-tips" *

A. PIATT ANDREW

May, 1921. GLOUCESTER, MASS

* Thanatos Athanatos, by John Hay.

Memorial Volume

of the

American Field Service

in France

R. N. H.

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness,
I will be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness"
Psalm 17 . 15

Fine youth! That sees the vision like a star
Eternal in the heavens, nor earth can hide
Nor time can dim it Evermore content
With Life that holds it, or with solemn Death
That tells its secret Evermore content

When he went forth with earnest modesty
To do his best for what he saw was best,
He made no claim on Fate for life or death,
Or joy, or glory, only seeing clear
The vision of man's service for his kind,
Whence only life is possible, and moves
Up to the heights of undespairing love

And we, who follow him with yearning thought,
Need not to question for his peace and joy
Who wakens in the presence of the Lord
And with his likeness will be satisfied

Great youth! Who sees his vision face to face

RICHARD NELVILLE HALL

MORE perhaps than in that of any other there exists in the life and achievement of Richard Nelville Hall a fineness and a poignant glory of self-sacrifice. "What better ideal can we have?" writes an associate in the Field Service, "A strong spirit drawing on a frail body to unselfish work for others."

In 1915, when the Middle West felt only vaguely the throbbing of the Great War, "Dick" showed his spirit by going eagerly along the uncertain path of service. His death brought sharply home to the whole country the bitter reality of the conflict and the necessity of having a share in it. Ambassador Jusserand wrote Dick's parents: "More has been accomplished by your son, in the brief space allotted to him, than can be the fate of millions who lead long, plain, ordinary lives"

As a small boy he said to his mother, after much thinking: "It seems to me it's awfully foolish to let yourself get to wanting something you know you can't have." And this philosophy of his own devising was a guide to his life. For while "he had a good deal to make him happy," yet he was happier in living than many a boy who had much more. On November 11, 1915, Dick wrote from France: "It is rather nice to know I can be happy in the face of some hard and dirty work, even with privations. I am extremely happy . . . . . I am not talking or thinking about Christmas. I don't dare."

At Michigan the words of a friend, who feels himself "a better man for having known Dick," typify the esteem in which Richard Hall was held. His constitution was not, however, robust, and after a year at Ann Arbor, he sought the invigorating open-air life afforded by Dartmouth. Dr. Nichols, the president, wrote his parents. "Certainly not in recent years has a young man of my acquaintance given so fine an example of what a young man ought to do. . . . . His memory will be cherished through many college generations." He completed his college work a

month early and sailed for France on June 5, 1915. "Full of enthusiasm, tenderness, and quiet power. . . . . We knew, when he went, that a soldier indeed had gone. . . . ."

Lovering Hill, leader of Section Three in Alsace said that Dick became known as its "most refined, likeable, and conscientious" member, "immediately liked by the French people for his sympathy, and respected by the ambulance men for his efficient work." "The ugly facts of war in some mysterious way were consecrating him to the highest ideals of service." "Dick's devotion to duty" Stephen Galatti called "a source of inspiration" and said, "It has been a privilege to be with him continually, at work and at play, to depend on him always, to look for his cheerful smile and to learn patience and kindness from him."

Late in December vicious attacks surged over Hartmannsweilerkopf. "Dick" never faltered, until during the black night of Christmas Eve, on the road up the mountain he was killed by a chance shell, "in the morning of his youth." Just before dawn a comrade found him there, dead beside his shattered ambulance, his hands still clutching the wheel, and his face wearing a smile as though he thought of the Christmas at home. He is buried at Moosch, in the valley of St. Amarin, his grave kept fresh with flowers by the village folk who knew and loved him.

Richard Elliott spoke truly, when he said: "It seems to me Dick had less need of this life than most of us. . . . Had n't he already found that key to true living which is reflected in our unfailing confidence? How beautifully the mantle of heroism falls about his young life. . . . The lives of all who knew him will always be richer for his having lived."

"There fell a very modest and valiant Gentleman."

RICHARD NELVILLE HALL

Born May 18, 1894, in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Son of Dr. Louis P. and Elizabeth D. Hall. Educated Ann Arbor schools, University of Michigan, and Dartmouth College, Class of 1915. Joined American Field Service, June 15, 1915; attached Section Three. Killed by shell near Hartsmannsweilerkopf, Alsace, night of December 24-25, 1915. Croix de Guerre. Buried Moosch, Alsace.

EDWARD JOSEPH KELLEY

Born March 19, 1889, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Son of Joseph H. and Mary Reuss Kelley. Educated Philadelphia high schools; Rock Hill College, Ellicott City, Maryland; and University of Pennsylvania, Class of 1911. Automobile business, Philadelphia. Joined American Field Service, August 26, 1916; attached Section Four. Killed by shell at Marre, near Verdun, night of September 23, 1916. Croix de Guerre. Buried at Blercourt, Meuse.

EDWARD JOSEPH KELLEY

EDWARD KELLEY belongs to that small and heroic band of American youths who gave their lives for France while their own country still hesitated to take issue. In the summer of 1916, while employed in the service department of a Philadelphia automobile manufactory, he read a magazine account of the work which Americans were doing in France. On August 26th, he sailed as a member of the American Field Service, with the intention of devoting to the cause the expert knowledge of automobiles which he possessed.

He had expected to remain in Paris, as may be gleaned from letters written home shortly after his arrival, but an opportunity presented itself almost immediately of joining Section Four at the front and he eagerly hailed this chance to see active service in the field. Section Four was at the time one of three sections located in the Verdun sector, whose work lay in the region of the famous Mort Homme.

His term of service was to be short. Six days after joining the section, on the night of September 23, 1916, he was making his first trip to the dressing station in the little ruined town of Marre, and was being shown the road by a veteran of the section named Sanders. They had almost reached their destination, a heavily protected cellar, when a German shell struck about three yards in front of the ambulance, sending its fragments in all directions. Kelley was instantly killed and his companion seriously wounded. They were carried back in another ambulance, which was waiting at the post, to Blercourt.

He was buried there with military honors, just a month from the day he had sailed from New York. Mr. Andrew, the commanding officer of the Field Service, wrote a few days later to Kelley's sister, describing the scene: "Imagine a sunny, warm September morning and a village street sloping up a hillside. In the open entry of one of the houses, the front of which was hung with the black

and silver drapery of the church and the tricolor of France, the coffin was placed, wrapped in a great French flag, covered with flowers and wreaths, at the head a small American flag on which was pinned a Croix de Guerre with a gold star, the tribute of the Army Corps General to the boy who had given his life for France. Six French soldiers bore the coffin and then followed representatives of our sections, each carrying wreaths, then the General, a group of officers, and after them the fifty or more Americans surrounded by a detachment of soldiers with arms reversed. The scene was one which none there could ever forget."

Short as his stay had been with his comrades at the front, the place he had made for himself among them is more than evident in the following extract from a letter sent back to America and signed by every member of the section: "We do not know that it is as he would have wished, since he had much to live for, but we do know that the sacrifice, great as it is, was made ungrudgingly. On us who have served here at the front with Edward, his sincerity and strength of purpose, his never failing willingness to help out, no matter what the assistance needed, no matter at what hour of the day or night, his earnestness in the work to which he had put his hand, his cheerfulness under all conditions,—on us, proud to feel that we were his comrades, these qualities have made a profound and lasting impression. Always we shall hold it a privilege that we served with him, and that it was as one of us that he met his heroic end."

"EVERY person has some trait in his or her character which dominates all others. With 'Ed,' as one remembers him as a boy, later at college, and finally in business, the one word 'affectionate' strikes the keynote of his personality. His happiest moments were spent with his family in the country and his love of horses and dogs was phenomenal. His next most dominant trait was generosity. College friends and mess-mates in India have all spoken of the pleasure he received in giving. The last and possibly the most important characteristic was courage. As a youngster at St. Paul's School, one can remember his flying tackle, his willingness to take a chance of a mighty hard bump in the hope of getting his man. He usually got him."

On the death of his father, a former mayor of Cambridge, he left Harvard College at the end of his junior year and entered the employ of the Ludlow Manufacturing Associates. It was in pursuit of this firm's transactions in jute that he was sent to Calcutta, where he remained for three years. In the spring of 1916, on his way back to America, he stopped over in Paris and, becoming interested in the work which the American Field Service was doing at the front, enlisted for a term of six months. Section Eight was just leaving for action, and as one of the original members of the section he served from May until September, 1916, in Champagne and around Verdun.

Austin Mason, *chef* of Section Eight, has written of the work of the Section: "My memory of the fellows is most vivid at the time when we had the hardest work. This was at Dugny, near Verdun, and our *poste de secours* was the Fort de Tavannes. One of the hardest attacks on the Verdun sector was going on at the time, in June, 1916, and those who were with us came through that time with great credit. Volunteers were called for every so often for some particularly dangerous job, and there was never a

lack of them. I can remember Sortwell, with his earnest eager face, volunteering among the first. He did excellent work while he was with us and all the fellows were very fond of him, for he enjoyed a good time when he was not on duty and was always ready to take part in any amusement or party that was planned. It was a great blow to all of us to have him taken away with two others of the crowd when the section for Salonica was formed."

Late in September he volunteered for duty with Section Three in the Orient and was accepted. Barely two weeks after landing in Salonica and while waiting for the cars to be made ready, he was struck by a heavy motor car while crossing a dark street, concussion of the brain resulting, and he died the following night, Sunday, November 12th, 1916. He was buried in the French Cemetery on the outskirts of Salonica, his coffin covered with a French and an American flag.

In a letter to Sortwell's mother, A. Piatt Andrew, head of the American Field Service, wrote: "Your son has left in the memory of all those who were associated with him a fine record of arduous and in many cases dangerous work, eagerly and courageously performed; an example of manly endurance in the performance of duty which will never be forgotten. He never hesitated and never shirked before a dangerous mission. He is the third of our American volunteers to give his life in the service of France in her hours of peril, and with his sacrifice he has added one more link to the bonds of friendship which have bound our two countries since their earliest days."

EDWARD CARTER SORTWELL

Born March 25, 1889, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Son of Alvin Foye and Gertrude W. Sortwell. Educated St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and Harvard University, three years, Class of 1911. In business with Ludlow Manufacturing Associates; three years in India, from 1913. Joined American Field Service, April 26, 1916; attached Section Eight to September, 1916, then Section Three in Salonica. Died November 12, 1916, of injuries received in accident, Salonica, November 11. Buried, Salonica. Body transferred to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HOWARD BURCHARD LINES

Born March 5, 1891, in New York City. Only son of Dr. Ernest Howard and Elisabeth L. Lines. Home, Paris, France. Educated Anglo-Saxon School, Paris; University of Paris, Sorbonne, "baccalaureat" 1908; Dartmouth College, Class of 1912; Harvard Law School, 1915. Joined American Field Service, September 8, 1915; attached Section One to December 30, 1915; reenlisted September 17, 1916; attached Sections Eight and One. Died at the front, of pneumonia, December 23, 1916. Buried Christmas Day, La Grange aux Bois, Argonne. Croix de Guerre. Body now in American Military Cemetery, Suresnes, near Paris, Seine.

HOWARD BURCHARD LINES

"RAINY" LINES,— as he was known by his classmates at Dartmouth and Harvard, and by many of his friends in the Field Service,— died while on active duty at the front, December 23, 1916, and was buried on Christmas Day, with all military honors, in the little town of La Grange aux Bois, in the Argonne.

Educated in France, and loving intensely her people and her traditions, Lines was prepared from the beginning to make any sacrifice for her cause. "Devoted and courageous," read an Army Order of the Day, "he was sent to the rear, ill. He returned again eagerly to the front after his recovery, contracted a grave malady, and died for France."

On graduating from the Harvard Law School in the early part of the summer of 1915, "Rainy" Lines enlisted in the Field Service and was attached to Section One, then working under unusually hard conditions in the neighborhood of Dunkirk. "What a comfort it is to have Lines with us," wrote one of the directors of the Field Service. "His work is always well done, he is never rattled, and, at the same time, he has a quick, cheerful, and sympathetic nature from which others draw encouragement."

In the summer of 1916 he was operated upon for appendicitis and an abdominal injury. He also was compelled to spend several weeks in the hospital suffering from chicken pox complicated by an attack of grippe. Only those who saw him at this time can know how much he chafed at this enforced withdrawal from active service, how he coaxed the doctors to permit his return to the front, and how eagerly he resumed his work.

This time he was temporarily attached to Section Eight, where, as in Section One, he soon became at home, and did sterling work, but he was insistently reclaimed by his old Section, and to Section One he was presently reassigned. Lines made many friends, both among his

fellow volunteers and among the French with whom his work constantly brought him in contact, and with whom he loved to spend his time when off duty. Just before his death he was recommended for the Croix de Guerre. It had also been decided to appoint him *Sous-chef* of the Section, for every one was coming to rely more and more upon his experience, his steady sense, his ability to co-operate with the French authorities, his enthusiasm, and his qualities of leadership.

The immediate cause of death was cerebral meningitis following an acute attack of pneumonia. Four of his comrades in Section One acted as pallbearers; the funeral services were read by a Protestant clergyman serving with the armies as a stretcher bearer; and the interment was witnessed by his father, mother, and sister, who had been given special permission by the Ministry of War to proceed from Paris to the front; by Robert Bacon, formerly American Ambassador to France; and by A. Piatt Andrew, Inspector General of the Field Service.

None of the little group of Americans who stood that Christmas Day by the open grave of this volunteer could foresee the future, but in retrospect they will always think of "Rainy" Lines as the advance guard of the formidable thousands of their countrymen who, two years later, hallowed with their blood the valley of the Meuse and were laid to rest, as he was laid to rest, beneath the white crosses which dot its hillsides

Lines was one of the first Dartmouth men to join the Field Service, and a Dartmouth bed at the American Ambulance at Neuilly, endowed by college friends, was dedicated to "Howard Burchard Lines, son of Dartmouth, a sympathetic, loyal, generous friend, whose death befitted his life and who needs no words to pay him honor."

ADDISON LEECH BLISS

BORN in Springfield, where he had his earliest schooling, Addison Leech Bliss went when about ten years of age to Fay School at Southboro. In 1904 he entered St. Mark's to prepare for Harvard, and joined enthusiastically in the activities of his companions. He was an athlete of no mean ability, playing for two years upon both the school football and baseball teams, in his last year captaining the latter. He became extremely popular, and was a monitor as well as president of his class.

An old friend, who had known Addison since he was a small boy and seen a great deal of him at the Bliss summer home in New London, was, he said, "greatly attracted because of his winning personality," adding, "I am told he was very popular both at his school and with his classmates at Harvard." Upon entering college with the Class of 1914 Bliss continued to win friends and athletic successes. A subsequent class report says: "His generosity, geniality, and whole-heartedness made him one of the most likable men it is given us to know." His second year he spent at Haverford College, returning to Harvard in the fall of 1912. His popularity was undiminished and while he was elected to several clubs, unfortunately his studies did not receive a great deal of attention. The late Lawrence Sexton, a classmate of his father's at Harvard, remarked of Addison that "he did not graduate owing to the fact that he was not a diligent student. Notwithstanding his lack of diligence, he is a bright, capable, energetic young man." Proof of this last is the success which he made of his business affairs.

Bliss left college about Christmas time and took a position with the Ellsworth Collieries Company, after a while joining the Union Collieries Company of Pittsburgh. He was active in the development of the mines, being concerned with the installation work. As a result of his efforts he was made a director of the company, which he left only to enter the ranks of the Allies.

The following, which concerns his War service, is quoted from "St. Mark's School in the War against Germany," edited by A. E. Benson: "Bliss' record is in one sense a short one, for he was not granted the time in which to accomplish the work for which he went to France; but this bare fact, though cruel to him, makes little difference to his friends, and none in the honor and love in which they hold him. Before his country entered the war he left his home and his business, volunteered from pure sense of personal duty, and died in the service. Such a record needs no longer life in which to emphasize it, however bitterly his friends may grieve that he could not have lived and had his reward."

Addison resigned his position in Pittsburgh, sailed for France on the Touraine, January 28, 1917, a volunteer driver in the American Field Service. After a stormy voyage and while in Paris waiting to be sent to the front, Bliss caught a severe cold from which pneumonia developed, and on February 22d, less than a month after leaving the United States, he died Two days later he was buried, with very beautiful services, at the American Church in Paris.

A fitting tribute and expression of their regard for him comes from his Harvard Classmates in their second Report: "The multitude of friends he has left, who loved him so dearly, will miss him always and the place he filled in the hearts of all of us can never be refilled."

ADDISON LEECH BLISS

Born November 21, 1891, in Springfield, Massachusetts. Son of Chester W. and Isadora Leech Bliss. Home, Boston, Massachusetts. Educated Springfield schools, Fay and St. Mark's Schools, Southboro, Massachusetts, and Harvard University, Class of 1914. Left college Junior year to enter business, with Ellsworth and later Union Collieries Companies of Pennsylvania. Joined American Field Service, January 28, 1917. Died of pneumonia in Paris, February 22, 1917. Buried in Paris, France. Body transferred to Peabody Cemetery, Springfield, Massachusetts.

JAMES ROGERS McCONNELL

Born March 14, 1887, in Chicago, Illinois. Son of Judge Samuel P. and Sarah Rogers McConnell. Home, Carthage, North Carolina. Educated Morristown School, New Jersey; Haverford School, Pennsylvania, and University of Virginia, Class of 1910. In business, New York City. From 1912, Industrial Agent, Randolph and Cumberland Railroad, North Carolina. Secretary, Carthage Board of Trade. Joined American Field Service, February 11, 1915; attached Section Two until December 12, 1915. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted French Aviation, October 1, 1915. Trained Pau and Plessis-Belleville. Breveted February 6, 1916. Attached as *Sergent*, Lafayette Escadrille, N 124, April 20, 1916. Killed in combat over the German lines, March 19, 1917, near Petit-Détroit, southeast of Ham. Croix de Guerre with palm. Buried Petit-Détroit, Aisne.

JAMES ROGERS McCONNELL

In the long list of those who gave their lives in the War, there is one small group of names which must ever rank above the rest. These were the men who, before America entered the struggle, fought and died for the cause which they had made their own, side by side with the blue coated soldiers of France. Of these James R. McConnell was one.

When war broke out in Europe he was employed in Carthage, North Carolina, as the land and industrial agent of a railroad company. He soon came to the conclusion, as he is quoted in the introduction to his book, "Flying for France," that: "These sand hills will be here forever, but the war won't, so I'm going." From February to December, 1915, he served with the American Field Service, first as one of a group of drivers attached to a hospital at Beauvais, and, from April on, as one of the original members of Section Two at Pont-à-Mousson, where he had the reputation of being the most fearless member of the section.

It was undoubtedly in no small part his love of danger and adventure which first drew McConnell to France, but by the fall of 1915, these motives had given way entirely, before the keen realization of what the war meant, to a desire to give his utmost to the cause of France. He left the Field Service and enlisted in the French Army with the idea of training for aviation and in April, 1916, was sent to the front in the newly formed Lafayette Escadrille, with such comrades as Rockwell, Lufbery, Prince, and Chapman.

At the front he seemed destined to have bad luck from the start. Twice he was left without a machine, once after an accident at Luxeuil, and again at the time of his first trip over the Verdun sector. In the latter instance he boldly attacked six German planes and in the unequal combat had his machine riddled with bullets. In August he and Lufbery brought down a two-seated Ger-

man machine and each was officially credited with half a share in the victory. Soon afterward, however, while making a landing in the dark, he so badly wrenched his back that the resulting rheumatism confined him to the hospital until the following spring. Then, despite the fact that he was still unfit for service, he insisted upon returning to the squadron on March 10, 1917.

Nine days later he fell at the little village of Petit-Détroit, southwest of St. Quentin. One of his comrades, C. C. Johnson, wrote. "Like old Kiffin, Mac died gloriously and in full action. It was in a fight with three Germans in their lines. Genet took one Hun and was wounded. The last he saw was a Hun on Mac's back. Later we learned from the cavalry that there were two on Mac and after a desperate fight he crashed to the ground. Three days later we took that territory . . . . . and Mac was buried where he fell, in a coffin made from the door of a pillaged house." In his lifetime "Jim" had said were he killed he desired to be buried where he fell, and so it is. The French 165th Infantry used stones from a nearby ruined village to erect there a beautiful monument. The grave is decorated with flowers by the peasants, and in the words of one of them, "It will always be covered with flowers, you know he was a volunteer."

No words can add to the record of his achievements, nor can any one who knew him ever forget the impression of his manly nature, whimsical humor, fearlessness, and above all, his love for France. One phrase from his posthumous citation for the Croix de Guerre with palm, is sufficient proof that these qualities were not unknown or unappreciated by the army he so nobly served: "*Pilote modeste, autant que courageux, disait souvent à ses camarades. 'Tant mieux si je dois être tué, puisque c'est pour la France.'* "

HENRY EGLINTON MONTGOMERY SUCKLEY

"These boys who have gone, taking our colors and our spirit into the outposts of civilization, will one day be honored and remembered as having deserved well of their country and having by their example and their sacrifice kept alive a noble tradition and a true American spirit . . . . . In a dark period, perhaps the darkest in our whole history, it is the example of boys like Suckley which gives us hope even in despair."

Editorial, "*New York Tribune*," March 28, 1917.

HENRY SUCKLEY, one of the first Field Service men to reach France and participate in the work at the front, was mortally wounded on March 18, 1917, at Zemlak, Albania, while in the active discharge of his duties as *Chef* of Section Ten. He died a day later in a hospital at Koritza, where he was buried with all military honors by a Protestant chaplain, in the Allied cemetery, among the remains of many of the soldiers for whom he had given his life.

Speaking by his grave the senior French officer present said: "Henry Suckley always joined to the highest qualities of a leader the humble patience of a soldier, believing that the best way to obtain obedience was himself to set an example in everything." And one of the directors of the Field Service wrote when he heard of his death: "Of the many hundreds of Americans who have come and gone in this organization, he was one of the three or four on whom we depended the most and who was the most liked and trusted by those who worked with him or for him."

Suckley joined the Field Service in February, 1915, and in May of the same year he went to the front with Section Three. He remained continuously with that unit, on the Alsatian, Lorraine, and Verdun fronts until September, 1916, was awarded the Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action, and appointed *Sous-chef* of the Section. He then made a short trip home to recruit men and collect money for the Service, and returning in November to France was put in command of Section Ten, the money for the organization and support of which had been contributed by the New York Stock Exchange.

Section Ten was ordered at once to join the Army of the Orient at Salonica, and, when it was given work to do at the front, began immediately to make an enviable reputation. But Suckley, to whose influence as leader so much of its success was due, did not live to receive his share of the credit, for on March 18th there was an enemy air raid over Zemlak, where Section headquarters had been established, and he was mortally wounded by a fragment of a bomb.

He was carried in one of the Section's ambulances to a hospital in Koritza where he died quietly the next morning. He retained consciousness all night and gave directions about the work of the Section and said repeatedly to everybody who saw him, "Don't bother about me."

To the lot of Henry Suckley, while a volunteer in the Field Service, fell many tasks,— to work and to wait in the rear while the foundations of the Service were being laid, to be one of the first to take part in active battle operations at the front, to return to the United States and interest others in the vital work which was being done in France, and, finally, to assume his first command upon a distant front amid strange and perplexing surroundings. He met each demand that duty made upon him with a success and a modesty which won the affection and the admiration of his fellows, and he will always remain with us, noble in memory and in influence.

HENRY EGLINTON MONTGOMERY SUCKLEY

Born February 18, 1887, in Orange, New Jersey. Son of Robert Bowne and Elizabeth Montgomery Suckley. Home, Rhinebeck, New York. Educated abroad, Phillips Academy, Exeter, and Harvard University, Class of 1910. In business, New York City. Joined American Field Service, February 12, 1915; attached Section Three; *Sous-chef*, May, 1915, to September, 1916. Recruited for Field Service, in America, September to November. *Commandant Adjoint*, Section Ten, November, 1916. Croix de Guerre. To the Balkans. Wounded by *avion* bombs, March 18, at Zemlak. Died March 19, 1917, at Koritza, Albania. Buried in Koritza.

ALBERT AUGUSTUS PORTER

Born September 30, 1896, in Buffalo, New York. Son of Alexander J. and Maud Langmuir Porter. Home, Niagara Falls, New York. Educated Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ontario, and Cornell University, Class of 1919. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. Joined American Field Service, March 12, 1917; attached Headquarters. Died in Paris of pneumonia, April 25, 1917, at Hospital Buffon. Funeral services in Paris. Buried Oakwood Cemetery, Niagara Falls, New York.

ALBERT AUGUSTUS PORTER

Albert Augustus Porter, when war broke out in 1914, was at Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ontario. His residence in Canada gave to him, far more than to most boys of his age in the United States, a realization of the true significance of the struggle, and although but eighteen years of age he was eager from the first to enlist with his Canadian school-mates for service in France. It was consideration for his family's wishes, however, which induced him to postpone for the time his project and to continue his studies at Cornell University.

The summer of 1916 he attended Plattsburg, returning to Cornell in September, but by mid-winter his desire to take an active part in the war was too great to be longer denied and in February he enrolled with the American Field Service. He wrote from New York early in March, a day or two before sailing: "Naturally I feel a little too happy, but it is because I am going to do what I have always longed to do."

The sort of youth he was, who sailed so happily away, is admirably shown in a letter to his family from one of his headmasters at Ridley College: "Since he entered the lower school as a little boy, my admiration and affection for him have never waned. I never knew him to say a mean word or heard of his doing a thing which would not bear the full light of day. Full of enthusiasm for all the good and true things of life, he was one of my ideals of what a boy should be His boyish consideration for others, his constant desire to do what was right, his intolerance of wrong, all these grew to manhood with him and made it impossible for him to stay at home while there was such work to be done."

Upon his arrival in Paris he was assigned to Section Four and was on the point of leaving for the front when he contracted measles which necessitated his being sent to a hospital. Here he remained, chafing under the delay, and more and more anxious each day to join his com-

rades at the front. It seemed to him particularly hard to be on the verge of realizing his dream and then to be held back by a trivial illness.

At last his eagerness was so great that he insisted upon going out to test his strength, but the raw Paris spring weather was too much for him and pneumonia developed. He died on April 25, 1917, when not yet twenty-one, a month after reaching France. A military funeral was held at the American Church, the first since the United States had declared war, and was attended by many of his comrades and officers of the Field Service and by prominent American and French residents. His casket, draped in an American flag, was sent back to Niagara Falls.

It seems especially sad that one who had so long desired to join the struggle should die in this way. He had already traveled thousands of miles to achieve his purpose and it was only a seemingly cruel chance which snatched him away just as he was about to reach the front. His very eagerness to serve would have rendered him of exceptional value to the cause, yet, dying as he did, his name stands, for all who knew him, as that of a soldier who gave his all for his country.

LEIF NORMAN BARCLAY

At the outbreak of the war in 1914, Leif Norman Barclay was in Norway visiting the country of his ancestors. Contact with this land that had bred heroes long before America was known to exist, fired his Norse blood and fixed his determination to serve under the Tri-color of France in the struggle that represented to him romance, adventure, and sacrifice — life at its broadest and fullest. In November then of 1914 he joined the ranks of the American Ambulance, going into the field with Section Two, in which he served, except for a three months' furlough to the United States in 1915, until June of 1916. Immediately his term of enlistment expired Leif entered French Aviation. Delayed some weeks in reaching the front, because of an accidental pistol wound, after successfully passing through the schools, Barclay made up for lost time by going after the Huns with an enthusiasm and dash that electrified his companions. Captain Echard, his commander, said of him: "Impatient to distinguish himself in daring action, never permitting a day to pass without seeking battle, it was constantly necessary to restrain his zeal."

Harold Buckley Willis, the first member of the Lafayette Escadrille to be captured, and Leif's comrade in both Field Service and aviation school days, gives this striking account of him and his worth:

"The surviving poilus of the 1915 Bois-Le-Prêtre offensive of the 76th Division will certainly remember the genial '*blond*' of '*les américains*,' our comrade, Leif Barclay, long after the rest of us are forgotten. His cheery faculty of quickly putting himself on a footing of friendly intimacy with those bearded warriors was such that eventually he was known throughout the length and breadth of our eight mile front as '*Mon pot.*'

"Leif shared with Vivian DuBouchet the distinction of being both one of the earliest and youngest volunteers for the American Ambulance Service, for he joined Sec-

tion Two in the winter of 1914 at the age of nineteen. Newcomers to the section and later to the aviation schools and squadrons to which he was attached will always have a kindly remembrance of Leif for the trouble he took to help them learn the ropes and to teach them how to make themselves comfortable. At Buc, Avord, and Pau, Barclay did more than any of us to lend friendly aid to newly-arrived compatriots.

"Leif was one of the first Americans to be assigned to an entirely French pursuit squadron. This was no hardship, for his genial good-nature caused him to be welcomed with open arms into the French pilots' mess. The courage and audacity which had carried him, grinning, through smoke and *éclats* on bombarded roads did not fail him now. His eagerness to volunteer for special patrols early won the affection of his fellows and the respect of his superiors His lieutenant stated that Leif was more pleased by an opportunity to make an extra *sortie*, than by a permission to Paris — a feeling hardly typical of aviators in general.

"A pitiful accident over his home field, due to a structural fault in his plane, caused his death and prevented his making that great name for himself in the air which such fearless energy as his must otherwise ultimately have won."

Leif was one of those adventurous spirits for whom no other end could have been more fitting or inevitable— in the air, on duty, as he might have wished.

"He had proved his metal."

LEIF NORMAN BARCLAY

Born May 21, 1895, in New York City. Son of Dr. H. V. and Hansine O. Barclay. Early home, East Elmhurst, New York. Educated New York public schools. Two years in business. Joined American Ambulance Field Service, November 24, 1914; attached Section Two until August, 1915. Three months leave in America. Re-enlisted Field Service November, 1915; attached Section Two to June 12, 1916. Enlisted French Aviation, June 26, 1916. Trained Buc, Avord, Cazeau, Pau, and Plessis-Belleville. Breveted, October 6, 1916; attached Escadrille N-82, April 12, 1917. Promoted *Sergent*, May 31, 1917. Croix de Guerre with palm. Killed in aeroplane accident June 1, 1917, at Chaux, north of Belfort. Buried Chaux, Territoire de Belfort. Body probably to be transferred to American Cemetery, Belleau Wood.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL WOODWORTH

Born August 5, 1886, in Stockton, California. Son of Benjamin Russell and Ruth G. Woodworth. Home, Germantown, Pennsylvania. Educated Milton Academy, Milton, Massachusetts. Traffic Department, Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, 1905 to 1912. Lumbering, Maine woods. Joined American Field Service, May 31, 1915; attached Section One, to July 5, 1916. On leave in America to October. Rejoined Section One, October 21, 1916. *Commandant Adjoint*, March, 1917. Killed in aeroplane accident near Soissons, June 15, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Buried, Châlons-sur-Vesle, Marne.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL WOODWORTH

On leaving Milton Academy in 1905, Benjamin R. Woodworth made his residence in Germantown, Pennsylvania, and entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad, traffic department, in Philadelphia. Here he remained until 1912, when, finding the confines of an office too irksome, he left for several seasons in the Maine woods. He spent some time at Cedar Swamp, West Sebois, Maine, following the woodsman's life in all its phases: lumberman, hunter, and guide. In the spring of 1915, drawn by the opportunity for action which the war offered, he enlisted in the American Field Service and joined Section One at Dunkirk in June

It has meant much to any American who had any share in the life of France during those first years of the war, and how much more to anyone who served as a part of the French Army at the front One of the members of Section One, writing in the "History of the American Field Service in France," has described an impression of those early days "At our base, Dunkirk, we shared the life of a town under sporadic but devastating bombardment; still farther forward, in Ypres, we beheld a town bombarded from the face of the earth in a single night. There we shared no life, nor yet in Nieuport, for there was none to share."

Woodworth played no small part in the life and activities of the section. W. Yorke Stevenson, who succeeded him as leader of the section in June, 1917, wrote: "Absolutely fearless, of remarkable cheerfulness under the most unpleasant circumstances, a born leader, he made war for me almost seem pleasant. He met every disagreeable happening with a laugh and a shrug. A born athlete, he was always the first to make us, many of whom were distinctly lethargic, get busy. At times of *repos*, football, baseball and other sports kept us in condition and checked the 'growsing' and 'Benny' was the one that started all the games. In time of stress he made the

most cowardly of us feel ashamed. Many a time I said to myself, 'Well, if that bird can do it I suppose we've got to. And above all his unfailing cheerfulness I shall never forget. Of all the bully crowd that I had the privilege of knowing he stands out alone. He needs no monument nor written words, all those who knew him can never forget 'Woody.'"

In July, 1916, having served for more than a year with the section, he returned to America. He spent some time in the vicinity of Boston and Philadelphia, getting in touch with old friends, and made a trip to the Pacific Coast to see his mother who resides in San Francisco. While there he was instrumental in collecting the money for an ambulance which he subsequently drove. He reenlisted in October and returned to France, rejoining his old section in the Argonne, and the following March he was appointed *Chef* while the section was *en repos* at Vadelaincourt, near Verdun.

His term of leadership was to be brief. Three months later, June 15, 1917, Woodworth was instantly killed while riding as a passenger in a French aeroplane. The accident occurred as he and Chatkoff, a pilot from an escadrille near Muizon where the section was quartered, were leaving the grounds of the Lafayette Escadrille not far from Soissons. One of his comrades wrote, a short time afterward: "Woody was buried Sunday morning, June 17th, with all military honors, in the little cemetery of the shattered church of Châlons-sur-Vesle, while the guns thundered. Every day some of the men coming back from twenty-four duty at the front line posts stop off a few moments at the little cemetery and we keep his grave covered with wild flowers plucked near the lines."

PAUL GANNETT OSBORN

"Youth must give up youth itself, and give
Even its life — that the ideals of youth
May thus be cherished and forever live."

It was on his first night of service at the front, with the American Field Service, that Paul Gannett Osborn was called upon to make his sacrifice. His little span of service was brief, but "the swift, clear glow of sacrificial youth" flamed high, before it died, illuminating all it touched, and leaving the radiance of his memory to burn through the years. To him falls the sad distinction of being the first American killed after our entrance into the war.

Paul Osborn and his brother together joined the American Field Service with the Dartmouth unit, in May, 1917. Section Twenty-eight, of which Paul was a member, received its baptism of fire on the night of June 21st. Driving over a muddy road, near Village Gascon, Champagne, Paul came upon a comrade's machine stuck in a shell hole, and stopped to help, despite a heavy German barrage. Before the car could be extricated Paul was hit, and mortally wounded. He was hurried to the Farman hospital, near Mourmelon-le-Grand, where every effort was made to save his life, but gangrene set in and he died a few days later. Stanley Hill, a fellow member of that section, who himself died of wounds a year later, wrote of Osborn's courage and consideration in those last days: "Paul was wounded on Thursday night but fought death until Tuesday morning. If anything happens to me, I pray God that I may be as noble, as courageous, and as thoughtful of others as Paul was. One of the first things he did was to ask for cigarettes — he does not smoke himself— to give to the *blessés* and attendants around him. About the last thing he said was, 'I am going to fight this and win out.' Then he went to sleep, became unconscious, and died . . . . . just as if he were going to sleep. He lost the battle of life, but he

did 'win out,' for he won a place of honor in eternal life."

Paul Osborn was buried with all the honors that a great nation can bestow. The Divisional Surgeon, speaking at the grave, said in part: "Ahead of your armies you came, American volunteers, to submit yourselves to this stern test, and one of you has already sealed with his blood the close fraternity that unites you to the people of France." General Baratier, of Fashoda fame, closed his beautiful tribute with these words: "Soldier Osborn, sleep on among your French comrades, fallen like you, in glory! Sleep on wrapped in the folds of the American flag, in the shadow of the banner of France!" *

From one who knew him well comes the following "Paul Gannett Osborn was a splendid type of young American manhood. His was a buoyant and irrepressible spirit that enjoyed life to the full. He was electrical with life. College was an unbounded joy and privilege to him. Vibrant with youth, clean and strong in his living, happy in comradeship, there was underneath a seriousness of outlook and purpose."

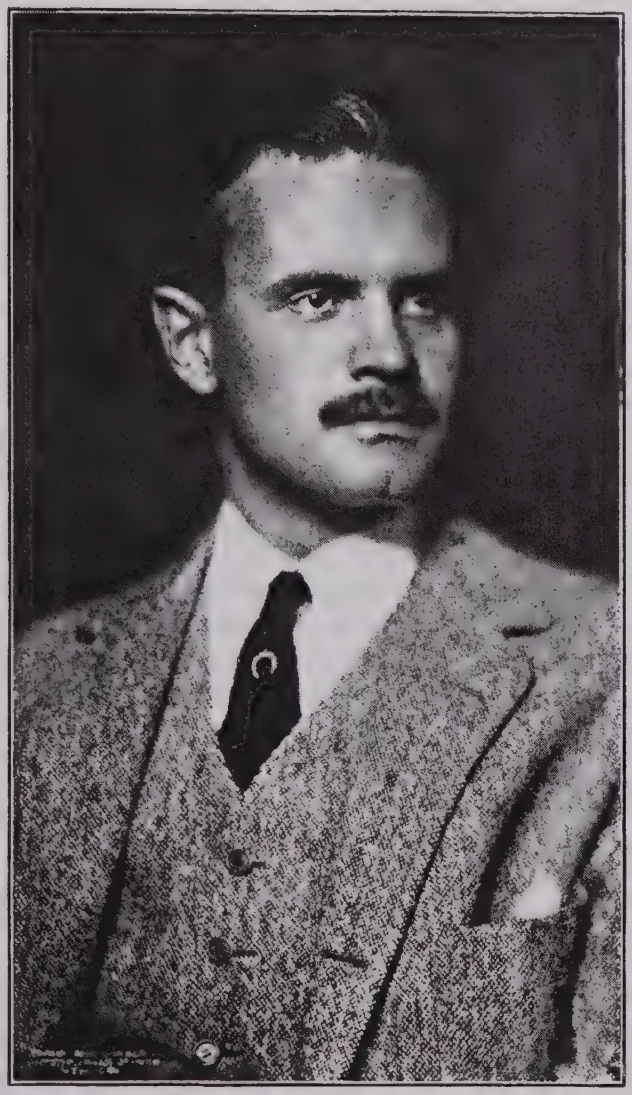
The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine remarks:

" It is always that great promise of youth, thwarted by the pitiless veto of war, that abides as a never-ending source of grief ; unless the friends and families of these boys find consolation in such philosophy as that of Osborn's father who in a letter writes this brave sentence : ' It is hard to do so, but we try to think that our boy has done more by his death in this noble endeavor than he could do in any other way.' "

*NOTE: General Baratier's complete address appears on page 289, Volume II, of the *History of the American Field Service in France.*

PAUL GANNETT OSBORN

Born June 24, 1894, in Rochester, New York. Son of Albert S. and Elizabeth Dunbar Osborn. Home, Montclair, New Jersey. Educated Montclair High School and Dartmouth College, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, May 5, 1917; attached Section Twenty-eight. Wounded near Village Gascon, Champagne, June 21. Died of wounds, June 26, 1917, at Hôpital Farman. Croix de Guerre. Buried Hôpital Farman, near Mourmelon-le-Grand, Champagne.



ARTHUR MYERS

Born March 22, 1886, in New York City. Only son of Charles and Anna Freeborn Myers. Educated Cornwall Heights and Brooklyn Polytechnic Preparatory Schools. Chubb and Sons, Marine Insurance, two years; insurance broker with Myers and Eadie. Joined American Field Service, March 2, 1917; attached Section Fifteen to May. Croix de Guerre. Sent back to America, July, 1917, suffering from shell-shock. Died at home in New York City, October 4, 1917. Buried Greenwood Cemetery, New York.

ARTHUR MYERS

ARTHUR MYERS was a mature man when he went to France in the American Field Service, with all of a man's seriousness of purpose. It was no joyous adventure for him, but a duty carefully thought out and prepared for. He had French blood in his veins and had stimulated a natural and profound admiration for France by extensive reading in French history. He felt very keenly the obligation of America's debt to her and the necessity of its payment. On account of a severe illness in his boyhood that threatened the loss of one leg, he had never been physically strong, and because he was determined that he should not fail in his undertaking, he spent the summer before the date of sailing, travelling in the Canadian Rockies for the express purpose of hardening himself so that he might undergo the rigors of the service with the others. With the same end in view he became a member of the New York Athletic Club.

Early in 1917 he sailed for France via Spain and on April 10th he set out for the front at the wheel of a car of the newly-formed Section Fifteen. Fifty-four hours after he had driven slowly out of the garden at 21 rue Raynouard, he was on duty as a front-line *poste* near Verdun, and was experiencing the first of the many bombardments that he was to undergo in the next months. It was an extraordinary thing, to which all of his section will testify, that in a comparatively quiet sector he should have had so many terrible and nerve-racking experiences. So often did his appearance at the front line seem to act as a signal for a prolonged bombardment that he was nicknamed "Obus" by his comrades. But he did not falter in spite of the almost malignant persecution to which he was subjected, continuing his service under difficult and oftentimes apparently impossible conditions. On one occasion he volunteered to evacuate a badly wounded man from a little *poste* in the Bois d'Avocourt, over a road that was being methodically

"watered" by high-explosive shells, and so excited the admiration of the French sergeant in charge of the *poste* that he was recommended for and eventually received the Croix de Guerre. He was promoted to the office of *sous-chef* and won the confidence and respect of the men. His friend, Earl Osborn, wrote, "As chief of Section Fifteen I should like again to bear witness to the bravery and devotion of Arthur Myers."

"Then we noticed a change in him," wrote one of his closest friends in the section. "He kept by himself and seemed morose. . . . . We little thought it was a symptom of that common disease 'shell-shock,' which so often claims the strongest and best." He kept bravely on till one day after a particularly frightful experience, as he wrote later from Paris, "I got back to the section and felt good for nothing but to lie on my back . . . . . and wonder when the pains in my head would let up." He was sent back to Paris to rest and for a time he seemed to rally, confidently expecting to return to the section; but his weakened constitution had received a severer shock than he realized, and in July he was sent home to America. He grew steadily weaker till on October 4, 1917, he died.

Arthur had led a quiet, cloistered existence in his home, his desires leading him to books and music rather than to people and conversation His sacrifice in going to the war was all the finer, for he gave up completely and irrevocably the things he loved, that were so much a part of him,— his home, his books,— to enter upon a task for which he had no inclination nor any fitness save his unwavering resolution. In the words of a member of his section, "Because war had no romance or attraction for him, Arthur saw only too clearly its horror and its tragedy, and yet he was not afraid. His was a far higher order of courage, a far greater measure of devotion!"

GEORGE FREDERICK NORTON

FAR afield some men travel adventuring, and return grown old, to die in their own soft beds, dreaming of great days that are past. Not so George Frederick Norton, who died near Reims on the Western Front at the height of his adventure. North to the ice-fields of Greenland with Peary, south to Ceylon, westerly to the Rockies and Alaska, and around the world he had travelled,—exploring, hunting, studying, and making friends. He returned to farm with his brother, William P. Norton, near Goshen, New York, only to have the war call him away again; and this slim, quiet gentleman, judged too old for aviation or even for the draft army, sailed for France, hoping later to transfer to his country's fighting forces. But before American troops reached the front, he had been killed while on duty with the French. "Fred" said in a letter left behind for his brother: "My love for my country and for France is very great. I expect to return, but if not, what more glorious death could a man die!"

After attending school at Lawrenceville and studying law, "Fred" made the first of his many expeditions. There followed several to Wyoming and Alaska, and he brought back numerous hunting trophies, among them the skull of the extremely rare Alaskan blue bear, and the head of a previously unknown grizzly, now called the Norton bear. He contributed much material to the Smithsonian Institute, made a study of the glacial bear for Dr Merrian of the Bureau of Biological Survey, and his collection of bear heads in Washington came to be one of the largest and most complete in America. In 1901, with only a Japanese servant, "Fred" made a trip around the world. In Egypt he contracted typhoid and lay for one hundred days in a hospital at Colombo, in Ceylon, undergoing two operations without anesthesia, before completing his voyage. He helped finance the successful Peary expedition, and accompanied it on the "Eric"

as far north as Etah, narrowly escaping disaster on the return, when the ship struck an iceberg.

"Fred" had meanwhile been in partnership with his brother, Ex Norton, in Wall Street, but after eight years took up farming with his brother, William P. Norton. This home life he dearly loved and spoke of it often in France. He had gone through many strange experiences, but kept always his simplicity and unaffected enthusiasm for worth while things.

Three times he was rejected for the air service as beyond their maximum age limit of thirty-five. He then joined the Field Service. For a time he was in charge of the general office in the Passy headquarters, and after the long days' work, "Fred" found his enjoyment in the simplest ways,— sipping *citronnade* before a Passy café, or walking the winding streets, talking of the days ahead. At his own urging he was sent to the front with Section One. W. Yorke Stevenson, the commander, wrote: "Although only out with us a short time, his charming personality and quiet, unassuming manner, no less than his marked ability, had endeared him to us all."

At a château near Ludes, on July 12, 1917, hardly a fortnight after reaching the Section, "Fred" was killed by a bursting bomb. He was buried at night because the village was in view of the Germans. "He died on duty at his post," said his *Chef*, "like a soldier and a gentleman, in a great cause." He was a fine-grained American of the highest type,— courageous, adventurous, generous, animated by the highest idealism,— a reserved, undemonstrative Christian gentleman. As "Fred's" brother says, ". . . . . honest and loyal with all people, greatly beloved by family and friends, his supreme sacrifice is not in vain, for Fred's example and character are a memory to be cherished by those of us left."

GEORGE FREDERICK NORTON

Born October 28, 1876, in Elk Grove, Christian County, Kentucky. Son of Ex and Lucy Moore Norton. Educated at Lawrenceville School, Class of 1894, and Staten Island Academy. Partner in firm Ex Norton & Company, stockbrokers, New York City, eight years. Took up farming, Orange County, New Jersey. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Section One. Croix de Guerre, Corps d'Armée citation. Killed at Ludes by aeroplane bomb, July 12, 1917. Buried in Ludes, Marne. Body subsequently transferred to Moravian Cemetery, New Dorp, Staten Island, New York.

HARMON BUSHNELL CRAIG

Born July 1, 1895, in Boston, Massachusetts. Son of John and Mary Young Craig. Home, Boston, Massachusetts. Educated Brookline High School and Harvard University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, February 19, 1917; attached Section Two. Died July 16, 1917, at Ville-sur-Cousances, of wounds received at Dombasle, Meuse, July 15. Croix de Guerre with gold star. Buried Ville-sur-Cousances, Meuse.

HARMON BUSHNELL CRAIG

At the hospital where he had been brought mortally wounded, Harmon Bushnell Craig was told that his leg would have to be amputated. Fully conscious and suffering intensely, he smiled, "Go ahead. I'll only have to buy one shoe then." A few hours later he died. . . . . And in the diary he had kept faithfully, following the entry of July 15th, there is a blank sheet, for the entries that would have gone on that page are written in red in the biggest Book of all. His citation for work at this time says: "*. . . . . a montré, notamment les 28 et 29 juin, la plus grande energie en accomplissant son service sur une route découverte et bombardée.*"

"Ham" was a member of the class of 1919 at Harvard, when, in February, 1917, he left college to enter the American Field Service. On March 2d he landed in France, writing in his diary, "It is wonderful to realize that I am here to help!" and three weeks later he was at the front as a member of Section Two. "Ham" chafed rather at the inactivity of the comparatively quiet sector in the Argonne, but on June 20th he returned from a permission of six days spent with his mother in Paris, to plunge into the work and danger of an attack. For two weeks he toiled almost without rest on the Esnes-Montzéville roads through one of the severest ordeals an ambulance section could experience. The evening of July 15th, as he was loading wounded into his car in the village of Dombasle, near Verdun, Harmon was wounded in the right leg, when a shell struck only a few feet from his car, killing three *brancardiers* and severely wounding a French lieutenant. "Ham" refused to allow his wounds to be dressed until the Frenchman had been made comfortable, and the delay, with consequent loss of blood, undoubtedly lessened his own chances. He died next morning, at two o'clock, in the hospital at Ville-sur-Cousances.

"Ham's" character was as many-sided as his interests were numerous. In his year and a half at Harvard

he won a place on the editorial board of the daily paper and already showed such knowledge and appreciation of the theater that older men predicted a brilliant future as an actor and producer. His diary — in his five months of service he wrote almost 30,000 words — is valuable for its literary worth as well as for the intimate, beautiful picture it gives us of his personality. It is written with a charmingly light touch and leavened with humor including little sketches and fragments of versification, as:

> "Paint, paint, I'm covered with paint —
> There's hardly a part of my clothing that ain't."

No subject was too dreary for the sunny, healthy treatment of his pen, and his observations upon the serious questions of the day are remarkable for their keenness of perception. When noticeable lowering of Allied morale marked the spring of 1917, he prophesied that "the wave of pessimism will recede as it came, leaving hope and determination in its place" He read a great deal at the front, commenting on the books and frequently quoting passages that he particularly liked. Describing the experiences of a night ride when he lost his way in the rain and blackness, he concluded quite simply. "Darkness and loneliness can certainly exaggerate one's difficulties." He loved children and they adored him. One entry begins, "Romped about the fields with Madeleine and René": and Paris appealed particularly because "it is just made for kids with its big parks and boulevards."

One of the many friends who had known him at Harvard and in the Service describes him as "one of the most beautiful, friendly, open natures I have ever known, — sturdy, upright, and generous," and a friend in his section cried out for all who knew him,

> ". . . . we never knew
> A braver heart,— a finer man!"

JAMES WILSON GAILEY

JUST a whole-hearted, care-free boy — that was the "Jim" Gailey, a direct descendant of Myles Standish and of twelve Revolutionary figures, who sailed for France with the American Field Service in May, 1917. Barely two months of active war service and he had grown to man's estate with "the spirit of a boy and the soul of a man." Gailey gave his life for France and America those brief two months later.

In June he wrote to his family, "I am now really and truly in the war. All the realities of a terrible warfare have been opened before my eyes. For three years I have read about it in a careless, rather unsympathetic manner, but my heart never beat faster for it then. Now I am interested, heart and soul." Before young Gailey had been in France two months he was cited for bravery. A few days later he was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* with the gold star, in recognition of his supreme sacrifice.

The story of "Jim" Gailey's war service is necessarily brief. Enlisting in Section Sixty-six in May, 1917, he was sent at once to the Chemin des Dames region, then a theater of some of the most intense fighting on the western front. For three weeks previous to his death, Gailey and his companions had been working day and night, carrying wounded over shell-pocked roads lighted only by occasional flashes from rockets far above the streams of moving artillery, troops, and other traffic of war.

On the night of July 25th, Gailey, hearing of another ambulance stalled by shell holes and ruins, ran to a neighboring *poste* through the extremely heavy barrage and transferred the wounded from the damaged car to the hospital. For this he received his *Croix de Guerre.*

On the following Sunday morning, the twenty-ninth, just after dawn, Gailey and his companion, Hamilton, were loading their ambulance with wounded when a shell struck the car, killing both the American boys and two of the wounded Frenchmen.

They were buried the next day with all the honors of war. General Niessel, commander of the corps, found time despite the battle to deliver the address of tribute and farewell. Of the ceremony, Colonel Andrew wrote, "Certainly no one who was there could think of a more fitting or moving termination of any human life than such a ceremony on the soil of France in the midst of so many French soldiers and American boys who are daily risking all that they have and can hope for in the great cause."

Among the many tributes to Gailey, the following seemed most characteristic of the boy. His closest friend wrote: "It was a privilege for me to have known Jim and to have driven with him. No braver nor more generous chap ever lived. I am sure Mr. Rice has written you of Jim's willingness to go anywhere at all times and of course his citation and *Croix de Guerre* testify that But even this does not wholly tell of the esteem in which he was held by the whole section because of his bravery and cheerfulness"

Another companion added, "Several times I had an opportunity to see him display his energy and indifference to personal danger His only concern was the work to be done, and his spirit was a real help to the men in touch with him"

The Dean of Princeton University wrote Gailey's mother, "May God in his wisdom enable you, with the passage of time, to find sweet comfort in the knowledge that your boy was one of Princeton's honored sons, a splendid friend, a fine scholar, a lovable gentleman, an honest, simple man. His name shall always be honored as one who gave his all for humanity and civilization — a splendid, a beloved Princetonian."

JAMES WILSON GAILEY

Born July 20, 1895, in New Park, Pennsylvania. Son of Joseph A. and Vilura Wilson Gailey. Educated Fawn Township High School, Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, and Princeton University, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Section Sixty-six. Killed by shell, July 29, 1917, Chemin des Dames. Croix de Guerre. Buried Beaurieux, Aisne.

PERLEY RAYMOND HAMILTON

Born October 30, 1892, in Clinton, Massachusetts. Son of John and Bertha Newman Hamilton. Educated Clinton High School, Fenway School of Art, Boston, and New York Military Academy. Reportorial work, Clinton "Times," and Salesman. Joined American Field Service, June 9, 1917; attached Section Sixty-six. Killed by shell, July 29, 1917, at Village Nègre, Chemin des Dames, near Craonne. Croix de Guerre. Buried Beaurieux, Aisne. Body to be transferred to Woodlawn Cemetary, Clinton, Massachusetts.

PERLEY RAYMOND HAMILTON

LATE in the night of July 28, 1917, Perley Raymond Hamilton sat at a little table in a corner of an *abri* crowded with groaning wounded, writing a hasty note to his mother by the light of a flickering candle-end. He had just received his first letter from her since he left home and he was anxious to let her know his joy in it and to assure her that all was well with him. "I am feeling fine and strong," he wrote, "and I can make up the sleep when the battle calms down a bit." It had been forty-eight hours since he had last slept, but he felt it more important to comfort his mother than to take the rest for which his whole tired body cried out. He was forced to stop, he concluded, because "I am to leave with a load of *blessés* in a few minutes and must have things ready for them." He sealed the letter and climbed out of the *abri*. Shells were falling nearby and the *éclats* whined past occasionally, rattling against the doorway. He cranked his car while his companion, James Gailey, assisted the loading of the wounded. And then suddenly it happened There was a quick, terrifying shock — and blackness. . . . . Their comrades found "Ham" bowed over the steering wheel, still "on duty."

Perley was a student of the New York Military Academy at the time that he joined the American Field Service. He was a talented artist and musician and as a cadet had held the rank of Principal Musician and later of Senior First Lieutenant. The Academy paper described him as ,"always extremely popular with the whole cadet corps, for he was not only a gifted musician but also one of those cheerful, optimistic, straightforward natures which make friends without effort." On June 7, 1917, he sailed on the Espagne and within a month he was working in the midst of the fierce battle being raged for the possession of Craonne Plateau. The letters he wrote in the short time before his death are remarkable for the depth of their feeling and their power of descrip-

tion. No one who has experienced an air-raid can read the following without a thrill of understanding. ". . . . . As the purr of the motor appears to be directly overhead there is a quick scampering of people and then a deadly silence, for in that awful moment before the crash all things seem still."

He was quick and sympathetic in his appreciation of the French and thoroughly happy in serving them; so it is fitting that death should have come to him while he was in the very act of bringing aid and comfort to their wounded. No other ending of his life could have been more perfect in his own eyes or more beautiful as we see it. And his service was appreciated. General Niessel, the commander of the army corps that had so stubbornly resisted the German onslaught along the Chemin des Dames, attended the funeral in person and pronounced the last farewell as he placed the *Croix de Guerre* upon the coffin.

Perley's section leader, William Gorham Rice, Jr., voiced the feeling of the section. "'Ham' has more than our undying respect. He won our love and so our sympathy. . . . . For he was always cheery and helpful and ready to do more than was asked of him." Rice tells of having asked "Ham" a short time before his death to work out a design to be painted on the cars of the section. "In a few days he showed me a fine composition with the motto '*Tourjours prêt.*'" Soon after, when the attack started, though still weak from a recent illness he declared himself ready for anything, as he always was, even if he had to drive through gas, though, as Rice said, "he must have dreaded that, for we feared the mask and his asthma might choke him." He lived true to his own motto, like the soldier that he was, "*Tourjours prêt.*"

JOHN VERPLANCK NEWLIN

JOHN VERPLANCK NEWLIN met death while still but a lad of nineteen, yet there is compensation in the thought that what he gave was a life still fresh with the dreams of youth and untouched by any disillusionments. As one of his friends at Princeton said. "He had such a sense of getting the most out of life." And it is exactly this quality which stands out so clearly in Jack's letters written during the brief month he spent at the front. Ten days before his death and just as the section was beginning work in the Verdun sector where he was hit, he wrote: "The atmosphere and daily routine of the life up here is so entirely different from our life in back of the lines that I feel I am living in a dream. But the dream is so horribly delightful and weird that I don't want to wake up. I can't say that I love it,— that, my straight-laced countrymen might consider sacrilege,— but I am fascinated by it and love the excitement of it."

That this is not the mere exuberance of youth, unbacked by the sterner qualities which work at the front demanded, the following from a letter by his section leader, who was wounded by the same shell, will show. "Jack was in every way the best man in the section, always ready to do more than his share, always cheerful, never tiring. He was my best friend out there as well as the man I could always count on. It was always upon him that I called for a little more when it seemed that the men were tiring, and he never failed me. He met his end in the same spirit, smiling and brave. We were brought down together to the base hospital and never in that long drive did he make a sign that he was suffering."

"Jack" Newlin's military career was short. A member of the class of 1919 at Princeton, where he had been art editor on the "Tiger" and an editor of the "Litt" magazine, he attended Plattsburg during the summer of 1916 and in May of the following year left college to

enlist in the American Field Service. His section, S. S. U. 29, left Paris on June 30, 1917, spent about three weeks in the vicinity of Bar-le-Duc, and on July 23rd started work at the front a little to the west of Verdun. It was at the *poste* of Montzéville on the night of August 3rd, that a shell, landing near the entrance of the dug-out, wounded him severely just as he was on the point of starting his car. He was rushed to the hospital at Fleury where he was operated on the following evening. The next day he rallied sufficiently to see some of his comrades and to receive his citation and *Croix de Guerre*, but died about midnight.

Madame Jacquemaire, the daughter of M. Clemenceau, who was a nurse in the hospital in which he died wrote in a very touching letter to his mother: "*Malgré les efforts de tous, le brave enfant s'est étient doucement et sans souffrance entre nos bras. Le Commandant Militaire lui avait fait remettre pour sa bravoure les plus hautes récompenses, la Médaille Militaire et la Croix de Guerre. Il a contemplé ces belles récompenses avec une joie profonde. . . . . Je suis fière d'avoir connu votre admirable enfant.*"

And a final tribute from a friend in the Ambulance Service cannot be omitted: "I knew Jack at Princeton. I as well as every one who was associated with him at College felt his attraction, his keenness, and his fineness. We felt that he was someone whom it was not only an opportunity but a privilege to know. . . . . You may mourn him as a son but you can never forget that he met death as fairly as any man has ever done."

JOHN VERPLANCK NEWLIN

Born May 16, 1898, in Ardmore, Pennsylvania. Son of Richard M. and Alice Eisenbrey Newlin. Home, Whitford, Pennsylvania. Educated Haverford School, Pennsylvania, and Princeton University, Class of 1919. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Section Twenty-nine. Wounded August 3rd, Montzéville. Died of wounds, night of August 5, 1917. Croix de Guerre, Médaille Militaire. Buried Fleury-sur-Aire, Meuse. Body transferred to American Military Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, Meuse.

PAUL CODY BENTLEY

Born September 22, 1895, in Cleveland, Ohio. Son of Frederick William and Josephine Cody Bentley. Home, Chicago, Illinois. Educated Chicago schools, University of Chicago, and Harvard University, Class of 1917. Plattsburg Camps, 1915 and 1916. Joined American Field Service, May 19, 1917; attached Section Sixty-five. Croix de Guerre. Died September 16, 1917, of wounds received September 13, 1917, near Fismes. Buried at St. Gilles, Marne. Body transferred to Seringes-et-Nesles, Aisne.

PAUL CODY BENTLEY

In September, 1917, officers commissioned at the first officers' training camps were mobilized for overseas service. In September, 1917, Paul Cody Bentley, whose eye-trouble had spoiled his chances for the American Army, was wounded in battle and died on the Chemin des Dames. An editorial in the *Chicago Post* remarks "that this young man who would just be going to the Rockford Training Camp, had he waited for a call to the new army, has now volunteered, served at the front, and met a soldier's death. All honor to his memory!"

Months before his departure Paul told his parents of his desire to go to France. This roused so great anxiety and such immediate opposition that Paul, absolutely determined in his own mind as to the rightness of his course, made no further mention of his plans. They were, however, quite final and definite, waiting only the completion of his college obligations. In May, Paul wrote his mother, forgetting, as sons must in such moments, the bitterness that tinges the pride of mothers who see their children go from them as men to war: "I am sorry you should be so upset. . . . . there is practically no danger . . . . . Nothing can make me change my mind." Unadorned in his own eyes by any trappings of prowess Paul was, as he said, "only doing what thousands of others are doing."

Paul was descended on both sides from old colonial families active in the early wars. He received his schooling in Chicago. After some months of surveying on the Pacific Coast and a semester at Chicago University, he entered Harvard, Class of 1917. "A faithful and a brilliant student," said a friend of an earlier college generation, Merritt Starr, "he was a leader among his companions, and a justly distinguished favorite with his superiors." He had no ambitions for social prominence or wide popularity. His circle of friends was a steadfast group, whose feeling went deep and

meant much. He left college before graduation, having attended the two Plattsburg summer camps and been a corporal in the Harvard Regiment.

Bentley sailed for France on May 19, 1917, and went to the front with Section Sixty-five of the Field Service, where he exhibited ingrained qualities of faithfulness and cheerful disregard of self. The latter colors his letters. Redfield of his section said "Bentley was one of our best drivers. He never complained. He took dangers as they came without flinching. Everybody who came in contact with him admired him."

On September 11th Bentley wrote, "I am still very uncertain as to what I shall do next. But uncertainty is the main characteristic of the war. Everything is uncertain. . . . ." Two days later during a gas attack, his loaded car was struck by a shell, as he drove through the barrage and Paul, in the words of his citation, "*lui-même très grievement blessé, a continué a conduire jusqu'a l'épuisement de ses forces.*" At the hospital he rallied bravely for a time, then grew weaker, and died on September 16th.

"Very few of the world's successful lives," says Merritt Starr, "attain such measure of ideals sacredly preserved, of danger bravely dared, of success so nobly achieved, of recognition so worthily won."

"Bentley" writes a comrade, "was a true man. He died as he lived, bravely." And in the words of Paul's mother: "He helped. And knowing that he was content." Later she added: "He earned eight diplomas in his life time, but his real graduation, his real commencement of immortal life, came on Sunday morning, September 16, 1917."

DOUGLAS MacMONAGLE

"I KNEW that Douglas MacMonagle would be among the first to get into the war on the French side." The speaker was a Californian inquiring early in 1916 at the Headquarters of the Field Service about the San Franciscans at the front.

"Mac," as his friends in the Field Service called him from the very first, had just been sent to join Section Three at the front in Alsace. It was in the dead of winter and there was some fear lest the new and inexperienced men might not be able to cope in the beginning with the hardships and difficulties of the work.

"MacMonagle," reported one of the directors of the Service, "wants to get to the front at once and refuses to give one thought to the idea that he will have any trouble doing the work. He says that he has been at sea and takes to rough weather like a duck to water, that he knows a Ford from the ground up, and that nothing the Germans can do to him matters at all."

In every particular his self-confidence was justified. From the first he was able to face every hardship, whether of weather, bad and bombarded roads, or long hours. And above all, from the day he first came within sound of the guns to the moment he fell in gallant aerial combat against heavy odds, nothing that the Germans did or threatened to do to him "mattered at all."

After serving for some months with Section Three MacMonagle was transferred to Section Eight. Austin Mason, his new *chef*, wrote in his diary at that time.

"MacMonagle joined us on the eve of the hardest and most dangerous work the Section has had to face. That he had had some previous experience was a great help and he lived up to all our expectations. He was fearless and energetic and did his job well. There were four of us at Fort de Tavannes when the Germans began to demolish it with sixteen inch shells, and he was unquestionably the calmest. Rogers left amid such a

rain of shells that it did not seem possible that he could get through. Then 'Mac' pulled out cool as could be . . . . "

A month later MacMonagle was the first man in Section Eight to be awarded the Croix de Guerre. "All the doctors at our post" came back a report to Paris, "are loud in their praise of MacMonagle. With iron self-possession, he loaded his car during a bombardment that destroyed the building used as a dressing station."

In September, 1916, he left the Field Service to enlist in the French Aviation Corps. He was trained at Avord and Pau, where he quickly came to be admired by his new comrades for the same qualities which had distinguished him in the Field Service. When he finished his training, in May, 1917, he was considered a good enough pursuit pilot to be attached at once to the famous Lafayette Squadron.

He flew steadily and with increasing success from the time he reached the front until he was brought down September 24, 1917, while on an early-morning patrol, in a fierce fight with eight German planes. He fell behind the French lines and was buried at Triaucourt, the entire Lafayette Squadron and many French officers as well attending the funeral, a company of American engineers firing the last salute over his grave.

Douglas MacMonagle was loved for his warmheartedness. He was admired for his fearlessness. He came early to the great struggle and he did good work; but the value of his services to the cause in which he gave his life is to be measured by the courage which he so often inspired in others as well as by his own achievements.

DOUGLAS MacMONAGLE

Born February 19, 1892, in San Francisco, California. Son of Beverly and Minnie C. MacMonagle. Educated Hackley School, Tarrytown, New York; Berkeley School, California; Switzerland and Germany; and University of California, one and one-half years, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, December 30, 1915; attached Section Three to May 20, 1916; Section Eight, June 20 to September 20, 1916. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted French Aviation, October 3, 1916. Trained Avord and Pau. Attached Escadrille N124 (Lafayette). Killed in combat, September 24, 1917, near Verdun. Croix de Guerre with palm. Buried Triaucourt, Meuse. Body transferred to American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon Meuse.

GERALD COLMAN KING

Born November 22, 1878, in Bellows Falls, Vermont. Son of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Cornelius Low King. Educated St. Mark's School, Southboro, Massachusetts, and Pomfret School, Connecticut. U. S. Army, Spanish-American War, as volunteer. Joined American Field Service, February 14, 1917; attached Section Eight. Invalided to United States, May, 1917. Died in hospital, New York City, September 27, 1917. Buried in Grace Church Cemetery, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

GERALD COLMAN KING

To be obliged to fight the Spanish-American War as a bed-ridden fever patient, and then to end his effort in the World War on his back in a New York hospital, was the desolate lot of Gerald Colman King, volunteer in both of these wars.

Although he was permitted to strike no direct blow in either instance, it is doubtful if he could have contributed more to the final victory, and to the development of his own character, than he did by his fortitude, his loyalty, and his unembittered acceptance of what fate had in store for him. A grumbling victory is in no way preferable to a cheerful defeat.

Gerald King had his first taste of military service when he enlisted as a private in the American Army in the war against Spain in 1898 He was denied active service through contracting typhoid fever almost immediately, and was confined at Camp Chickamauga.

When America entered the War, King was too old to enlist in the regular army, so he chose at once the only other possible alternative for getting to France to aid that country for which he felt a very deep affection, fostered by blood ties. He enlisted with the American Field Service.

He had served with Section Eight at the front but little more than a month before he was taken seriously ill and sent to a hospital in Paris. In May he was invalided home to the United States. He was taken from the steamer direct to the hospital, where he died, September 27, 1917 — no less a victim of the cruelty of war than those who fell in the front line trenches. He lies now in the little graveyard of Christ Church, Jamaica, where, for many generations, the members of his family have been buried.

Gerald King was born at Bellows Falls, Vermont, November 22, 1878. He was the son of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Cornelius Low King, and grandson of

Charles King, former president of Columbia College. His mother was Janet De Kay, daughter of James De Kay — all of New York.

The Brattleboro Reformer paid the following tribute to Gerald King on learning of his death. "The old boys of Company I of Brattleboro, who, in 1898, when war against Spain was declared, volunteered their services to their country, just as thousands of a younger generation have been doing in the past few months, feel a sense of personal loss in the death, in a New York hospital, of Gerald King of Bellows Falls. Gerald was a soldier of fortune, a scion of a distinguished military family. He was only a youngster when he went with the Brattleboro boys to the fever-infested camp at Chickamauga, but he was possessed of an independent income, and when his little 'pink' checks arrived, he shared his patrimony freely with his less fortunate comrades.

"His good cheer and kindliness will always be remembered by those who were associated with him in the days when the young soldiers waited and waited in unsanitary conditions for orders to active service which never came. In recent years King has been well-known as an actor, but he turned aside from the stage to go to France as an ambulance driver, and while there was stricken with paralysis, which terminated in death in a New York hospital after he had been brought back helpless to this country."

HENRY HARRISON CUMINGS, 3D

DESCENDED from a line of military forebears dating back to the days of the War of Independence, Henry Harrison Cumings, 3d, felt the urge of service so strongly that he was one of the first young Americans to reach the front under the American flag.

Highly sensitive to the outrages being perpetrated in France and Belgium, Cumings' enthusiastic and righteous nature revolted against German aggression. In March, 1917, he joined the American Field Service and sailed for France, to drive an ambulance.

When the United States entered the war, a call was made by France upon the ambulance service for volunteers for a munitions transport branch. Cumings was one of the first *ambulanciers* to join the munitions transport service. A companion wrote at the time "Henry was to go to the front in a few days with Section Eighteen. The transport service was considered more of a man's job, more arduous, difficult, and dangerous, and certainly of much use to the French government. I soon saw that Henry had his heart set upon being identified with the latter service, and one day he spoke of wanting to change, so we both went to the office and got changed to T. M. U. 526."

Cumings was in the American *camion* units that carried to the French batteries much of the amunition used in the long and grueling battle of the Chemin des Dames which culminated in the glorious French victory of the fall of 1917.

His enlistment expired in September, 1917. Previously Cumings had attempted to enroll in the French aviation forces. He was rejected because of poor eyesight. Anxious to re-enlist then in the *camion* service, he agreed in deference to his mother's wishes to return to the United States, to rejoin the army on this side.

Cumings, somewhat envied by overseas comrades, sailed from France on the ill-fated transport "Antilles."

Three days out, early in the morning of October 17, 1917, the boat was torpedoed. It sank inside four minutes. Cumings was among those lost.

His letters to his mother proved him a man of rare sensibilities, with an instinctive appreciation of all that is good and fine. Even from the war he took the good and left the dross. His duty he assumed as a matter of course, and apparently found ample compensation for the horrors and hardships in the satisfaction and joy he felt in contributing his share toward a just and early peace.

Henry was a talented musician and a pianist of merit. "Music was a large part of Henry," says his mother. "It was his very being." Highly intellectual, and gifted with an unusually responsive nature, war was naturally repulsive to him. But never for a moment did he lose sight of the ideals behind it, which he was helping to defend. One of his close companions wrote to the mother. "From the beginning Henry always put all his energy into his work, always doing it well. As sergeant and later as commander of the section I have nothing but the highest praise for his work and for his attitude toward whatever hardships came his way. Our work was often hard and very trying, but he was one of those who never grumbled, but always showed that fine spirit which is so much needed over here."

Henry Cumings was born June 20, 1897, at Tiona, Pennsylvania, of patriotic New England stock, his families on both sides having been represented in the War of Independence and every succeeding war in which this country has been engaged. He carried out the tradition of his house.

HENRY HARRISON CUMINGS, 3D

Born June 20, 1897, in Tiona, Pennsylvania. Son of Henry H. and Bertha Pierce Cumings. Home, Philadelphia. Educated Buffalo High School, New York, University of Pennsylvania, and Temple University. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Transport Section 526, to September 27, 1917. Died at sea on torpedoed "Antilles," October 17, 1917. Body never recovered.

HENRY BREWSTER PALMER

Born December 25, 1887, in Rochester, New York. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Palmer. Home, New York City. Educated St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, and Harvard University, Class of 1910. Bond business, New York and San Francisco. Joined American Field Service, June 24, 1916; attached Section Three in France and the Balkans to May 11, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted Lafayette Flying Corps, June 7, 1917. Trained and breveted, Avord. Died of pneumonia, November 12, 1917, at Pau. Buried Pau, Basses Pyrénées.

HENRY BREWSTER PALMER

"HENRY was indeed a splendid type of young American,— the kind we are proud to have French people see," wrote one of Henry Brewster Palmer's friends. Handsome, reserved, sensitive, he showed by every word and action his character and his breeding, and few who knew him failed to surrender to the charm of his personality. His interests were many and varied. He loved music and travel and books, and was an ardent sportsman. At St. George's School and at Harvard he played every game, and after graduation he continued his athletic career at golf, riding, and particularly at mountain climbing. From its beginning in 1914 the war came closer to him than to most Americans, through his love and admiration of the French for whom he had a strong sense of kinship, and in 1916 he welcomed the opportunity to enlist in the American Ambulance Field Service, aiding France, and at the same time satisfying his longing for adventure. He worked for several months at Pont-à-Mousson with Section Three, and when it was selected to go to Salonica he went joyfully along, glorying in the chance "to do something of value for France." "I know you want me to do my share," he wrote to his mother, "and you would undoubtedly be more desirous if you could only see the wonderful spirit and self-sacrifice which every French woman is showing in these terrible times." His next letters came from "the wilds of Serbia," — charming, intensely interesting letters,— written with much keenness of perception, and breadth of vision, and full of fine bits of description. He gave himself utterly to the exhausting work, made doubly difficult by the rough hilly country and the ever present fever, and his devotion was recognized by the award of the Croix de Guerre, "for courageous action in removing wounded in the region of Monastir."

In May 1917 he returned to France in the Lafayette

Flying Corps. The history of the Lafayette Flying Corps says of his training: "Palmer was considered one of the most brilliant Bleriot pilots among the later group at Avord. A flyer by instinct, he had a delicacy of touch and precision of eye that were wonderful, and his landings, light as eiderdown, were a delight to watch." "Henry's record in the school was as nearly perfect as one can be," wrote a friend, " . . . . . he never did the slightest damage to a machine." In the remarkably short time of three and one half months he received his *brevet* and left Avord for Pau for final training. There on November 12, 1917 he died of pneumonia and was buried with full military honors in a corner of the hillside cemetery overlooking the shining river, whence, on clear days, one can see the white and purple Pyrénées.

Cyrus Chamberlain, who was with Henry at the time of his death, and who was killed two months later, wrote, "He was one of the best and cleanest of us all," and the tribute is eloquent of the way in which men thought and spoke of him. Charles Bernard Nordhoff trained with Henry and his appreciation is typical of the countless friends who wrote to his mother on learning of his death: "Always unruffled, cool, steady, and courageous, he would certainly have made a name for himself had he lived to get to the front, and his loss means not alone a void in the circle of friends who loved and admired him, but the loss of a bold and skillful pilot to France."

ERIC ANDERSON FOWLER

ERIC FOWLER joined Section Four in the summer of 1916 and remained with it until July, 1917, during the period of the Section's greatest activity and achievements. His share in its work and the place he made for himself in the hearts of many friends, as well as in the life of the Section as a whole, have been recorded in the following extract from a diary kept by an older man who was much thrown with him at the front.

"Eric," writes this friend, "furnished the bright colors to our background. No matter how dismal the outlook he was always on the crest of the wave. And how often did his heart-warming, merry laugh do us all a world of good! Our men have all shown their courage at Marre, *Côte 272*, and Esnes. But Eric felt a contempt for the dangers of the service that was an inspiration. Physically he was a little giant and of extraordinary endurance. I remember one snowy night, when the road was lost to view, he dog-trotted as a path-finder in front of my car for four round trips between Montzéville and Esnes. When, as happened more than once, I side-slipped into a ditch, he would feed the *blessé* blankets under the spinning wheels and when I regained the road fearing to stop, he would overtake me, stow the blankets away and, with a boyish laugh and joke, resume his place in front of the car."

When Eric Fowler left Section Four to enlist in the French aviation, he took with him the admiration and gratitude of his chief and the warm best wishes of every fellow driver. He completed his preliminary training at Avord with marked success and went on to Pau for advanced training in "stunt" flying. The sad circumstances of his death, the day of his graduation, when his kit was packed and on its way to the railway station, are related in a letter to his parents by Alan Winslow, a fellow student and dear friend.

"I looked up," writes Winslow, "and saw one of the

thirty or forty planes in the air diving out of control, nose downward behind a hangar. Then I heard the crash. Five mintes later I learned it was Eric Fowler and that he had been instantly killed. It was the last flight necessary to make him fit for the front, the finishing flight of five months training.

"Poor, fine Eric, what a shame he could not have died in battle, if die he must! But, as it is, his death is a glorious death, for he died in the pursuit of his work, his ideals, and his patriotism . . . . ."

Fowler was buried at Pau with all military honors and Captain Orgeaix, the French Commandant of the school, in a speech by his grave, paid a glowing tribute to his courage and devotion. "Corporal Fowler," he said, "your death has not been in vain. You have served to bring your country closer to the soul of France. When we think of you, our eyes will always moisten and our hearts grip our bosoms . . . . "

Those who mourn Eric Fowler find an abiding comfort in the words of his friend's letter, and in this tribute of his commanding officer "His death was glorious. His death was not in vain He died in the selfless quest of a noble end; in the full measure of his proud youth."

"Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember,
How of human days he lived the better part,
April came to bloom, and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart."

ERIC ANDERSON FOWLER

Born July 24, 1895, in Quogue, Long Island, New York. Son of Anderson and Emily Fowler. Home, New York City. Educated St. Bernard's School, New York; Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania; and Princeton University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, August 6, 1916; attached Section Four until July 10, 1917. Enlisted French aviation. Trained Avord and Pau. Promoted to Corporal. Killed in aeroplane accident, Pau, November 26, 1917. Buried Pau, Basses Pyrénées.

ROBERT DOUGLAS MEACHAM

Born September 15, 1883, in Ashland, Kentucky. Son of Daniel B. and Lida Douglas Meacham. Home, Cincinnati, Ohio. Educated Asheville School, North Carolina, Hobart College one year, and one year Sheffield Scientific School, Yale, Class of 1907. From 1906 with Rogers, Brown Company, Cincinnati. Joined American Field Service, March 12, 1917; attached Section Sixteen to September 13, 1917. Died of appendicitis, December 14, 1917, at Louisville, Kentucky. Buried Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ROBERT DOUGLAS MEACHAM

"It's strange the way things work out in this war," Robert Douglas Meacham wrote home, "one of our Frenchmen had been in the army since the beginning, but being rather old was taken out of the trenches and sent back here, a comparatively safe place, as a cook He had been here only two days before he was killed." "Bob" did not guess that for him, too, things were to work out thus strangely and with as seeming little justice. He returned from ambulance work at the front to enter a more hazardous service, and, having passed his examinations for aviation, was on his way home from Washington to await his commission when he fell ill with appendicitis and died as a civilian — yet no less a warrior. He had been often under fire. "Believe me," he had written, "it is some sensation to be flat on your stomach wondering if the next one is going to 'get' you"; but no shells "got" him. He had served six months with Section Sixteen suffering more than most because always in his mind was a vision of what a shell might bring — of being struck and mangled. Fear stood ever at his side vainly trying to influence him He heard its urging but unmindful, went forward into all dangers. Yet the trail of his adventurous life ended far from the cannon and drums and banners of warfare in a city hospital and the silence of unsung heroism. Those who know fear are the bravest.

"Bob," after his schooling in the South, spent a year at Hobart and one at Yale. He was an athlete, for love of the sport, and, as a freshman at Hobart, played on the varsity baseball team. ". . . . . As plucky a fellow as ever played a game, never losing his head," they said of him "Never an exceptional student," wrote his brother, and perhaps, in his belief that in friendships was one of the biggest gains from college, "Bob" overstressed that side of undergraduate life. But he made some very real and lasting friends. He was

"one of the most lovable fellows to be with I ever knew" writes one, "liked by everybody" says another, and "I know very few who are so much worth while." He was the object of hero-worship, too, on straight manliness as the words of a younger man show. "I was just a green youngster. Bob's kindly nature and his clean-cut ways made me secretly idolize him." It means much to have a mother write, as one did who knew him well, "I wish my boy had known him."

"With sufficient income he would never have entered business but spent his time with expeditions exploring buried cities of the old world," said his brother, and before the war "Bob" had already traveled in Europe, circled the globe, and made trips to Central America. He had gathered quite a library on Egypt and India, and an unusual collection of arms from various nations and ages. Imitations never interested him, and also in his contact with men "he had no respect for the sham, admiring only the true and genuine." Yet he was lenient to the faults of others, though never toward his own. He not only did his duty whenever called upon, but did it cheerfully, and at all times was to be relied upon to keep up the spirits of those about him. "Bob" had a delightful sense of humor, declaring the most serious *Poilu* he knew was "going to be married when he goes on permission. Suppose that is what's worrying him." And with it he had a rare delicacy of perception and sympathy. "If I can only help save the lives of some of those poor fellows. . . . I shall feel that my own life has been worth while," he wrote. He never realized how much worth while his fineness had made that life of his for others.

ALDEN DAVISON

AMONG all those "immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence; live in pulses stirred to generosity, in deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn for miserable aims that end with self," there is none more worthy of such place and tribute than Alden Davison.

The background for his war experiences speaks eloquently of the type of man he was. In his four years at Phillips Academy, Andover, he participated in all phases of school activities, contributing to each the force of his fine idealism and the power of his personality. He was interested in foot-ball, track athletics, hockey, and soccer; he was a member of the Student Council, the Dramatic Club, the Debating Union: he was President of Forum and of Inquiry, and President of his class. As a final acknowledgment of his influence, he was given the second largest number of votes for the man "who has done the most for the school."

The Phillips Academy memorial volume does him this honor: "Alden Davison was one of those rare and magnetic souls who secure without effort the affection of all who meet them. Few young men of his day were more versatile and adaptable. The ability which won him his many distinctions was, of course, admired; but it was more especially his fine and upright character that made him a leader. He could be trusted always to cast his influence where it would count for good, and there was no worthy cause which did not have his support."

In 1916 he enlisted in the Amercan Field Service, and during his six months service with Section Eight, in the Verdun Sector, he was cited three times for bravery, and once he suffered the distinction of having his ambulance blown out from under him.

At the expiration of his enlistment he was obliged to return to the United States, being taken seriously ill with typhoid fever. It was a grievous disappointment to him, as he was eager to enlist in the Lafayette Es-

quadrille. In the autumn of 1917 he had recovered sufficiently to enter the aviation service, and was sent to Camp Hicks, Texas, for his training, in the 27th Aero Squadron. There, on December 26th, the day before he received his commission as Lieutenant, he was killed in a practice flight.

The instructor of his squadron wrote: "— I would cheerfully give half of my life if he were here safely tonight. He is the nearest to one of God's children I ever knew, and is mourned most deeply here, for every one was so fond of him. He was a man's man, and nothing can be said higher in praise than that."

"Resolute, clear-eyed, high-minded," to quote the Phillips Academy volume further, "he made his ideals the guiding principles of his life. For him duty was something more than a mere word, and loyalty was naught unless it was revealed in sacrifice."

Upon his death, the Board of Directors of the Rail Joint Company, with which he had been associated in business, had engraved and bound in morocco, a very beautiful memorial volume to him, whose preface was as follows: "Resolved, that the Board of Directors desires to express its deep regret at the loss of Alden Davison, who, in the service of this Company showed the same high spirit which prompted his ready and unselfish response to the call of his Country."

In work and play, war and peace, Alden Davison inspired the love and devotion of all with whom he was associated. Brief though his career, it represented years crowded with high purpose and accomplishment. Truly indeed,

"He went through life sowing love and kindness, and what he sowed he has abundantly reaped."

ALDEN DAVISON

Born July 6, 1895, in New York City. Son of Henry J. and Maria Alden Davison. Educated Phillips Academy, Andover, and Yale University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, February 28, 1916; attached Section Eight until September 6, 1916. Sent to America ill with typhoid fever. September 4, 1917, entered U. S. Aviation Service. Cadet, 27th Aero Squadron, Camp Hicks, Texas. Killed December 26, 1917, in aeroplane accident. Buried Kensico Cemetery, New York.

GORDON STEWART

Born March 15, 1896, in Millis, Massachusetts. Son of Edward J. and Helena Felt Stewart. Home, Brookline, Massachusetts. Educated Brookline High School, Chauncy Hall School, Boston, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Class of 1920. Joined American Field Service, April 14, 1917; attached Section Eighteen to October 15, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation Service. Trained, Tours, France. Died January 9, 1918, of spinal meningitis. Buried Tours, Indre-et-Loire.

GORDON STEWART

GORDON STEWART, during his school days, was well known through his athletic ability. Both at Brookline High School and Chauncy Hall School he was prominent in various branches of sport and was captain of the Brookline crew in 1915 when the crew won the interscholastic cup. He won two medals from the Harvard Interscholastic Gymnasium Association and held the Greater Boston diving championship for two years. At the time of his enlistment in the Field Service he was a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Referring to his well-deserved prominence during his school days, his pastor writes of him: "Gordon was one of the few young men of my town who, being popular, yet was never conscious of his popularity. That humility in conjunction with his courage and daring and wonderful wealth of humor made him the idol of all."

With his brother Theodore he sailed for France on the first boat to leave after war was declared by the United States, and saw much hard work during the summer around Verdun with Section Eighteen, which was honored by a citation for the *Croix de Guerre* from the 126th Division. He had the misfortune to break his arm shortly after joining the Section, and was laid up for over two months in a French hospital with a very bad fracture necessitating several operations and much suffering, as the bone was not set until three days after the accident, and did not knit properly. Writing from the hospital of an impending operation, he unconsciously gives us a clear idea of his courage and nerve. "Expect it will be a bit painful, but guess I can keep up my record of not having let out a 'peep' since it happened." What seems to have been harder to endure than the pain was his longing to get into the thick of things again. He remarks a little later: "I am trying to get over my desire to go back to the front, or at least I am trying to be contented, although the letters Theo writes me are like

a full dish of cold water held in front of a man who is dying of thirst. I just itch to get back and can't."

Afterwards upon returning from ten days' convalescent leave in September, he writes: "While in Paris I took mental and physical examinations for a commission in the Army Flying Corps. I passed both with flying colors so that at the end of my training I will be a first lieutenant in the Flying Corps. It has been terribly hard to decide but I have made up my mind to serve my country to the last stitch."

He was sent in October to the Aviation Training School at Tours where he was taken sick Christmas night, and died on January 9, 1918, of spinal meningitis. As to his work as a cadet, one of his friends at the school exclaimed: "The French instructors here had already told me, before Gordon was taken sick at all, that he was the most promising pupil they had ever had. His own instructor wept when told of his death, not wholly for Gordon, as he said, but for the loss to the Allies."

Had Gordon Stewart lived to return to the front as an aviator, he would have proved of inestimable value to his country, as he possessed in every respect the qualities necessary for the branch of service which he had chosen. Yet dying as he did, he gave his life for his country's cause as truly and completely as though he had been shot down in battle by an enemy plane.

ERNEST HUNNEWELL LEACH

Soon after the war broke out, and while Ernest Leach was still but a lad in his teens, he faced for himself the issues at stake and decided that the cause of France was the cause of right and humanity. His financial condition was all that prevented his leaving for France. Meanwhile he did what he could. He foresaw that America must sooner or later enter the struggle, and resolved that he and his friends should be ready when the call came. In his quiet way Ernest got together a group of his companions and induced them to join him in regular cross-country hikes after business hours and on Sundays to keep themselves in good physical condition. Often their courage lagged and it was always he who spurred them on, and though they thought him too enthusiastic, they followed him nevertheless. To further prepare himself he took the regular course in infantry training at Plattsburg in the summer of 1916.

The hard work which Section Eighteen was called upon to do during the summer of 1917 around Verdun, and for which they received a divisional citation for the Croix de Guerre, only served to deepen his sense of duty and responsibility in the cause which he had always cherished, and for which he had long been preparing. He writes at this time: "Any vain curiosity that I may have had regarding war is quite dispelled, war at its best is very bad. But I am glad the United States is going to do her part to end it, and in the right way. . . . . Whichever way things turn out, I won't lose. There are worse things than losing your life in the best cause a nation ever had."

For all his serious purpose, however, he had a lively sense of humor and a buoyant youthfulness that kept him cheerful. Ernest wrote: "One of the chief reasons, — outside the joy of living,— for my wishing to live through this war is to see how it ends "

With the breaking up of the old volunteer Ambulance

Service came the heartbreaking uncertainty as to where the greatest possibility for service lay. How he decided the issue, an extract from one of his letters shows: "It took all my will power to pick aviation as my service branch after I had seen a number of planes brought down in air fights and seen the results at close range. But I feel that if anything were going to happen to me it would happen just the same in one service as another. At least you can feel here as though you were doing your full part."

And it was his full part that Leach did. To the long task of training he gave himself with the same resolute devotion which had already characterized his work at the front. The cablegram announcing his death in an aeroplane accident, January 21, 1918, also stated that he had completed in two weeks a test which usually required a month, and that he was about to be commissioned.

The spirit in which he met his death for that cause which had long since become a part of his very soul, is suggested by his own words in a letter written but a short time before: "If I don't come back, please remember that I do this willingly and gladly. I feel that the cause is worth all of me."

That he was loved by his comrades is shown clearly by the cry of sorrow in a little poem written by Lieutenant Gilbert N. Jerome, of the Air Service, who was killed in battle in July, 1918. The loss of a brother in arms is felt poignantly in the words:

"'T is but a moment since he stood
  Here in our little group
And smiled and spoke,
A moment's flight, and then
  He passes through the gate
That bars our view,
  Leaving us desolate."

ERNEST HUNNEWELL LEACH

Born November 4, 1895, at Hanson, Massachusetts. Son of Reverend A. Judson and Mary Lewis Leach. Educated Reading, Massachusetts, public schools. With First National Bank of Reading, seven years. Joined American Field Service, April 14, 1917; attached Section Eighteen to September 23, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation Service, October, 1917. Breveted at Tours. Killed January 21, 1918, at the 3d Aero Instruction Centre, Issoudun, in an aeroplane accident. Buried Issoudun, Indre.

JACK MORRIS WRIGHT

Born July 9, 1898, in New York City. Son of Charles Lennox and Sarah Greene Wright. Educated l'Ecole Alsacienne, Paris, and Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, April 28, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to August 16, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation Service. Trained at Issoudun. Commissioned First Lieutenant. Killed January 24, 1918, in aeroplane accident at Issoudun. Buried Military Cemetery, Issoudun, Indre.

JACK MORRIS WRIGHT

"One glorious hour of crowded life,
Is worth an age without a name"

JACK WRIGHT, First Lieutenant in aviation, was only nineteen when killed in training. His little hour was so fleeting, but oh, so gloriously full. Any tribute of words to his memory seems pitifully inadequate. His life, his death, his letters, now compiled in a volume, "A Poet of the Air," and the inspiration of his philosophy, constitute a memorial which outshines any amplification of this writing.

For Jack Wright was not an ordinary individual. He was an artist,—a genius, who lived above and beyond the commonplace. By temperament he was well fitted for service in the air. His nature was naturally ecstatic,—soaring,—reaching out, and above. The wonder and glory of flying was always fresh to him. "It became akin to some divine privilege."

This poet felt a call and sacred duty to write of flying. "So far there has been a soldier poet, a poet of the woods, a poet of all," he wrote, "but as yet there has been no poet of the air,—the wonderlands unknown, unfelt, unseen, but ever worshiped as God's own ground, or as the symbols of the highest soarings of men."

It is difficult to reconcile a genius and artistry such as his with war. Yet it was just such exalted vision and living idealism, contagious to a high degree, which redeemed the war, with all its cruelty. With his death, Jack Wright ceases to become an individual. He becomes a symbol,—a symbol of all the youth, and hope, enthusiasm, and idealism, which poured itself out in the blood and deeds of every man who sacrificed his all in the past war. He becomes man's ideal of his truest self, realized.

The following was written in explanation to his mother, while he was still in the Camion Service, waiting to be transferred to the Aviation, for which he had just passed his examinations.

"There are many reasons for my new action. . . . . The choice between America and Peace, or France and War; the desire to be 'one of them' over here, and to feel worthy of France's beauty and her people's sympathy; the desire to be able to say with pride that I had done something real in the greatest of all struggles, the horror of shirking when boys like me are dying; the thousand and one other minor reasons, that turn by turn assail me more strongly ever day."

In another letter we sense that which actuated all his life. "If I could give my life to make a bit of idealism perfect itself, and live immortal on a mortal world, it would be the highest hope I could attain and the greatest happiness I could enjoy. If I were to live lukewarmly and die weakly, it would be the greatest tragedy I or any human could suffer."

Jack Wright was an American boy of nineteen. He was born in New York City. When a small child he was taken to France, where he remained until the outbreak of the war. He was educated in French schools. His playmates were the children of the artists and poets of France. When he left America with the ambulance unit he had spent three years in Andover, and was about to enter Harvard.

He spent six months at the front as driver of a camion, and three months learning to fly in the First American Aviation School in France. He had just received his commission as First Lieutenant, and would undoubtedly have been sent to the front in a few weeks time,— the goal of his ambition, when his plane met with an accident while in the air, which ended his short hour.

PHILIP PHILLIPS BENNEY

PHILIP PHILLIPS BENNEY combined with his enthusiasm a special aptitude for flying which led his commander to write that he had "rarely seen in a *pilote* the qualities of courage, enterprise, and daring that he possessed." But it was his likable personality that most impressed "Phil's" comrades — that and his courage. "A braver, finer, and more lovable boy never lived. He seemed to make friends no matter where he was," wrote R. B. Hoeber, of Escadrille 103, and gives a suggestion of "Phil's" character and ability when he says: "Phil was the best friend I had over here,— we had been through all the schools together, where he was extremely popular and did ripping good work. Then finally when he got out here he was so happy, and, while he had a good deal of hard luck with his machines, he was flying beautifully." Captain d'Indy helps on the description saying that "Phil" "from his arrival won every heart by his intelligence and sincere good-fellowship," and his uncle tells how the same French officer "spoke several times of Philip's wonderful courage and what a great loss it was . . . . . because of the fact that he was loved by them all," and himself adds, "No one could help loving him, he was so frank, charming, and brave."

Having spent six years at Shady Side Academy, Philip entered the automobile business as a salesman, gaining experience there which led, when he was recommended for a reserve commission, after his summer of 1916 on a battleship with the volunteer civilian cruise, to the remark that he was especially proficient in engineering. The spirit which later caused "Phil" to enter hazardous *chasse* work made it impossible for him to sit at home while France battled for her existence and in January, 1917, he gave up his business and sailed for France. He went to the front with Section Twelve of the Field Service, but despite his excellent record and friendships made, he was not satisfied, and when America entered the

war he waited only until his term of enlistment was ended before joining the Foreign Legion as a private and then transferring to aviation.

He entered into the training for a *chasse pilote* eagerly, saying that his eleven days of acrobatics at Pau "were the most wonderful days of my life," and speaking of the splendid flying days when he "worked like a dog, flying an average of five hours a day." His zest was unbounded and his happiness in service shone from his letters, while he had also a keen eye for the beautiful and was sensitive to the wonders of flying.

He joined Spad Escadrille 67 where, his officer said, "So ardent was he that I had long delayed the moment of sending him against the enemy, fearing a little too much audacity and too little experience." On January 25, 1918, with four other planes, "Phil" went on his first combat patrol. As they circled over Montfaucon seven Germans attacked, centering their fire on "Phil." Badly wounded and rapidly losing strength, he managed to land his machine within the French lines. He was hurried to the hospital at Glorieux, where two Frenchmen gave some blood in an effort to save him, but he died in the early morning. "How could I do less than give him a few drops of my blood," said one, "when he had given all of his for France?" No words could more finely characterize Philip Benney than those of his French chief: "The poor little boy was worshiped in the squadron and admired by all because he was such a splendid soldier and of such a magnificent courage. He fell nobly, beautifully, facing the enemy in a real fight. Perhaps he envied such a death for a long time."

PHILIP PHILLIPS BENNEY

Born June 28, 1895, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Son of George Andrew and Eugenia Hill Benney. Educated Shady Side Academy, Pittsburgh. Volunteer civilian cruise, U. S. Navy, 1916. Joined American Field Service, January 8, 1917; attached Section Twelve until July 11, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation. Trained, Avord, Pau, and le Plessis-Belleville. *Caporal pilote*, Spad Escadrille 67. Died at hospital of Glorieux, January 26, 1918, of wounds received in combat over Montfaucon the previous day. Croix de Guerre with Palm. Buried, Glorieux, Meuse.

CHARLES ALEXANDER HOPKINS

Born October 24, 1895, in Newark, New Jersey. Son of John M. and Mary Carroll Hopkins. Educated Newark public schools, Barringer High School, and Dartmouth College, Class of 1920. Joined American Field Service, May 5, 1917; attached Camion Sections 526 and 184 until August 6, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. Killed in aeroplane collision at 3d Aviation Instruction Centre, Issoudun, January 30, 1918. Commission received after his death. Buried Issoudun, Indre. Body transferred to Fairmount Cemetery, Newark, New Jersey.

CHARLES ALEXANDER HOPKINS

UPON reaching France and finding that men were being sought for the aviation service, Charles Alexander Hopkins at once gave in his name as an applicant for a place in the flying forces, writing that he "could not resist when he saw 'Old Glory' beckoning." While waiting to be called, however, he served, for three months, ably and faithfully as a truck driver in the Reserve Mallet. He was not going to sit idle, waiting, while there was work to do. Certainly those who knew him best were proudly confident that, however hard it promised to be, if the way seemed that of duty, "Charley" would follow it. And he did. One of his teachers had said "He is a type France and America and England will be proud of," and his record to the very end strengthens the force of the statement and proves it true!

Charles Hopkins was a prominent school boy athlete, yet the publicity had no effect on his sincere simplicity, and he held high place in the hearts of his comrades for the fine qualities of his nature rather than because of his prowess in sports. In the words of his football coach, "There was a boy who could spread sunshine most anywhere"; and praise as a man came before praise of him as an athlete. "Charley" held on to his perspective of values in life. With him friendship stood high and he made much of it. "We sure do miss him," says a college acquaintance, and the pastor of his church says: "'Charley' was an ideal boy." His circle of friends was large, his interests varied, and his friendship was valued. In Newark "Hopkins Place" is named in memory of him, and, quoting a friend, "Everybody had a good word for 'Hoppie,' and he surely deserved all the praise that was ever given him. To put everything in a nutshell, his personality was wonderful."

At Dartmouth "Hoppie's" reputation had preceded him, but again he kept his head, and although he became a track and football "star" he never let athletics monop-

olize his attention. He was not a brilliant scholar but his instructor in English found in his conscientiousness and diligence something more to be valued than cleverness: "With considerable expenditure of hard work he has maintained at least a passing grade. He is not talented in facile expression, but his brain is alert and steady, he can give answers intelligently and render sound judgment in emergency" Had he remained at college "he would undoubtedly have been one of the best ends and quarter-milers that ever came to Dartmouth," wrote a classmate. A professor remarks that "he played hard football without malice, but rather in the wholesome spirit of the game," and Gerald Stone, of his class, said: "He was a true friend, a loyal brother, and had a heart of gold, which accounts for the fact that he was one of the best liked men in his class."

In the autumn of 1917 Charles began training at Issoudun as a cadet in aviation. He proved an able pilot, although he was painfully injured in an accident in December, which he describes casually enough. "I must have been making ninety miles an hour and was thirty feet from the ground when the wind caught my tail, whipped it around, and I dove straight for the ground with the speed of a demon. The machine was out of control and there was nothing to do but sit tight and wait."

On January 30, 1918, while flying at Issoudun, Charles collided with another plane, "crashed," and was killed. Lieutenant Cooper of the Air Service wrote that he "was always an excellent flyer, cool and courageous; he met his death like a true American, and as every aviator would wish to meet it, in the air."

NEWBERRY HOLBROOK

"Of all the adjectives that might be used to describe 'Berry' Holbrook, the one that most of his intimate friends and classmates would agree upon, would be 'dependable.' But he was far more than merely dependable. He was a gentleman in all that the word implies, gentle yet manly, courteous and conciliatory, but firm in standing up for what he conceived to be right. He was imbued with a high sense of duty, particularly as regards public matters which many of us so often neglect. He was ambitious, but not for himself, for no man could have been less selfish than he. It was characteristic of him to say nothing if he could not speak well of a person."

In the above quotation from one of his classmates, Newberry Holbrook stands out as a man who was eager and willing to assume his obligations to the world and to his fellows but, more important yet, who was endowed with the fineness and sensitiveness necessary to the carrying out of these obligations without in any way antagonizing those whom he would serve. Not that he shrank from making enemies if it were in a just cause — he was always fearless where his principles were at stake — but his were the qualities which of themselves inspire love and respect.

As an undergraduate at Columbia University and later when connected with the Phillips Chemical Company, he was known not only for his strict application to whatever task he had at hand, but also for a breadth of vision at once practical and idealistic. It was but natural that, with the organization in June, 1917, of the ambulance unit sent over by the City Club of New York, in which he was an active member, he should have been one of the first to volunteer as a driver, and should have been the man chosen to handle the complicated financial relations between the unit and the Club.

As a driver and subsequently as sergeant in Section Thirty-two, later Six forty-four, he gave himself with an

energy and courage rare even in the ranks of volunteers. One of his comrades writes: "He was probably the most popular and the best liked man in the entire section, and by his devotion to duty, his unfailing patience and kindness had endeared himself to each one of us."

For work at Verdun during the latter days of November, 1917, he was cited for the Croix de Guerre by the 37th Division of Infantry with which the Section was serving. Of the character of the work which he did the following extract from a letter written by his lieutenant is sufficient proof: "Ever since the section left Paris last August, Newberry, or 'Berry,' as he was affectionately known to all of us, has been my right hand man. He was one of the best drivers, brave, cool, and intelligent. And in our first difficult engagement he actually made more trips, and brought down more wounded than any other man in the section. Personally, I have lost a very true friend; as his commanding officer, I have lost one of my most valued assistants."

He died on February 16, 1918, at Essey-les-Nancy, of typhoid fever, having refused to leave the section and go to a hospital until but a few days before his death. He gave his life as a soldier for the cause of his country and his fellowmen, nor was his sacrifice in vain. For as one of these fellowmen who knew him well has written. "In his death he still lives with us in his quiet, devoted, and unassuming friendship. His dignity and his quality of ready and faithful service to all he held dear will ever be an inspiration that we may the better 'Carry on.'"

NEWBERRY HOLBROOK

Born November 4, 1888, in Brooklyn, New York. Son of Francis N. and Julia Macy Holbrook. Home, New York City. Educated Morris High School, and Columbia University, Class of 1911. In business, Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company. Joined American Field Service, June 30, 1917; attached Section Thirty-two. Enlisted U. S. Army Ambulance Service, September 22, 1917. Promoted to Sergeant. Croix de Guerre. Died, February 16, 1918, of typhoid fever, Essey-les-Nancy, Meurthe-et-Moselle. Buried Essey-les-Nancy, Meurthe-et-Moselle. Body to be transferred to Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

WILLIAM JEWELL WHYTE

Born October 25, 1897, in Danville, Illinois. Son of George W. and Laura Hoar Whyte. Educated Danville High School and University of Chicago, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, April 14, 1917; attached Transport Section 526, until August 28, 1917. Enlisted in French Aviation. Trained at Avord and Pau. Killed in aeroplane accident, March 20, 1918, near Bordeaux. Buried Bordeaux, Gironde.

WILLIAM JEWELL WHYTE

On March 20, 1918, the University of Chicago lowered its flag sorrowfully to half-mast, honoring the death of William Jewell Whyte, her first regular undergraduate to give his life in France. Just as he was completing his training in aviation, Whyte met with an accident. His machine fell, like a wounded bird with a broken wing, from an altitude of 6,000 feet, William "fighting gamely all the way down," his instructor reported. But the odds were too great, and he now lies buried in Bordeaux, among as glorious an assemblage as the world has ever known.

"Personally," writes his guardian, "there never was a finer lad One could say nothing but good of him in any event, but it is especially gratifying to be able to say that he was always clean, courageous, and manly. He was large, physically, always interested in athletics, and was always popular among his associates."

Young Whyte graduated from high school at Danville, Illinois, and in 1915 entered the University of Chicago, where he was on the regular football squad. He was in his sophomore year when he enlisted in the American Field Service. At the end of his six month's enlistment, when this service was taken over by the regular army organization, he transferred to aviation, where he was a private in the Lafayette Escadrille He was keenly interested in his work,and, shortly before his death, wrote to a friend as follows: "Flying is going as well as ever. I am nearly finished with my last advanced training and am expecting orders now any time. Before I can receive any really active orders, I shall have to receive my commission. Through some error I received appointment as a second lieutenant, and didn't accept it as I am entitled to a first. This was in January, and the government has been all this time trying to rectify the mistake and grant a new commission." He goes on to tell of having one cheek frozen through, on a high altitude test, and comments laconically, "They tell me I am living on borrowed time.

But I think, don't you, that I have a long time loan."

This same disregard of death, as long as it be so honorable a death, is clearly reflected in an article on Whyte, written by a classmate and fellow *ambulancier*.

"On the campus many of you knew him better than I. From the most fortunate of you — those who knew him as a Fraternity brother in Delta Tau Delta, as a member of Skull and Crescent, or on the foot-ball team, — he won undying respect and friendship. Like you, I too came to count Jewell as one of my dearest friends. Last April he and I left the University to become ambulance drivers in the French Army. For three weeks we were together, then bad luck separated us, sending him to one section of the front and me to another.

"After that we saw nothing of each other until one September afternoon during my furlough, when, out of the cosmopolitan crowd passing the Café de la Paix in Paris, I caught sight of Jewell. . . . . That evening we dined together in an out-of-the-way café. Next morning he was leaving for Avord to train for aviation, and I was returning to Verdun. . . . . As we parted, I said, 'Well, Jewell, *bonne chance*, and I'll see you later at the University or in Berlin.'

"'I hope so,' he answered. 'But not many of us come back from the Suicide Club But why worry? There never was a time when it was as easy to die as it is now.'

"Those, I think, were the last words he ever spoke to any one from the University. And now, over a green spot in France, stands a white cross with the inscription

'Mort pour la France
William Whyte,
Americain, Aviateur.'"

PERCY LEO AVARD

WITH spring of the first year of the World War, Percy Leo Avard felt he must share, however humbly, in that supreme effort which all France was making and he determined to join the American Ambulance Field Service. To the objections of his brother, Reverend A. J. Avard, he responded: "You've given your life to the service of God, why should n't I give mine to help His people?" In June, 1915, his employer wrote in his excellent letter of recommendation: "Mr. Avard is not an adventurer looking for new thrills. . . . . I cannot understand his attitude in that he should give up his work and his family ties to spend an indefinite part of his life in this sacrifice." But those who knew "Pete" Avard best understood . his spirit was one of service, his fine ideals were of action as well as thought.

To "Pete" existence was an amazingly interesting thing, exhilarating, zestful. "We only live once," he said, and in that span he wished to see as much of the world and know as many of its human beings as he could. He traveled far, eager to know life, and always he was well liked and made staunch friends. "Pete" was, as another has described him, "the very salt of the earth."

Although born in England, "Pete" always considered himself entirely American for all his youth was passed in New York. Upon leaving high school he worked with The New York Central Railroad until 1904. Then, interested in mining, young Avard went west, returning in 1909 for his brother's ordination.

He was in the State National Guard, but his real military career began in September of 1910 at Fort Slocum, New York, when he enlisted as a private in the regular cavalry. With troop "I" of the 5th Regiment, he went to Honolulu, returning for further service on the Mexican Border. He was an excellent soldier and a crack shot, and in the troop he had a horse which he had "broken" himself, and which no one else could ride. At the expiration

of his enlistment period in 1913, at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, he secured his honorable discharge with high commendation, although told he would be commissioned if he remained in the army.

For nearly two years in New York he was in the credit department of the Grolier Society, leaving it in June, 1915, to join the American Field Service in France. After several weeks of active work with the Paris Squad, "Pete" was with Section One in Flanders. From Crombeke to Beauvais and to the Somme, then in June, 1916, to Verdun, the Section labored, "Pete" setting an example by his tender care of his wounded.

After a year's service he returned to the United States, going almost at once to the Chuquicamata Copper Mine in South America under a three year contract with the Chile Exploration Company, but within the year America joined the Allies, and "Pete" gave up all his plans to return and enlist in naval aviation At the training station because of his experience he was made a petty officer. Hardly a month later he was taken ill with pneumonia at Charleston, South Carolina. He knew he was sick but not how seriously, and to save his mother from anxiety at not hearing from him, "Pete" had a nurse write that he had hurt his finger playing baseball and would be unable to write home for some time. That was the day before he died.

Sincere, sympathetic, and unassuming, this boy had lived his life as a fine adventure in idealism. He sought no favors or advancements, he accepted the world as a friend, and seeking to serve it made his life a record of true sacrifice and faith. A gallant soldier, who joined to the strength of a man the gentle naturalness and enthusiasms of a child.

PERCY LEO AVARD

Born April 12, 1887, in London, England. Son of Alfred J. and Margaret O'Brien Avard. Home, New York City. Educated New York public and high schools. Clerk, New York Central Railroad to 1904. California and Arizona, mining. Came East, 1909. New York National Guard. Enlisted United States Army, September 26, 1910, Fort Slocum, New York; attached 5th Cavalry, Troop I; served Honolulu, Hawaii, and Mexican Border. Promoted to corporal and sergeant. Honorably discharged, September 27, 1913, Fort Huachuca, Arizona. Credit Department, Grolier Society, New York. Joined American Field Service, July 31, 1915; attached Section One, to July 15, 1916. Returned to America. Mining with Chile Exploration Company, Chuquicamata Mine, nine months. Enlisted Naval Aviation, New York City. Naval Training Station, Charleston, South Carolina. Petty Officer. Died of pneumonia, March 26, 1918, Naval Hospital, Charleston. Buried in Calvary Cemetery, Long Island.

HENRY H. HOUSTON WOODWARD

Born February 27, 1896, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Son of Dr. George and Gertrude H. Woodward. Educated Taft School, Connecticut, and Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, Class of 1920. Yale Battery, Tobyhanna, 1916. Joined American Field Service, February 19, 1917; attached Section Thirteen until July 23, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation, July 24th. Trained Avord, Juvisy, and Pau. Breveted October 1, 1917. *Caporal Pilote*, Spad Escadrille 94, December. Killed in action, April 1, 1918, near Montdidier. Croix de Guerre. Buried south of Montdidier, Somme.

HENRY H. HOUSTON WOODWARD

HENRY H. HOUSTON WOODWARD, *Caporal Pilote, Escadrille Spad 94*, of the French Army was killed in combat, April 1, 1918. Having been sent out to patrol the enemy's lines on the afternoon of that day, he was seen several times by other members of the patrol during an attack made on some German planes, then disappeared. It was almost a year later that the remains of his charred Spad were located about three kilometers south of Montdidier, with a lone grave close by, marked with broken pieces of the plane. His brilliant sacrifice was the climax of a year's devotion to France and to the cause for which she fought.

Houston's military career began in his association with the Yale Battery of which he was an active member, and at Tobyhanna Camp, in 1916. In his sophomore year he resigned from Yale to enlist in the American Field Service, and sailed for France on February 19, 1917. He was sent to the front on March 31st, with Ambulance Section Thirteen, which was immediately attached to a French Division just going into line in the great Champagne offensive. Thus he served his novitiate in France in one of the most terrible battles of the war.

Tall, handsome, and of a remarkably winning personality, he made friends quickly in the Section. And as one of his fellow drivers writes · "When the section ran into very hard work during the offensive of Mont Cornillet, his friendships were cemented by a very great admiration for the tremendous and untiring energy and zeal which he devoted with all his soul to the performance of his duty as an ambulance driver and which enabled him to accomplish so much more than the rest of us. His courage, which appeared at times to amount to rashness, was in reality prompted by a desire to throw everything he had into his work without thought of reserving himself."

It was this same desire which urged him as the summer wore on to turn his thoughts toward aviation. Here he

felt would be an opportunity to give his all unstintingly, and on July 24, 1917, he enlisted in the Aviation Service of the French Army, with which he had thus far served. He was assigned to the French Training School at Avord, Cher, France, and later to Juvisy, made rapid progress as a flyer, and was breveted on October 1, 1917. Then followed a period of further training at Avord and Pau, to perfect himself in the art of flying, and in December he was sent to the front with Spad Escadrille 94.

His life, from then until his death, was full to the brim of the things which counted most for him. Good companionship and friends, the joy of combat, and most important of all, a work for which he felt himself admirably suited in a cause which he knew was just. As to the quality of the work he did, one of his comrades in the Escadrille states he was a most daring aviator, thoroughly skillful in the mastery of his plane and courageous almost to the point of recklessness. He was given official recognition for the descent of one German plane in a posthumous citation for the Croix de Guerre with palm.

One need not touch here on the heartbreaking suspense which his family and friends were forced to undergo after the news of his disappearance, and before it could be definitely established whether he had been killed in battle or was perhaps lying, badly wounded, in some German prison camp. What we do know is this,— Houston Woodward died, as he had lived and fought, a gentleman in word and deed, and a hero in the annals of his country.

CARLOS WILLARD BAER

At Miami University, which he left late in his senior year to join the Field Service, Carlos Willard Baer was "one of the best known athletes and one of the most popular university men in the community." A college professor, who knew him well, spoke of him as "one of the most modest athletes that I have ever known."

The fourth and youngest son of an Oxford, Ohio, clergyman, Baer was brought up in the university town and was therefore a familiar figure and a well-liked one before he graduated from high school. In the university life he quickly earned a place for himself, not merely because of his splendid athletic abilities, but because of the fine character and personality which went with them. His father said, "We could recite enough to fill a volume in the way of pleasing memories of his life and then not have done. He was a boy of exceptionally clean life — with not one of the bad habits so usual in the lives of the youths of our day."

This clean living was remarked by all who knew him, yet he was so natural, in his simplicity and lack of affectation, that Carlos Baer secured their affection as well as their respect and admiration. He was a member of one of the stronger college fraternities, ΔΚΕ, and elected in his senior year to the men's honorary society, the Red Cowl. Of him the Dean of the Junior College wrote, "Mr. Baer had a remarkable physical development and was without question the most powerful man in college while he was here. He never at any time made use of his strength in a way which was a reflection upon him or his college His conduct in every respect was above reproach. His habits were of the best and when he went from Miami, he left behind him the reputation of being one of her greatest football men, with the added distinction of playing a game which was of a character which met the full approval of those who believe in the cleanest kind of sports"

Soon after war was declared Baer, with that eagerness to be actively engaged in the actualities of it which so well suggests the college spirit in those days of 1917, enlisted in the American Field Service, sailing for France in May. There he joined the *Camion* branch in the field, and went out to Transport Section 184 of the Reserve Mallet near Soissons. Through the summer and fall he worked with the trucks, his strength being a great asset in the hard manual labors of carrying supplies and keeping his heavy truck in condition. Not wishing to enlist in this branch of service for the duration of the conflict, Baer did not sign up in the Motor Transport Corps when the Field Service was taken over by the army, but served out his enlistment period, then returned to America. In March of 1918 he enlisted in the Engineers' Corps and was temporarily stationed in Columbus. While there awaiting orders for transfer to Fort Meyer, Virginia, he suffered an acute attack of appendicitis. The hurried operation was successful but a few days later Baer contracted a severe case of pneumonia. And this man of fine physique, weakened by his operation and previous illness, died in the camp hospital on the sixth of April, just one year after our declaration of war.

The whole of Oxford mourned his death; the funeral services were held in the Miami auditorium, and the University battalion, comprising the whole student body, marched in procession to the cemetery. The number of his friends, the fineness of his life, the fidelity of his service, all identify the man. And nothing more fitting than the text which the pastor of his church used for his funeral discourse could be written down after the name of Carlos Willard Baer: "For he was faithful."

CARLOS WILLARD BAER

Born February 11, 1893, in Alexis, Illinois. Son of Reverend Michael R. and Henrietta Parcel Baer. Educated in Oxford, Ohio, schools and Miami University, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Transport Section 184, to November 20, 1917. Returned to United States, December, 1917. Enlisted Engineers Corps as private, March, 1918. Died April 6, 1918, at Columbus Barracks, of pneumonia, following an operation for appendicitis. Buried Oxford, Ohio.

SCHUYLER LEE

Born July 29, 1898, in Bloomfield, New Jersey. Son of Reverend J. Beveridge and Mynna Greenman Lee. Home, New London, Connecticut. Educated German-English Academy, Milwaukee (Wisconsin); Latin School, Chicago; Haverford School, Pennsylvania, and Phillips Academy, Andover, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, April 28, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to August 6, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation, Lafayette Escadrille. Breveted October 22, 1917. Trained Avord, Tours, Pau, and le Plessis-Belleville. *Caporal*, Spad Escadrille 96, January 10, 1918. Shot down and killed, April 12, 1918, east of Montdidier, Somme. Croix de Guerre with palm, and two citations. His grave has not been found.

SCHUYLER LEE

SCHUYLER LEE has been described by one of his instructors at Andover as "handsome,— Apollo-like," but he, like Rupert Brooke, would have abhorred the thought of being remembered by such fame. Rather must we think of him in the words of Dr. Stearns, the Head-Master of Phillips Academy, as "clean, strong, and unsullied."

Schuyler was still at the "school on the hill" when the call to service came to him, and there his memory will always be cherished as one of its most precious heritages. He was a member of the K. O. A. Society, and a deacon in the Academy Church, sincere and manly in his beliefs, with the courage to act always in accordance with them. When Dr. Stearns considered the formation of the Andover Unit for the American Ambulance Field Service, Schuyler was one of the first to whom he turned, and his trust was not misplaced.

With the majority of his unit upon arriving in France, Schuyler joined the *camion* branch of the American Field Service, with which he remained until August, when he was accepted for the Lafayette Flying Corps, and enlisted as a private in French Aviation. From Avord and Tours and Pau he wrote enthusiastic, joyous letters relating his progress in flying and telling of the fascination that his new work held for him. From Pau he went to Plessis-Belleville, near Paris, where finished aviators awaited their assignment to combat groups, and thence to the front with Escadrille 96, which was destined to be practically annihilated in the dark days that were soon to come.

He quickly fell in with the life of the Escadrille, of whose record he was very proud, chafing only at the delay before he was allowed to go out seeking combat, instead of merely guarding other planes. On February 6th, he wrote in his matter-of-fact way of a fight for which he was later cited:

"I had my first fight on the morning of the 3rd of

February. Five French and eight Boches were in it. Three of the men with me got one, while one of our men was shot down. It is a totally new and unpleasant feeling to go out with a fellow and come back without him." On his return to the field, he found that his *Spad* had been perforated in twenty places by machine gun bullets.

When the Germans drove toward Amiens in March, Escadrille 96 was summoned hastily to the northern battle line and took part in the intensive battles of that month. On April 12, while flying east of Montdidier, on patrol, Lee's motor, which had been giving him a great deal of trouble, must have failed him, for he was last seen slowly descending into the German lines The German casualty lists reported him as shot down in combat, and since then his wrecked *Spad* has been found and identified half a mile northeast of Beuvraignes, Somme.

He died the way he would have liked,— in the performance of his duty. As a friend of his said, trying to be reconciled to his loss,— "Schuyler's death was wonderful! Young, clean, ardent — suddenly in mid-air."

A French officer, pilot in the same escadrille, wrote of Schuyler to his father — "A perfect gentleman and model soldier, your son had won the affection and the sympathy of every one here I can't tell you enough how much all here, officers and men, feel the loss of such a perfectly gallant comrade "

As Major Fuess, who knew and loved Schuyler, said in his admirable book "Phillips Academy, Andover, in the Great War," "he lived true to his favorite passage in poetry:

> 'Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King —
> Else, wherefore born?'"

GRANDVILLE LeMOYNE SARGEANT

"A MAN can't live in a country of fighters and not become a soldier He feels down in his heart he is not doing his part." This Grandville LeMoyne Sargeant wrote in April, 1917, already planning to enter aviation when his six months' Field Service enlistment should end. He went on "The more I see of the French, the prouder I am to be descended from them." This French ancestry explains the ease with which he entered into the life about him in France and his eager desire to serve her. With his sincere love of the people about him went a clear-sighted belief in their cause. The two were knit inseparably together into the very fabric of his being and gave strength and endurance to his will. "Many have been killed and more will be. It is up to the cultured and civilized people of the entire world to get in this and get in it quick." It was, he said, "One of the best moments of my life . . . . . when I learned that the United States had at last seen her duty, gone ahead, and declared a state of war. A man cannot stay in France a week without realizing that our place is in this war with the Allies and the sooner the better."

LeMoyne's character, prophetic of his later manliness, was apparent in his boyhood. "He was," wrote his school principal, "one of the finest high school boys I have ever known. . . . . Such a clean-cut gentlemanly fellow and of such sterling worth." From high school in Pittsburgh LeMoyne went to Mercersburg Academy and then to Washington and Jefferson College. A fraternity brother wrote of him · "To an attractive personality was joined a fully matured mind and a disposition that was seldom ruffled. At times he was really too easy going but at all times he was the best of fellows." The College Secretary spoke of LeMoyne's being liked by his fellows and of his pleasing personality, and "regarded him as a young man of high principles." "A type," said a business associate of his father's, "that is unfortunately rather rare."

"A fine sturdy young fellow," an older friend called him, and a teacher mentioned particularly, "his quick responsive mind and energy," qualities which stood him in good stead when he left college in his sophomore year and went to France in the American Field Service. He went to the front with newly-formed Section Sixteen, serving in the Argonne. "When America enters the war," he wrote, "practically this entire service will enlist, I think. Some are signing up with the Aviation Corps and others with the French heavy artillery. As for me I am going to study the question for the six months I am in the field and at the end of that time I shall have made up my mind what course to pursue."

He decided for aviation and returned home, enlisting immediately after his twenty-first birthday. He was sent for instruction in radio work to the University of Pittsburgh. There he became ill with scarlet fever, pneumonia developed, and LeMoyne died on April 16, 1918, before he had been given his chance to fight for France. But he had served the country he loved, he had fought his good fight bravely, and achieved a goal of duty well performed.

Telling of their last meeting in Paris a friend gives LeMoyne's words: "Butch, I am going to try to get into aviation and come back, but if I am out of luck and don't make the grade, you and I know it's been a grand old scrap," and himself adds, "In that single idiomatic sentence LeMoyne Sargeant gave me the sum total of why we loved him and why his memory is honored."

GRANDVILLE LE MOYNE SARGEANT

Born January 7, 1897 at Coraopolis, Pennsylvania. Son of William A. and Ella Jolly Sargeant. Educated Pittsburgh High School, Mercersburg Academy, and Washington and Jefferson College, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, March 12, 1917; attached Section Sixteen until September 14, 1917. Returned to United States. Enlisted United States Aviation Service, January 12, 1918; attached Radio School, University of Pittsburgh. Died of pneumonia, April 16, 1918, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Buried beside his mother in Beaver, Pennsylvania.

THEODORE RAYMOND FRUTIGER

Born February 21, 1894, in Morris, Pennsylvania. Son of John and Linnie Leonard Frutiger. Educated Morris High School, Mansfield State Normal School, and Oberlin College, Class of 1919. Assistant Secretary, West Side Y. M. C. A., New York, two years. Joined American Field Service, June 2, 1917; attached Section Twelve until August 20, 1917. Returned to America, December, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Tank Corps, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Transferred Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, 302d Heavy Tank Battalion, as Sergeant. Died there of acute gastritis, April 19, 1918. Buried Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, Morris, Pennsylvania.

THEODORE RAYMOND FRUTIGER

"TIOGA COUNTY lost a promising young man and patriot in the death of Theodore Raymond Frutiger, at an officers' training camp at Gettysburg," lamented the Philadelphia North American in an article of commemoration. "His is the story of a young life of great promise which was sacrificed on the altar of freedom." His story is also one of persistency and determination to get to the front, despite defective eyesight, and to help the cause which America held so dear.

At the time Frutiger enlisted he was a student at Oberlin College, and, like so many other college students, he saw in the Field Service an immediate means of helping the Allies in their great struggle. In June, 1917, he sailed for France to drive an ambulance. About the first of September this service was taken over by the United States Government, and those who were in it were given the option of leaving or signing up for the duration of the war. Young Frutiger, desiring to get into more active service, left the ambulance work and sought entrance into the aviation service, but he was rejected because of very bad eyesight.

Owing to the death of his father, he returned to this country in December, and in January he, with several other returned ambulance drivers, attempted to enter an officers' training camp. He was again rejected because of poor eyesight. He journeyed to Washington, D. C., and there once more he was told that they could not admit him. However he was not discouraged and informed the authorities that he would keep coming until he was accepted.

Finally they wrote him, after his return home, stating that they had waived his defects of vision and that he should report at once to Fort Oglethorpe. After remaining there for a time a Tank Corps was organized, and Frutiger being anxious to get back to France, enlisted in the 302d Heavy Tank Battalion and was transferred to

Camp Colt, Gettysburg. His mother received a letter from him on April 15th, saying that he expected to sail again for France in a few days. Then he was taken seriously ill, and a day later, before his relatives could be notified, he died of acute gastritis.

Obviously it was no mere adventuring which stirred private Frutiger so deeply, and an earnestness such as his could not fail to have left its effect upon those with whom he came in contact. The strength of his determination to serve was an inspiration to others who were privileged to execute what he willed so intensely. He will be remembered by those who knew him as a man of fine character, who made friends readily wherever he went, and whose death was widely mourned.

CHARLES VIVIAN DU BOUCHET

CHARLES VIVIAN DU BOUCHET was the youngest of those American boys educated in France who hastened to join the American Ambulance during the early months of the War. His enrolment for active duty in September, 1914, at the age of fifteen years, is typical of the uncompromising devotion and quiet heroism that characterized the man beneath the boyish carefree exterior.

Of his service at the Front during the epic days of the First Marne, he said little, though we frequently tried to draw him out. We envied him the experience in the War of movement during the long stalemate at Pont-à-Mousson, where the time, destination, and source of every shell was a known quantity and every imperceptible wavering of the front lines meant a thrilling victory or a gloomy defeat.

Every section had its cast of typical characters, which remained curiously constant despite changes in personnel. There always was a man who did most of the hard, dirty work; there was the fellow who never did any work at all except under protest; then the chronic grumbler, prophet of disaster and hopeless tragedy, with whom we expostulated, and whom we fled to find a more normal and cheerful view of life in the agreeable company of gay Du Bouchet or Leif Barclay.

Both of these, at different times, played the role of section "morale officer" in old S. S. U. Two. All of us received the warmest welcome from them. They always had time to help a comrade change billets or tinker with a balky engine. It was not strange that the French should have been quick to feel their sympathetic personalities and to make them the Section favorites. Vivian's perfect command of French diction, not to mention *argot*, permitted him to arrive at a degree of intimacy with the more intelligent French men and officers, which was denied Barclay and the rest of us. This intimacy was soon reflected in an additional confidence in the

Section and further privileges for all. As liaison workers, these two members did much to promote the mutual liking which made those days in the Bois-le-Prêtre sector the most charming memory of the war for those of us who have survived. Nowhere was service more appreciated or personal contacts within and without the section kindlier. During the fall of 1916 and the spring of 1917 practically the entire section enlisted in the Foreign Legion for aviation service. Poor Du Bouchet tried with the rest of us but lacked the one absolutely essential faculty for aviation, perfect eyesight. This great disappointment did not induce him to "quit" as did so many others who had to be pilots or nothing He was peculiarly fitted for liaison and interpretation work and was drafted for that service.

No non-combatant service, however, could satisfy him for long. In the winter of 1917–18, he succeeded in transferring to the U. S. Infantry. Let it be said that no one had a clearer idea of the hardships of that service than a former ambulance driver at the Front.

He was severely wounded the fourth of May, 1918, at Crèvecoeur and was taken to the American Ambulance in Paris, where he died May 16th. He was awarded the D. S. M. and the D. S. C. Those of Section Two, who gave their lives in the air, would be first to accord the palm of most supreme heroism to Vivian, who quietly refusing to take shelter from his conscience behind youth and bad eyesight sought a certain and unspectacular death.

CHARLES VIVIAN Du BOUCHET

Born abroad in 1899. Son of Dr. Charles Du Bouchet. Home, Paris. Educated Paris schools. Joined American Ambulance, Neuilly, September 3, 1914, as driver; attached Paris Squad and served at front in First Battle of the Marne. Joined American Field Service, September 16, 1915; attached Section Two until February 10, 1916. Rejoined Field Service, December 13, 1916; attached Vosges Detachment to June 5, 1917. Enlisted, U. S. Aviation as interpreter. Transferred to U. S. Infantry, 16th Regiment, winter of 1917–1918. Died May 16, 1918, in Paris of wounds received in action near Crèvecoeur, Oise. Buried Paris, France. Awarded D. S. C. and D. S. M.

ROGER SHERMAN DIX, JUNIOR

Born December 9, 1896, in Boston, Massachusetts. Son of Roger Sherman and Louise Parrish Dix. Educated Country Day School and Harvard University, Class of 1918. Attended two Plattsburgh Camps. Harvard Regiment. Joined American Field Service, July 23, 1917; attached Section One until October 21, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation, November, 1917. Trained as bombing-observer at le Crotoy, Somme. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, May 12, 1918. Killed in aeroplane accident, le Crotoy, May 15, 1918. Buried le Crotoy, Somme.

ROGER SHERMAN DIX, JUNIOR

IN the spring of 1918, upon his last training flight at the French school, Roger Sherman Dix, Jr., met his death. The plane in which he was acting as observer "collapsed at a height of about six-hundred feet" and Roger and his French pilot were killed. A French flyer at the École wrote: "*Comme les autres fois, il était parti confiant, joyeux, et plein d'entrain. Hèlas, le mort stupide s'est trouvé sur son chemin.*"

Roger Dix left Harvard at the end of his junior year to join the American Field Service, and in July, 1917, joined Section One near Verdun. With the veteran group he served through the very active summer of almost constant fighting, Section One receiving a citation for its work at this time. He added many friendships here, to those he had won in school and college, and earned the commendation of his *Chef* for his unflagging zeal and fidelity to duty. In October he left the Service, enlisted in the U. S Air Force, and later went, as a cadet in American Aviation, to a French school at le Crotoy, near the mouth of the Somme. "He wished to be trained as a pilot, but this would have meant a long delay. He was promised that he would be sent at once to the front if he took the training as observer," and so Roger was one of twenty-five who volunteered as bombing-observers.

Having made his first flight in March, he completed his work with the best marks of any in his class, "was to have received the highest honors of any of my command," said his chief; and he was to leave for the front in a few days, when the accident happened Subsequently his commission as Second Lieutenant arrived, dated May 12, 1918, two days before his death. Lieutenant Glover wrote, "He died while doing work in the air, and while holding the position of first in his class. More glory than this no man can claim for his son" He told, also, that in six weeks he came to know Roger as "a most excellent soldier both on the ground and in the air."

Nothing can better show Roger Dix as a man and a friend than does a memorial letter, sent to his father, signed by each of his cadet comrades: "None of the twenty-four flying cadets of his detachment has words to express to you how deeply we feel his loss — to you, to us, and to the A. E. F. Easily the most popular member of this detachment, Cadet Dix was a loyal, gallant soldier, an assiduous student, an excellent airman, and a splendid companion. Every man counted him his friend, and he had never failed us. His fearlessness, his coolness, and his intrepidity had made it a foregone conclusion that his career in his chosen service would have been brilliantly distinguished and his tragic death is a double loss, to us and to the army, because he was the possessor of such splendid qualities."

Corporal Robert Philip, his French instructor, voiced the sympathy and understanding which marked Roger's friendship with those about him in a letter to his father: "*Ce bon camarade — il est mort en faisant son devoir de soldat américain, il est mort en brave! J'ai, moi-même en aeroplane suivi le cortége et lancé des drapeaux sur le corbillard, suprême homage à notre cher disparu. Roger Sherman Dix repose maintenant en paix en terre française pour laquelle il est venu courageusement combattre à l'ombre des drapeaux américains et français. Nous avions tous pu apprecier ses qualités nombreuses — excellent camarade, un coeur toujours compatissant, devoué travailleur et modeste.*"

In the words of his fellows, written to Roger's father, "We have lost a splendid comrade, the Expeditionary Force a fine soldier, and yourself a noble son."

WILLIAM BECKER HAGAN

At Arthur's Court, Sir Percival was styled the Gentle Knight. If ever modern knight deserved the name it was William Becker Hagan. His life, crowded as it was with interests and with deeds, is an unsullied record of uprightness and chivalry, the pages of which one turns with reverence.

At Huntington School, though slender, "Bill" was prominent in athletics as a member of the baseball, football, and hockey teams, and in his senior year as captain of the latter two, in addition to which remarkable record, he stood high in scholarship, winning final honors in three subjects. At Stone School where he spent a year, he captained the baseball team, and at Andover in 1917, he was a member of the hockey team. During this period he also played on the Boston Hockey Club team which was rated among the best in the country. His successful athletic career which might have spoiled a lesser man, only resulted in bringing into bolder relief his modesty, his thoughtfulness, and his good sportsmanship. He was a good loser and a better winner. His first thought after a game was to give a cheerful word to the losers, whether they were his own team-mates or his opponents. He was a gentleman always, and a clean hard fighter.

He left Andover to enter the American Field Service on May 26, 1917, and was sent out to Section Twelve, which was working in Champagne. He wrote often to his father, toward whom he felt a tenderness and devotion that is one of the most beautiful things in his character, displaying rather unusual powers of description. He saw the strife about him clearly and was keenly alive to its meaning, but he did not lose his healthy, boyish point of view. He had a horror of exaggeration, and his letters are free from the slightest taint of heroics.

On August 13th, just before the Section moved up to a particularly active and dangerous sector, he wrote a letter which was to be sent to his "Dad" in the event of

his death. It is too personal and sacred to quote, save one small passage that tells us a little of the quality of the thoughts that came so naturally to him.

"If my time comes before yours, don't worry, Dad, just feel proud that you are the father of a son who gave his life willingly for this great country, France."

"Bill" returned to the United States at the conclusion of his six months' service and after vainly trying to enlist in American Aviation, he entered the Royal Air Force in Canada. Before his training was completed, he fell ill with influenza closely followed by pneumonia, and on May 11, 1918, he died with a smile on his lips and the peace of God in his heart.

He used to ask his nurse to read the Lord's prayer with him every night. She wrote that "he knew he was dying and almost to the end he was conscious; but he had no fear . . . . . the only thing was, he was sorry to leave now when there was so much to be done."

"The afternoon before he passed away," wrote his chaplain, Captain W. G. White, "he so cheerfully looked up to me and said, 'Apart from the separation of friends for a season, what difference does it make?'" Later, with utter forgetfulness of self, when he saw that his nurse was crying he said gently, "Sister, don't worry about me. I'm all right and everyone is so good." Earlier that day she had given him some flowers to which was attached this verse, "He will keep thee in the Shadow of His Wings." He read it and whispered, looking into the mysterious future with calm eyes and with the faith born of his manner of life of purity,— a faith that we know was so well founded —, "That's great, Sister, He shall take care of me!"

WILLIAM BECKER HAGAN

Born February 12, 1898, in Dorchester, Massachusetts. Son of Oliver and Josephine Fitch Hagan. Home, Brookline, Massachusetts. Educated Huntington and Stone Schools, Brookline, and Phillips Academy, Andover, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Section Twelve until October 31, 1917. Returned to America. Enlisted Royal Air Force, Canada. Died May 11, 1918, as Cadet, of pneumonia, at Toronto, Canada. Buried Brookline, Massachusetts.

WILLIAM KEY BOND EMERSON, JUNIOR

Born April 9, 1894, in New York City. Son of W. K. B. and Maria Furman Emerson. Educated Middlesex School, Concord, Massachusetts, and Harvard University, Class of 1916. Joined American Field Service, July 16, 1915; attached Section Three to November 25, 1915. Returned to college. Studied aeronautical engineering, Columbia and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Rejoined Field Service, January 28, 1917; attached Section Thirteen in France, then Section Three in Balkans to September 20, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted American Aviation Service. Trained as observer, French artillery school, Valdahon. Trained with 15th U. S. Field Artillery and 228th French Escadrille. Second Lieutenant, U. S. Field Artillery. Attached 12th Aero Squadron, May, 1918. Shot down and killed, May 14, 1918, near Toul. Buried in American Cemetery, Vignot, Meuse, north of Commercy.

WILLIAM KEY BOND EMERSON, JUNIOR

THERE are few men, dying at twenty-four, who leave behind them such a clear-cut record for service and character as did Lieutenant William Key Bond Emerson. Of what he stood for even as a lad, one of his masters at Middlesex has written · "'Bill' Emerson was one of those delightful, big-hearted, child-like fellows who made friends with everyone he met. At school he stood for the best in both sport and work. He was a keen competitor, but too high strung to make the ideal athlete, though he rowed on the school crew. At his books he showed marked application rather than brilliancy, but was of the intellectual type whose tastes were always refined and high." And another says · "To have known 'Bill' is a privilege I shall never lose. I recall how he looked when laughing, when serious, or when puzzled, but I cannot recall ever having seen him angry or vexed. I feel this is quite remarkable in a boy and I think it sums up 'Bill's' character pretty well."

His association with the American Field Service began in the summer of 1915. Long interested in France and the struggle she was making against the invader, he left college at the end of his junior year to serve for six months in the Vosges with Section Three. In January, 1916, he returned to Harvard and received his degree with his class in June. But twenty-one years old at the time of his first enlistment, it is interesting to note from a letter of the Section's leader the impression he made on the men with whom he worked. "He was so straightforward and so true, and such a gentleman through and through. He had a great sense of duty and loyalty and was morally as well as physically courageous. He was always so eager to do more than his share that he was an inspiration to those about him; and ever cheerful, kind, and thoughtful, he won the very deep affection and respect of everyone."

After a summer and fall spent at Columbia and Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the study of Aero-

nautical engineering "Bill" began to chafe at the hesitation of his country in joining the allies and in January, 1917, he decided to re-enlist in the Ambulance Service. He was this time sent out with Section Thirteen, attached to a French division engaged in the Champagne offensive, but was soon afterward transferred to his old section then serving in the Balkans. Here he spent several months with the Army of the Orient in the Albanian mountains and won for himself a citation for the Croix de Guerre. By this time America had at last entered the war and "Bill" went back to France, received a commission in the American Army, and was sent to the French Officers' Training School at Valdahon, where he trained as an observer and graduated at the head of his class. Then followed a winter of further training and experience with the 15th Field Artillery and the 228th French Escadrille, and early in May, 1918, he joined the 12th Aero Squadron of the American Army in the Toul sector.

It was on one of his first trips over the lines, on May 14, 1918, that he and his pilot were shot down One of his comrades, Lieutenant K. P. Culbert, wrote on May 21st, the day before he himself met death: "We do not know whether the 'antis' got him or whether it was a Boche plane. He went out on a *réglage* and was shot down in our lines. He was an honor to Harvard, a gentleman and a soldier, and the first of our little group to gain the one glorious epitaph."

RICHARD ASHLEY BLODGETT

WHEN Richard Ashley Blodgett's friends went over his belongings, the day after he fell into a slideslip and crashed returning from an air-fight, they found the following message: — "Good luck to you all. I'll see you later on Show them we can fight like hell — a hard, clean fight. Give 'em hell! So long." As his colonel remarked in a letter to the commanding general, "there is some 'pep' to this!"

As a child "Dick" had a very definite idea of manliness — that nerve and fortitude which made such a devil-may-care message both understandable and natural. He was genuinely interested in other people, and he saw always the best in them. To quote his mother, "Dick's world was made up of men and women, boys and girls, who in his own words were 'corkers.'"

At Williams, "Dick" played on his freshman football team, captained the freshman hockey team, joined Sigma Phi Society, and on May 5, 1917, in his sophomore year, sailed for France in the American Field Service, where he was assigned to T. M. 526 B, of the *camion* branch. From the very start, however, he was anxious to get into aviation because he felt that he had peculiar qualifications for that work. On July 30, 1917, he wrote, "I can be of service and real service, I hope That's all that matters now." His ambition was realized towards the early part of September and he rushed off joyously to Tours — and flying. He loved it all,— the game itself, the men in it, the luxuries, and the hardships. On his first plane he painted the inscription he had earlier chalked on his truck, "I should worry!"

His letters to his family are all unwaveringly cheerful and amusing, with a charmingly light touch, particularly in those to his sisters; but we know from other sources that often at the very time they were written his heart was in the black depths that were known even to the most light-hearted of soldiers! His mother truly says

of him that "his was the enviable gift of bringing sunshine wherever he went." He thought often and well on serious matters. He wrote, "Somehow, I can't seem to worry, I'm too small a spot on the map"; and later, carrying on this idea, "I am much nearer heaven in the air." In a letter received after his death he said, "For all its drawbacks I would n't be out of this little job for anything on earth!"

In January, 1918, writing to a friend in whom he had confided his firm belief that he was not destined to outlive the war, he said, "I sure hope I get at least one German before I get killed!" His wish was fulfilled, for on May 2, as a member of the famous 95th Squadron, he shot down a German observation machine in a thrilling fight that took him well into the German lines. Two weeks later, returning from patrol over the lines, he fell suddenly, and it was believed, from the fact that there were two fresh bullet holes in the bottom of the machine, that he had been wounded and had lost consciousness. He is classified as killed in action.

A friend in the squadron who had known him in the *camion* service as well, Lieutenant Alden Bradford Sherry, wrote, "Out here on the front it was his ability as a flyer, his quick perception of his duty, and his zeal in carrying out his work without any thought of the risk involved, which made our admiration for him as great as our affection." Another of those who loved him expressed the feeling of them all, "I am sure that the glory of Dick's passing must be to us all who knew him as the setting of a bright sun, which brightens the lonely places and touches the hills with flame."

RICHARD ASHLEY BLODGETT

Born June 27, 1897, in Brookline, Massachusetts. Son of Edward E. and Mable Fuller Blodgett. Home, West Newton, Massachusetts. Educated Runkle, Volkmanns, and Newton High Schools; Lawrenceville School, New Jersey; and Williams College, Class of 1919. Plattsburg Camp. Joined American Field Service, May 5, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to September 5, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. Trained in France. Commissioned First Lieutenant, December. Attached 95th Aero Squadron. Killed in action, May 17, 1918, near Toul. Buried American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

ERNEST ARMOND GIROUX

Born December 4, 1895, in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Son of Ernest and Jessie Stuart Giroux (Mrs. Arthur E. Haley). Educated Somerville High School and Dartmouth College, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, April 21, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to August 6, 1917. Entered American Aviation, August, 1917. Trained Avord, Tours, Issoudun, and Cazeaux. Commissioned First Lieutenant November 20, 1917. Attached 103d Aero Squadron (Lafayette Escadrille). Croix de Guerre and D. S. C. Killed in action, May 22, 1918, near Laventie. Buried at Estaires, north-east of Bethune, Nord. Grave not located.

"If I should not come back you must be proud, ... There would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than that which I did, and I think I could not have done better"

These words of Alan Seeger's, Ernest Armand Giroux quoted to his own mother when writing of his decision to enter aviation at the end of his service with the Reserve Mallet. "We are only doing our little part," he had said earlier, "you have always been the best of mothers — and we want you to continue and be the bravest of mothers in this sacrifice." One of the finest of his many fine qualities was this regard for her. A fellow aviator wrote of him "His heart was as large as his body. I have never known a man who loved his family more." Lieutenant Leland Emery, with him in T. M U. days and later in flying, said, "Ernest had a rare personality that attracted all men to him whether they shared his likes and dislikes or not," which gives a sidelight upon his characteristic of clinging to his own ideals, upon the singleness of purpose that led him, unflinching, over hard roads.

At school and college he made a splendid record. His popularity was only extended and strengthened when, in the spring of 1917, he sailed for France and went to the front as a sergeant in Camion Section 526-B. Ernest had entered the war amazingly clear of vision. He felt no rancor against the individual enemy. "In a way one cannot help but pity them," he wrote, "I have seen prisoners — stoop-shouldered, broken in spirit, not knowing what the whole thing means, men driven by the war gods behind them, by the war gods who are to blame, and deserve no mercy," and from this grew his fine anger at all that the German army represented. In August, 1917, Ernest entered the American aviation service, writing, "It is now time that every American take part in as belligerent work as he is fitted for." Yet he soothed his

mother's anxieties by mentioning the long period of training before he should be in danger, but added: "This is our war . . . . . and you are doing your part. . . . A war in which one mother's son is no better than any other mother's son — one life no better than the next."

After three months' training he joined the 103d Pursuit Squadron, formerly the Lafayette Esquadrille, earning a place in the regard of his mates as a friend and their esteem as a flyer Lieutenant Baer, who led the patrol in which Ernest lost his life, said that "although comparatively new to the Squadron he proved himself a pilot of the very highest quality . . . . . few others had the capabilities and qualities of your son." An American "Ace" says of his distinguished Service Cross, "no man living or dead deserved one more," and the citation itself says: "Lieutenant Giroux while on patrol with four other scout planes attacked an enemy formation of eight monoplanes. Two companions were forced to retire. Despite numerical superiority Lieutenant Giroux continued the attack, endeavoring to protect his leader, until finally forced down and killed." Ernest's Croix de Guerre citation says, "He did not hesitate to attack within their lines. . . . ." There was no hesitation in his nature when it came to doing the hard, right things. Lieutenant-Colonel William A Thaw wrote of Ernest: "In the short time he had been with us we had all come to consider him a good pal and to admire him for his energetic courage." A good pal, a thoughtful son, a brave man — he lived and died. His courage and faith have left us a "mark to aim at."

PAUL BORDA KURTZ

WHEN he resigned his commission as commander of Section Eighteen to enter the aviation service, Paul Kurtz wrote to his parents in Philadelphia "I feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to France which mere 'unlimited credit' can never pay I have done a lot of thinking and have resolved that if the chance should ever come I would show her that there are Americans who could give their lives, if necessary, as long as they knew they were doing what was right."

"Doing right," to Paul Kurtz, was fighting in the air. Doing that, he gave his life near Toul, France, serving as a volunteer *chasse* pilot in the famous Ninety-Fourth Squadron.

Kurtz's intimate friends say that few men among the thousands who flocked to the aid of France loved that land and its people as did this Philadelphia youth who went from Harvard in the summer of 1915 to become one of the early volunteers in the ambulance service.

He served his first enlistment in Section One and returned home in the winter of 1915 to complete his work at Harvard. July of the next year saw him back in old Section One again. When the United States entered the war, Kurtz had served through a dozen battles scattered along the ragged line from Dunkirk to Alsace with the famous pioneer unit.

In April of 1917, Kurtz sought to resign from the ambulance service to enter aviation, but was prevailed upon to curb his ambition for combat work that he might assume command of Section Eighteen, a fresh unit in the field.

Three months later, feeling that these new volunteers had become veteran ambulanciers, he resigned to offer himself to the air service. He trained in the French schools and with the Royal Flying Squadron in England and Scotland to become head instructor of a new American aviation school, but while it was being built, Paul,

eager for service at the front, asked that he might go there. He was finally assigned temporarily to the Ninety-Fourth for front-line experience.

Captain Rickenbacker, who led the patrol on which Kurtz lost his life, tells how the new recruit labored to master control of an aeroplane unfamiliar to him that he might participate in battle. It was on the first critical patrol over the lines that Kurtz lost his life. Returning home after his first fight, his machine suddenly dived groundward and burst into flames.

In his book Rickenbacker writes: "A few hours later the mystery of that crash was revealed. As has already been mentioned, I had noticed before starting that Lieutenant Kurtz appeared nervous, but had not given the matter any great consideration.

"The explanation was given by a brother officer who had come with Kurtz to the squadron. Before starting on his last flight, Lieutenant Kurtz had confided to him that he was subject to fainting spells when exposed to high altitudes, and the only thing he was afraid of was that he might be seized with such an attack while in the air. Alas, his fear had been only too well founded. But what a pity it was he had not confided this fear to me. I had lost a friend, and he had perished in the manner most dreaded by aviators."

For fear of losing his opportunity to fight, Kurtz had kept his secret. Under stress of bitter attack by experienced opponents on his first patrol, he had withstood their fire like the soldier that he was. The following day, when he was laid to rest in the little American cemetery near Toul, comrades of the Ninety-Fourth showered the grave, from planes overhead, with wreaths of flowers, their last tribute to a chum who had given his best, his life, for France.

PAUL BORDA KURTZ

Born September 20, 1893, in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Son of William B. and Madge Fulton Kurtz. Educated De Lancey School, Philadelphia, and Harvard University, Class of 1916. Joined American Field Service, August 4, 1915; attached Section One to November 30th. Returned to America and secured college degree. Rejoined Field Service, July 29, 1916, and Section One. *Commandant Adjoint*, Section Eighteen, April, 1917, to July 25, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. Trained Pau, France, and Scotland, especially in gunnery. First Lieutenant, attached 94th Aero Squadron. Killed near Toul, returning from first patrol between Pont-à-Mousson and St. Mihiel, May 22, 1918. Buried at Ménil-la-Tour, north of Toul. Body transferred to American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

RICHARD STEVENS CONOVER, 2D

Born March 18, 1898, in Concord, New Hampshire. Son of Reverend James P. and Mary Coit Conover. Home, Newport, Rhode Island. Educated St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, Class of 1917. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. Joined American Field Service, May 5, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to November 8, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Infantry; attached Machine Gun Company, 18th Regiment, Gondrecourt. Killed in action, May 27, 1918, near Cantigny, north-east of Montdidier. Two American citations. Buried American Cemetery, Villers-Tournelles, Somme.

RICHARD STEVENS CONOVER, 2D

A SPORTSMAN to the core, Corporal Richard Stevens Conover, 2d, died, "playing the game as he had always before, hard and square."

It was on the morning of May 27, 1918, that this athlete won his final and most glorious victory. Commanding a gun, at an outpost near the German front line, he and his crew were attacked by a squad of fifty or sixty of the enemy's picked men A companion tells the story:

"The Germans wanted prisoners for information, and succeeded in capturing two infantrymen in our front line. As the Germans started back with their prisoners, Corporal Conover and his men picked up their rifles and we all began to pick off the Germans who were taking the Americans back. We succeeded and no prisoners reached the German lines. It was while we were trying to save these two men that Corporal Conover was shot. I was lying next to him on the parapet. He was cool, enthusiastic, doing good work. He asked me once 'if I saw that one go!' After a few minutes I looked around and missed him. He was lying in the trench A man from his crew and I asked if he were hurt. He saw his man without a rifle, and said with a smile on his face, 'I'm through. Take my rifle.' He died with the knowledge that he had done his utmost in the performance of his duty."

"Dick" Conover was within two months of graduating from St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, when the opportunity came for him to join the American Field Service. Incensed over the death of his favorite cousin, a member of the Princess Pat Regiment, then in Belgium, he promptly accepted and, at the age of nineteen, sailed for France. Being unusually big and strong, he was chosen for the *camion* service, and drove a truck for six months on the Aisne front. During these six months he became very fond of the French people and felt that he must do more than he was doing.

So in November, instead of returning home, he en-

listed in the American army and was sent almost immediately with a machine gun corps of the 18th Infantry to Gondrecourt. After training there for some time they were sent to the trenches, and from that time on were constantly in action. In February he was made Corporal in charge of a machine gun. His officer said of him, "Corporal Conover was one of the most manly, upright characters I have ever met. His conduct in the machine gun company was beyond criticism. On former tours at the Front his high courage was tested and proved."

To do a man's work in the war, and to do it well, was "Dick" Conover's sole concern. In one of his earlier letters he wrote, "When you think that all the boys my age in France are at the Front you can hardly say that I am too young. You must remember that I am nineteen, which is practically twenty, and twenty is a man. I am sure if you were over here and actually saw how things are, you would not consent to my returning home without first having served in the real fight."

Though disappointed at not being able to pass examinations for aviation, while driving his *camion*, Conover managed to find some consolation in the fact that "if by any chance anything should happen to me, Mother, you will know that my work here has not been in vain, and that, however small a part I have played, I have played it with all my heart." The magnificent simplicity of it! And its utter genuineness! Just how whole-heartedly he played that part to the very end is testified to by his platoon sergeant "Although but recently in the service and giving promise of speedy advancement, Corporal Conover gladly and willingly offered up his life on the altar of his country, and died with a smile, as honorable and brave in death as in life"

It was the end "Dick" Conover most coveted. Big, patient, and understanding, "cast in the heroic mould," as Dr. Drury, head master of St. Paul's, describes him, "He died at his post—the noblest thing a man can do."

COLEMAN TILESTON CLARK

NONE of Coleman Clark's friends in the Field Service can recall when he was not tenderly known as "Brake Band," or "B. B.," just as none of us can remember when he was not dear to all who knew him. He was playfully given his nickname when he first went to the front in the late spring of 1916 with Section Three, then working in the hills of Lorraine, and when, as he wrote, "my car wore out three brake bands in three days, and it made me wild." To his companions in the army he was ever after known only as "B. B."

He was young, was "B. B.," and delightfully boyish in appearance and spirits, when he first came to the war. All his active service, too, was with one Section. And yet, boy though he was, and limited as was his actual personal contact with other Sections, he very quickly came to be one of the men who, with nothing to make them known except the transmitted force of a fine character and a quenchless enthusiasm for the cause of France, really stood for something in the eyes of the Service as a whole.

The fine record which he made in Lorraine, he repeated at Verdun, and in the Balkans. "I never knew a man who so completely won the respect and affection of every one," wrote Lovering Hill, his chief for the entire sixteen months of his service as a volunteer. "Always bright and cheerful, ever ready to do more than his share, gentle and kind, never out of temper, plucky and courageous, always a gentleman — he rang true as steel." And another member of Section Three wrote to his parents at the time of his death: "You probably never knew from Coleman how fond we all were of him. . . . ."

When America entered the war, "B. B." tried to enlist in his country's army, but he was rejected by every branch, on account of his eyes, so he irrevocably threw in his lot with the blue-coated poilus, whom he already knew so well and loved so deeply, by enlisting in the For-

eign Legion, and entering the French artillery officers' training school at Fontainebleau.

Graduating as an *aspirant* in January, 1918, he was attached to the 28th Regiment, Field Artillery, and served with distinction at the front until he was mortally wounded, on May 28th, during the last great German offensive on the Aisne, while replacing one of his gunners, who had fallen at his post a moment before

He was taken at once to a field hospital where an operation was considered impossible without blood transfusion. The chief surgeon asked M. Baron, a hospital attendant, who was, before the war, a Catholic missionary in Egypt, and subsequently director of a Catholic College in Cairo, if he would give some of his blood for this purpose. "I wept for joy," Monsieur Baron has written, "What would we not have done to try to save this child, the first American who had come into our hands?"

The operation was successful and Coleman was resting easily when the Germans, approaching ever nearer and nearer, began to bombard the hospital. It was necessary to evacuate the wounded and, not strong enough to stand this disturbance, he died quietly when they began to move him. He was buried the next day in the military cemetery of Ambleny-Fontenoy, the colonel of his regiment speaking of his heroic act in "going down from chief of two guns to charging and firing, as fast as his men fell."

As collected by his parents, Coleman's letters, written without premeditation, at sea, in Paris hotels, in French dugouts, and in Balkan cattle-sheds, give an intimate picture of the life of a Field Service man. They also record with rare charm the high standards which we, who were by his side at their writing, saw so modestly and so unvaryingly put in practice.

COLEMAN TILESTON CLARK

Born April 1, 1896, in Yonkers, New York. Son of Salter Storrs and Caroline Goddard Clark. Home, Westfield, New Jersey. Educated Westfield schools, Petit Lycée Condorcet, Paris; Kingsley School, New Jersey; Yale, University, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, April 29, 1916; attached Section Three, France, and nine months in Balkans, to August 24, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Aspirant, French Artillery School, Fontainebleau, January 24, 1918. Attached 28th Regiment French Artillery. Mortally wounded in action, May 28th, Juvigny. Died May 29, 1918, field hospital, Fontenoy. Buried Ambleny. Removed to Ploisy, Aisne, near Soissons.

ROGER MARIE LOUIS BALBIANI

Born April 8, 1887, in Paris, France. Son of Count and Countess Balbiani. Joined American Field Service, October 22, 1914; attached Section One. *Commandant Adjoint*, April 18, 1915, to December 10, 1915. Enlisted French Aviation, 1916. Trained Plessis-Belleville. Attached Escadrille Gaumont. Killed at Tours, May 21, 1918. Croix de Guerre, two stars and a palm. Buried at Paris, Seine.

ROGER MARIE LOUIS BALBIANI

ROGER BALBIANI was born in Paris some thirty years ago, and educated at a public school in England and on the continent. Coupled with his unusually genial nature was a certain *savoir faire* which made him at home in any gathering He had in addition a care-free, joyous disposition that enabled him to be happy and gay, however trying the circumstances.

"Balbi's" history is that of Section One in the early days of 1914 and 1915 Merville and the British, then Dunkirk, finally the terrible days of the first gas attacks at Elverdinghe, at Popperinghe, and along the Yser. When it was all over an army citation and "*Croix*" came to "Balbi" as leader of the Section. It was quite typical of his generous nature that later on he tried every means of having his Cross transferred to another man

After a year with the Field Service, Balbiani achieved his heart's desire, being admitted to the French aviation service. His dash and coolness made him an accomplished pursuit pilot. In 1917 he was sent back to an American flying center, where he made many loyal friends, but was killed soon after in an accident.

The following are some of Henry Sydnor Harrison's impressions of the man:

"'Seniority' does not always bring the best to the top, but when Balbiani succeeded to the leadership of Section One, I think nobody doubted that the mantle had fallen where it rightfully belonged. His unusual education was of course an advantage · in his contact with the French officers, our superiors, "Balbi" was himself, in every essential, a fine French officer. As to speech alone, I am positive that he was more at home with French than many Frenchmen. It amused him to note the surprised looks of pedestrians to whom he, from his car, shouted some necessary warning or bit of casual repartee. They could not understand how such racy *argot* came to be issuing from the lips of an American chauffeur. But the

gift for leadership in him was beyond these chance accomplishments "Balbi" was blessed with the power of a personality at once decisive and humanly charming and persuasive. When need was, he could rule like another by the elementary method of the high hand, but his nature expressed itself most willingly through the kinder — and with him no less effective — means of suggestion. He abounded in tact and 'sweet reasonableness'; deeper than that, he was instinctively understanding, he had sensibilities of the heart.

"On our first excited day behind Ypres, some one was needed for a trivial duty at the *gare* of Popperinghe. The writer, a newcomer, was plainly indicated for the inglorious post, but when the *chef* came to break the unwelcome news to me, I remember that he was as reluctant and gentle as if my disappointment were his own. In fact, this young man had the gentleness which so often stirs the springs of a brave soul, and which, I am inclined to think, is the most endearing of the qualities possessed by the sons of men.

"Like many considerate and intuitive persons, 'Balbi' had also the continuing grace of humor. He loved to take and give a joke; he had himself a subtle wit and I always think of him as merry, and the memory now can not separate him from his quick and understanding laugh. So he maintained under every circumstance, however difficult, that bearing of 'light humorous courage' which, in respect to a man's address and the manner of his attack upon life, is perhaps the last word of personal distinction.

"He saw me off at the Dunkirk station, the day I left the Service. We spoke and passed, and our courses did not recross; but I have not forgotten his gay hail. Ardent and debonair, he gladly lived, and it can not be doubted that when his 'black minute' came, he met it as freely and laid him down with a will."

ALAN HAMMOND NICHOLS

It is not the individual that counts, but the cause for which he labors. So Alan Nichols of Palo Alto believed. Though but a boy in years he has left a record stimulating to all who came to know it. He distinguished himself as a soldier, and will always be remembered by his friends for his modest and utterly selfless attitude toward life.

When Alan Nichols enlisted as a volunteer in the first Stanford ambulance unit, the town in which he had lived was decidedly "pacifist" in its viewpoint. The editor of the local daily, reading one of Nichols' letters, asked that he might publish it and others as a patriotic duty. Alan greatly disliked the publicity, but a reluctant consent was granted, and the letters became the feature of the local paper. Thus young Nichols was partly responsible for swinging the locality into close sympathy with the Allies in the hitherto remote war.

Perhaps the feature most striking about Nichols' letters is his impersonal attitude. He seems to sense the insignificance of the individual in such a war — except his responsibility to other millions. This sounds the keynote of his character, which was sustained during his whole career as a soldier.

Nichols went to France in the February of 1917, with Section Fourteen, recruited at Stanford, his university. After serving almost six months he enlisted in the French air service. He received his preliminary training at Avord, Tours, and Pau, went to Plessis-Belleville, and finally was assigned to *chasse* flying at the front. After a time, he was sent back to Plessis-Belleville to learn the operation of the new Spad. During the German advance of 1918, Nichols saw continuous combat service over the lines.

One morning early in June, Nichols was wounded while fighting off several German planes which had attacked him simultaneously. Though handling his machine so

adroitly that but one bullet hit him, he was wounded in a vital spot. However, he landed his machine within the French lines behind Compiègne and was rushed to a hospital. It was nine hours before he could be placed on the operating table, "owing to the unavoidable confusion attendant upon the German smash," his father says, "A Red Cross man who happened to be there writes us that the boy was game to the last and smilingly thanked the nurse for her kindness as he died."

He was buried with full military honors in the army cemetery at Royallieu. Two French citations were awarded Nichols for his valor; a Croix de Guerre with two palms, representing the two German planes officially credited to him. He was recommended for the Médaille Militaire, but did not receive it, inasmuch as this honor is conferred only upon the living.

A trait that made Nichols an ideal soldier is revealed in a letter after an air battle when he wrote, "Looking back over the day's action, I decided that I was too hasty, too excited, and too wild. I determined to take my time and be sure the next time."

One of Nichols' citations characterized him as "An American citizen who is serving with the French Army for the duration of the war, an energetic pilot, brave, high spirited, a model of calmness and devotion to duty. Very grievously wounded while attacking an enemy plane, he nevertheless retained sufficient coolness and presence of mind to bring his machine back to our lines."

Nichols was a youth of strongly appealing appearance and personality, and after his death, a chum wrote, "And this is the price that we must pay to beat the Hun — Alan Nichols A finer, cleaner-lived boy I never knew."

ALAN HAMMOND NICHOLS

Born January 7, 1897, in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Son of Professor Walter H. and Esther Connor Nichols. Home, Palo Alto, California. Educated Monrovia and Pasadena schools, and Leland Stanford University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, February 14, 1917; attached Section Fourteen until July 23, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation; trained Avord, Tours, Pau, Plessis-Belleville. Attached Spad Escadrille 85, *Sergeant.* Croix de Guerre, two army citations. Wounded June 1, 1918, in action near Compiègne. Died of wounds, June 2, 1918, hospital, Compiègne. Buried with military honors, Royallieu, Oise. Body transferred to American Cemetery near Ploisy, Aisne.

DONALD ASA BIGELOW

Born September 30, 1898, in Colchester, Connecticut. Son of Guy M. and Mary MacDonald Bigelow. Educated Colchester public schools, Miller Commercial School, New York, and Morse Business College, Hartford. Private secretary in Hartford, later with Stenotype Company, and shorthand court and public reporter, Boston. Joined American Field Service, March 12, 1917; attached Section Seventeen until August 30, 1917. Entered U. S. Aviation; First Lieutenant. Killed in aeroplane accident, near Paris, June 3, 1918. Buried American Cemetery, Suresnes, Seine. Body to be transferred to Linwood Cemetery, Colchester, Connecticut.

DONALD ASA BIGELOW

"He had the makings of an 'Ace' in him and would have been a top-notcher . . . . . ," Lieutenant Estey, 99th Aero Squadron, wrote of Donald Asa Bigelow. And he would have been a "top-notcher" in his later life as well as flying had he not died in service abroad. Business associates were alive to his abilities. "Anything he attempts will be done in a creditable manner," wrote one, and another, "He was very exceptionally daring and successful in his undertakings." He had made a remarkable success at school, the principal of his business college remarking "Don" as "without exception the smartest and youngest boy who ever graduated from the school." He was succeeding admirably in business as a reporter in Boston until he heard the call to war service. In the Field Service he was no less successful in winning the admiration and regard of his fellows for his quiet dependability and courage Then one of his comrades in aviation says, "Don was acknowledged one of our finest pilots," and, continuing, "he lived nineteen years, nineteen years of effort, accomplishment, and brightest success. Now he has attained that highest success, beyond which man can not aspire "

Bigelow, the youngest of four brothers, was recalled by one of them as quiet and industrious even when a boy. He loved to hunt and fish, spending much of his life out of doors, and he entered into the gypsy life of the *ambulancier* as zestfully as he had into his sports. "Don was always writing of the sunny side of the war and not much about what he was doing," says Dennis Bigelow, while Cecil, another brother, writes that "he always wrote very cheerful letters and seemed to be enjoying his experiences," the details of which never appeared in his letters.

He was eager for service, writing in May, 1917, from *semi-repos*, "Now that we are so near and yet so far, all the fellows are crying for action" — his cry no less than theirs. The action came. During the summer months,

when attack and counter-attack at last, in August, won Mort Homme and Hill 304 for the French, "Big" worked unobtrusively and faithfully, gladly bearing always a little more than his share. When American troops appeared, Don felt that "with Old Glory in the fight, his and every other Yankee's place was fighting beneath her stars and stripes." So he entered aviation.

Richard Varnum of Section 10, who died recently in France, an aviator, and one of his closest friends, said Don was "expert in all the essential acrobatics," and another aviator mentions his "excellent judgment." Don himself said, while training near Paris, shortly before his death, "It is all a big game. I am going out there to fight, and if I am not good enough or am unlucky, I may get 'biffed off'!"

Lieutenant Bigelow, having trained with fast *chasse* planes, on June 3, 1918, took up an old Sopwith to test its wireless. He attempted to "zoom up" in his customary speedy climb, the heavier machine side-slipped, and he crashed. Bigelow was taken to a Paris hospital, but never recovered consciousness, and died before they could operate. Surrounded by comrades, he was buried with military honors in the hillside cemetery near Paris.

"I do not know much as to the circumstances of his death," a friend wrote, "but a thousand good fellows can testify how well he lived." Those who knew "Don" join wholeheartedly with the brother who said, ". . . . . It is hard, but we are mighty proud of First Lieutenant Donald Asa Bigelow."

ARTHUR BLUETHENTHAL

WHEN Arthur Bluethenthal joined the Field Service in May, 1916, he could not sign up for the full six months because he had a contract to coach the Princeton football team that fall. So it was arranged with the French authorities to reduce slightly in his case the period of enlistment. But, when the time came for him to return to America, it was his own deliberate choice to obtain a release from his engagements at home and to continue the career which was to lead, from honor to honor and without one regret or looking back, to his death, two years later, in aerial combat above the German lines.

In the fall of 1916 the Field Service was expanding rapidly and "Bluie," as we called him, had come to the fore as a leader. He was the sort of man to whom others instinctively looked for guidance and the sort of man who radiated a spirit of ready and cheerful co-operation, qualities which were of great value, when every liner brought scores of new and undisciplined recruits from America and when the Service was extending its work to Northern Greece and Albania.

"My life does not belong to me now," he wrote on one occasion to a friend in America. "It belongs to France, to the Allies, to the cause to which I have pledged it. And, if I should never come back, I do not want you to feel badly. I am glad I have had a chance to live in times like these and to do my bit for the future of the world. . . . . At home it was a holiday all the time. Here it is the stern facts of life and death. And it is hard to explain the way we feel about it all, especially about France, we who have volunteered to fight for her."

When America entered the war, "Bluie" was serving with Section Three in the Balkans Returning with his Section to France in May, 1917, he enlisted at once in the Foreign Legion, from which he was transferred to the Air Service. He received his preliminary training at Avord and later instruction at Pau.

After a four weeks' leave, which he spent with his parents in Wilmington, North Carolina, he joined an observation group at the front. In this work he at once made his mark. "You remember," wrote a friend, "Bluie's easy-going, complacent confidence in football days? Well, it is still a part of him when we fly over the German lines. He gets in his plane and goes up and does his work just as calmly as he sits down to breakfast. That sort of nerve helps us all, the old flyers as well as the new."

Towards the end of May, 1918, he was transferred from the French service to the American Naval Aviation. But he refused to leave his comrades while they were engaged in the desperate aerial fighting, which marked the second of the great German drives in 1918. This gallant act was recorded in official dispatches and endeared him to his comrades in a way that only an airman who has flown at the front through an attack can fully appreciate. It was a fateful decision for "Bluie," for his life ended in this battle. He was killed "while directing distant artillery fire" on June 5th and buried with all military honors by his comrades in the cemetery at Esquennoy, near Breteuil, in the Amiens sector.

He was cited posthumously in Army orders. A palm was also added to his Croix de Guerre. And, when news of his death reached Wilmington, where a host of friends had followed his career with increasing pride since first he went away to college, all business houses closed for an hour, all flags were flown at half mast, and a very impressive memorial service was held by the citizens in the Opera House.

"Let us pause a moment," read the proclamation of the mayor, "and do honor to one who has died for us, died in the full strength of young manhood, died in the conflict of battle, and dying has emphasized the creed of the soldier — better a grave in France than citizenship in a dishonored country."

ARTHUR BLUETHENTHAL

Born November 1, 1891, in Wilmington, North Carolina. Son of Leopold and Johanna Bluethenthal. Educated Phillips Academy, Exeter, and Princeton University, Class of 1913. Business, Tobacco Products Corporation, New York. Joined American Field Service, May 6, 1916; attached Section Three, France and Balkans, until May 11, 1917. Croix de Guerre for conspicuous bravery around Verdun. Enlisted French Aviation, June 7, 1917. Trained Avord and Pau. Breveted September 22, 1917. Leave in America. Attached observation *groupe*, Escadrille Bréguet 227, March 17, 1918, *Sergent*. Killed in combat over the lines, near Maignelay, June 5, 1918, region of Amiens. Croix de Guerre with palm. Buried Esquennoy, Oise, north of Breteuil. Body transferred to Wilmington, North Carolina.

GORDON KENNETH MacKENZIE

Born January 31, 1887, in Concord Junction, Massachusetts. Son of Kenneth T. and Adelaide H. MacKenzie. Educated Concord schools. Business, Hood Rubber Company, Stanley Automobile Company, and for himself. Joined American Field Service, November 11, 1916; attached Sections Ten, in Balkans, and Two, in France. Enlisted U. S. Army Ambulance Service, September 26, 1917; attached Section 626. Died in Beauvais, June 14, 1918, of wounds received in action near Montdidier, June 12th. Croix de Guerre, with palm. Buried in Beauvais, Oise. Body transferred to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Massachusetts.

GORDON KENNETH MacKENZIE

GORDON KENNETH MACKENZIE, of Sections Ten and Two, was one of those genial, adaptable, and utterly unselfish fellows who made the day seem bright, no matter how damp and cold and dark the dugout. "Mac," by reason of his unaffected cheerfulness, was always the life of a section.

Several months before America entered the war, "Mac" joined the ambulance service. The second "Salonica" expedition, Section Ten, was being organized, and he volunteered for service in the Balkans. Once there, his resourcefulness was ever taxed to keep the Section in high spirits in face of the never ending downpour of rain and difficulties besetting the unit. "Mac" made board walks between the tents to keep the Section above the pools of water. He erected a fence and dried the blankets when the sun came out occasionally. From an old gasoline can he made a stove; another he converted into a shower bath. He elected himself Section barber. En route he organized an orchestra, that talent should not perish for want of practice, he himself playing alternately the flute and the saxophone.

"Mac's" unit served six months in Albania, after which he was transferred to France. He joined Section Two, then stationed in the Verdun sector in the thick of the fighting. With this Section, which afterwards was Section 626, U. S A. A. S., he served for nearly a year in Lorraine, on the Aisne, and on the Oise. In June, 1918, the 48th Zouaves, to which the Section was attached, was thrown into the counter offensive near Montdidier. The toll of wounded was frightful and the ambulances were worked exhaustingly long hours. On June 12th "Mac" was in a hospital courtyard at Neufvy waiting for his car to be loaded, and meantime feeding some wounded Frenchmen. Without warning an *obus* dropped, exploded, and blew an ambulance to pieces, killing several Frenchmen and wounding MacKenzie.

Though the wound was not fatal in itself, blood poisoning set in, and "Mac's" life slipped away on June 14, 1918, in the Hospital at Beauvais. The nurses who attended him wrote of his patience and endurance, of his consideration for others in the ward, and of the fineness of character revealed even in his weakness.

Everywhere he was a favorite. Learning of his death, a friend in another section wrote, "A man from 'Mac's' section came into the hospital to see me and told me of his death. He said that the unit would lose fifty per cent of its morale by his going. It was 'Mac,' he said, who faced the music always, encouraged the others, and made light of every trouble."

MacKenzie's character is revealed unconsciously in his own letters. This extract, for instance, written from Albania, where "Mac's" heart strings were jerked by the misery of Albanian natives, usually overlooked by soldiers. "Mac" wrote, "One case especially is that of the 'Little Mother,' as I call her. This little mite of a girl, no bigger than a pint of cider, always comes around with a tiny fourteen months' old babe in her arms. She sits on the stone walk very patiently, waiting for our meal to end to see if she can scare up a stray piece of bread.

"The first time I spotted her I sneaked back and pinched a large piece for her and also prevailed on the cook to give her a pail of left-over soup. I carried the soup for her as far as the main street. Then she took it in one hand, with the babe in the other arm, and toddled out of sight It's the same old story with me. I just had to sneak around the corner and pull out my dirty handkerchief to wipe a few tears that began to run down my cheeks I'm certainly a hell of a soldier. I stopped at a little store and bought a little dress that I'm going to give her. I could n't find anything small enough for the thin little baby, but I'll try again."

"PILOT BAYLIES killed Was buried with honors befitting hero," was the message dropped over the French lines by a German plane.

Frank Leaman Baylies, the American "ace of aces," when he was brought down in flames over the German lines between Crèvecoeur and Lassigny in June, 1918, began his war career and won his first decorations with the Field Service. He joined Section One in February, 1916, and, after serving with distinction on the Somme and in the battle of Verdun on the French front, he was one of the men selected to go with Section Three in October, 1916, when it was offered the opportunity of serving with the French Army in the Balkans.

"To know Baylies was to like him," Paul Rockwell cabled the *Chicago Daily News* when his death was confirmed. "His outstanding qualities were those which real heroes possess. He was quiet, modest, and reticent on the ground. He was dashing, fearless, and indomitable in the air."

Baylies destroyed his first German aeroplane in February, 1918. Five months later, when he departed on his last mission, he had twelve official and five unofficial victories to his credit. No pilot in any army rose more quickly or deservedly to fame. "Baylies seems to add to the daring of a Guynemer the precision of a Dorme. He is a great ace who does honor to America and is a worthy rival of our most famous champions," wrote the aviation expert of *Le Petit Journal* when the young American's name began to appear almost daily in the *communiqués*.

Baylies enlisted in the French aviation corps when he returned with Section Three from the Balkans in May, 1917. He received his training in the schools of Avord, Pau, and Cazeaux, where his record foreshadowed his later victories and caused him to be selected for service at the front with the celebrated "Escadrille Cigogne," the squadron which Guynemer commanded until his

death, and which included among its members many of the most noted flyers in the French army.

No one was allowed to wear the insignia of this famous squadron until he had brought down three German planes. Baylies lost no time in doing this. From the first his comrades spoke of him as a tireless flyer, who, in addition to his regular patrol work, spent many hours prowling the skies alone in search of aerial duels. "Baylies' fighting tactics," wrote a friend, "were extremely simple. When he saw enemy aeroplanes he immediately attacked regardless of the odds against him or the distance within the enemy lines."

But his was not the reckless fearlessness of a man who did not realize the risk he ran. The testimony of all of his comrades is that his daring was the well-considered, open-eyed courage of a remarkable flyer who counted the cost but never hesitated. In his many aerial duels his plane was not once struck by an opponent's bullet, although, when he first reached the front, he was brought down between the German and French lines by machine gun fire from the ground.

Baylies was awarded the Legion d'Honneur, the Médaille Militaire, and the Croix de Guerre with seven palms. The city of his birth has named a square after him with solemn services. He has a high place in all that has been written about the war in the air and those intrepid airmen "who took their toll" and then made the great sacrifice. Those who mourn him are consoled by the knowledge that he belongs to the noble company which will be remembered in two countries so long as there is any interest in the World War and any reverence for its heroes.

- FRANK LEAMAN BAYLIES

Born September 23, 1895, in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Son of Ex-Lieutenant Charles S. Baylies, U. S. A., and Lydia T. Baylies. Educated New Bedford schools and Moses Brown School, Providence, Rhode Island. Business with father as salesman. Joined American Field Service, February 26, 1916; attached Section One, later Section Three in Balkans, October, 1916, to May 11, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted French Aviation, May 21, 1917. Trained Avord, Pau, Cazeaux. Breveted September 20, 1917. Attached Stork Escadrille, Spad 3, December 18, 1917. Promoted successively to Corporal, Sergeant, and proposed for Second Lieutenant. Offered commission in U. S. Aviation as Second Lieutenant, May 13, 1918. Twelve official victories. Legion d'Honneur, Croix de Guerre, seven palms, Médaille Militaire, Aero Club of America's Medal. Killed in action over the German lines, June 17, 1918, near Rollot, Oise, southeast of Montdidier. Buried Courcelles-Epayelles, Oise.

EDWARD TRAFTON HATHAWAY

Born October 26, 1892, in Denison, Texas. Son of E. T. and Lily Bacon Hathaway. Educated Denison and Oklahoma City schools, and New Mexico and Virginia Military Institutes. In business with Southwestern General Electric and Texas Companies, Houston, Texas. Joined American Field Service, March 12, 1917; attached Section Seventeen, to July 7, 1917, as *Sous-Chef*. Entered U. S. Aviation. Trained Tours. Breveted November 3, 1917. Commissioned First Lieutenant, December 3, 1917. Attached 90th Aero Squadron. Flight Commander. Killed in aeroplane accident, June 25, 1918. Buried at Base Hospital Number One, near Toul. Body transferred to American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle. Ultimately to be transferred to Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia.

EDWARD TRAFTON HATHAWAY

THE French came during the War to recognize, admire, and love as truly American that tall, broad-shouldered, smooth-chinned, slow of speech and quiet type of which Edward Trafton Hathaway was a perfect example

His splendid build and the sturdiness of character that went with it served him well at New Mexico and Virginia Military Institutes, where he played football for three years. There he was "rated a good athlete and a good student." Colonel Wise, then Commandant of Cadets at the Virginia school, regarded him "as a most efficient soldier . . . . . of fine qualities and bearing."

In 1913 he entered the Southwestern General Electric and subsequently joined the Texas Company of Houston, which he left to go to France.

As *Sous-Chef* in the field near Verdun, "Hath" was cordially liked by the fellows in Section Seventeen, and was a chum rather than their officer. He perhaps failed to observe the necessary formalities which keep a leader a little apart from the recreations of his men and entered too readily into their fun, but in so doing he became more their intimate and sympathetic friend than he otherwise could have.

For a time he had trouble with his ears, and in July left the Section After treatment in Paris, "Hath" entered aviation, writing home, "The work will be dangerous, but as far as that goes, all the branches are dangerous in this war and I am going to do my part. . . . . I am going to make you proud of me." Training at Tours he wrote, "I'd rather be a private in aviation and pilot a machine than a captain in infantry, but I'm going to get my 'wings' and a First Lieutenancy or know the reason why!" "Hath" secured his *brevet* from the French, November 3, 1917, and a month later his American "wings" and commission. Until May, 1918, he remained as instructor at Tours then went to the front with the 90th Aero Squadron, where he became a flight commander.

A comrade called him "above all, a man confident and enthusiastic over his work." His enthusiasm is reflected in his own words: "I am in the highest and best branch of the army. In fact, it is going to win the war," and again, "There are going to be 100,000 men slaughtered before Uncle Sam knows what has happened. Then we are going to settle down and conscientiously whip the Boche to a standstill."

In October he had written, "I like flying very much and am just lucky enough to come through the war all right. If I don't, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that your son was among the first to fight for you and America, and was not a slacker." His "luck" stood by him when his plane was destroyed in collision with another and neither pilot injured, also when his motor failed and he made a forced landing in a plowed field, unhurt. On June 25th, in the freshness of the summer morning, starting out on a mission over the lines, as "Hath" climbed, circling above the field, "in some inexplicable manner," as a brother aviator wrote, "the machine became uncontrollable and fell. . . . . Trafton died instantly without pain, and his observer within an hour."

And it may be that, at the last, his "luck" still held to bring that quick, heroic, painless end to the boy-man who had cried so bravely, "I am going to make you proud of me!"

WARREN TUCKER HOBBS

"DON'T worry," wrote Warren Tucker Hobbs, "Flying is the most fascinating game I ever played. It is even better than hurdling." He loved to play the game, this tall, clean-limbed athlete, and, as a brother flyer said, "The qualities which served him on the track made him a fearless and a skilful pilot." By this same skill and courage in combat, Warren won the confidence of all his comrades, to whom from the start "his ready humor and constant desire to help others endeared him mightily." Which helps to explain how bitterly his loss was felt among his fellows, when, within a month of joining the 103d Pursuit Squadron, he was killed, his machine being struck by an anti-aircraft shell and falling inside the British lines. "The news dazed me for days," said a classmate; "He was one of the finest, dearest chaps I have ever known, and the world has lost a real man."

As a schoolboy Warren won great popularity and prominence through his running. Yet, while "one of the greatest hurdlers and high jumpers any preparatory school ever had, ... in everything he showed an engaging modesty." Entering Dartmouth with the Class of 1919, his athletic success waxed greater, but even without it a man of Warren's character must have won hosts of friends. As it was, he became in two years one of the big figures of his college generation, captaining the college track team as a sophomore. He set up a world's record in indoor hurdling in competition with the best runners in collegiate circles, and was frequently referred to as a "one man track team."

But for Warren Hobbs these games, however engrossing, were secondary to the one big game of living and doing one's part in life according to one's ideals. Warren gave up college soon after war was declared and joined a Dartmouth unit of the American Field Service. Even as he went to the front with Transport Section 526 of the Reserve Mallet, he was planning eagerly to transfer to

aviation, and inside of a month secured his release from the Field Service. Two days later he enlisted in the French air service. After the regulation training at Avord, Tours, Pau, and Plessis-Belleville, he served with two Spad Escadrilles, N-153 and N-158, until March, 1918, when he was commissioned a First Lieutenant in American Aviation and went to the 103d Pursuit Squadron. Several times he narrowly escaped death or capture. His first accident came as he was returning on January 30, 1918, from patrol over the German lines. His gasoline gave out, he was forced to land in rough ground and his plane turned over, injuring him quite badly. Immediately upon leaving the hospital he returned to his escadrille, only to have another fall. This time fortunately he received hardly a scratch.

In Flanders, southeast of Ypres, his last adventure came to Warren Hobbs. At half past seven in the evening of June 26 he rose from his field alone, attempting to overtake his patrol which had left some minutes earlier. He flew toward the lines, gaining altitude as he went, but, because his engine was not functioning properly, crossed into German territory still quite low. Then the unusual occurred. His machine was struck by a shell. In the words of a flyer. "An angry black puff sprang out close beside the distant plane, which veered and fell flaming in the British lines." There he is buried in the consecrated ground of Flanders.

Warren's own words, written of men he had seen die in action, apply aptly to him who followed them, "Just the same, you can't help thinking what a wonderful way it is to die; and I know there is nothing too good in the world beyond for a man who dies game, fighting for the right."

WARREN TUCKER HOBBS

Born November 3, 1895, in Worcester, Massachusetts. Son of Wilber W. and Marina Tucker Hobbs. Educated Worcester Classical High School, Worcester Academy, and Dartmouth College, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, May 5, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 until June 8, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation, June 10, 1917. Attached Escadrilles N 153 and N 158, December 11, 1917, to March 16, 1918, as Corporal. Entered U. S. Aviation; attached 103d Pursuit Squadron. Killed by anti-aircraft fire over the lines near Ypres on June 26, 1918. Buried in British Military Cemetery, Poperinghe, West Flanders, Belgium.

GOODWIN WARNER

Born January 17, 1887, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Son of William P. and Hetty Rogers Goodwin Warner. Educated Cambridge and Thatcher schools, California, Noble and Greenough School, Boston, and Harvard University, Class of 1909. In business, Stone and Webster, Boston; farmed at Littleton, Massachusetts; traveled in tropics. Joined American Field Service, June 2, 1917; attached Transport Sections 184 and 133. Enlisted U. S. Army Motor Transport Corps; commissioned Second Lieutenant Q. M. C. Died of pneumonia, June 29, 1918, American Camp Hospital Number 4, at Joinville-le-Pont, Seine. Buried Suresnes, Seine.

GOODWIN WARNER

"NOBODY ever saw him down on his luck." This a close friend writes of Goodwin Warner, adding, "It was a source of wonder that he was never heard to complain of his misfortune." For in childhood had begun his weary struggle against a severe chronic asthma. It affected his entire career and caused an amount of actual suffering which few of his friends ever realized, because he hid it. Yet through all his life he retained his "very keen sense of humor and an even disposition which allowed him to take things as he found them." Courage and good nature were two of his many fine qualities and although long periods of illness prevented his joining in the life and activities of his friends, "he made hundreds of them."

After two years in California and two winters in the Maine woods, he went to Noble and Greenough School in Boston and entered Harvard in the Class of 1909, with which he graduated As a sophomore he recovered from a dangerous attack of pneumonia, "largely," writes a friend, "because of the grit and determination which his chronic sickness had developed." After graduating he entered the office of Stone and Webster, Boston, but unable to stand the confinement of office work, he bought a farm in Littleton, Massachusetts, and began raising apples. About a year before the war he sold his orchards and devoted the intervening time chiefly to travel in the tropics, studying natural history. This was his hobby, his interest being most particularly in ornithology, and he was an authority on New England birds.

With the coming of war Goodwin, anxious to get into the service and not waiting for the departure of the regular organizations, sailed independently for France, joined the American Field Service, and in June, 1917, was sent to Transport Section 184 of the Reserve Mallet, where he became *Sous-Chef*. In October, having graduated from the French Automobile Officers' School at Meaux, he became *Commandant Adjoint* of T. M. 133. When the

American Army took over the Reserve, Goodwin was commissioned a Second Lieutenant and placed in command of Company 360 of the Motor Transport Corps. The Commanding Officer of the American Mission wrote that he "rendered very valuable and efficient service. During the past critical weeks his efforts and enthusiasm were continued and indefatigable, and won for him the deep appreciation of the French and American officers associated with him, and his promotion to the command of a *groupe* which was announced during his last illness." For a month or more in memory of him this *groupe* bore his name.

During the spring of 1918 his company was under excessive strain and although he already felt the touch of the influenza epidemic, Goodwin Warner threw himself into the work with every bit of his energy. As a conscientious leader he stayed for days and nights on the road with his men. He fell sick, pneumonia developed rapidly, and on June 26th he was taken to the hospital at Joinville-le-Pont, east of Paris, where he died two days later.

Commandant Mallet spoke thus at the military funeral: "His fellow officers cannot speak too highly of him as a good and trusty friend; his men have always known him as a kind and reliable leader. As for myself, it is my desire to acknowledge before you all the deep debt of gratitude the French Army owes to Lieutenant Warner, who came to serve our country before his own needed him and who has ever since been performing his military duties with such devotion and efficiency. In the name of the Director of the French Automobile Service, in the name of my Reserve, I wish him a last farewell, and address the expression of our deep sympathy to his family and to those who are mourning to-day an affectionate friend, a promising officer, and a perfect gentleman."

"FIRST or last the war will come very close to most of us and we would n't have it otherwise My greatest horror would be to have to occupy a place of safety. We who can take an active part are fortunate. If anything should happen to me I would call my family foolish if they were n't glad rather than sad that I had done so well."

George Waite Goodwin wrote this from France to cheer and comfort a girl friend who had lost her husband in the war ten days after her marriage, little thinking perhaps the solace it was to be to his family in the event of his own not-distant death His attitude toward all the perplexing problems of life was like this,—simple, straightforward, and clear-seeing. "Certainly one could hunt through the histories from the beginning and never find a better time to live or better cause to die for." In the light of his own high-minded patriotism it was not difficult for his family to be courageous even when, a month later, there came the news that he had been killed. It happened on the morning of July 15, 1918, at Châteauroux. One of his friends of school and college days, Lieutenant Norman C. Fitts, who was in training with him at the time, describes the accident with the dramatic brevity of aviators: "There is not much to tell of it A collision at one hundred meters height in which neither he nor the man who ran into him saw the other until too late." He was buried next day with full military honors in the beautiful American Cemetery of Châteauroux.

Goodwin graduated with honors from Andover in 1912 and, after four happy, conscientious years, from Yale. He spent a year at the Harvard Law School, but interrupted his course to enter the American Field Service on June 25, 1917. He was sent out to Section Sixty-nine and spent the summer near Verdun, evacuating wounded from the famous posts of Bras and Vacherauville. In October he enlisted in the American Air Service. En-

tering immediately upon his period of apprenticeship he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant on May 15, 1918, and had advanced so rapidly in training that in the words of Lieutenant Fitts, "he promised to be the first to get through." For his work at the French aviation school of Châteauroux, upon recommendation of the commander, he received the medal of the Ligue Aeronautique de France as one of the most meritorious pupils

He had a keen, interested way of looking at events and persons, and was often picturesque in expressing what he saw. In one letter written in the Ambulance service he described how he watched the front line in action through holes in the cloth camouflage by the roadside, and compared himself to a small boy peering through a rip in the tent of "a circus of which I could see only enough to whet my curiosity." The charm of his frank, open personality won friends for him everywhere, one of whom wrote, "He could n't help but be popular with us and he was easily that one of us who was best liked by the French officers and instructors at the school." While at a camp near Tours, shortly after he had enlisted in aviation, he tells in his diary of walking home from Tours with the cool evening breeze blowing against his face and the countryside soft and mellow in the twilight, and of thinking out his duty in regard to the war. That night he wrote, "It is quite fixed now in my mind that if ever I return to the front I will go up against the Germans,—no matter how many they may be." It was his tragedy, like that of many others, never to have had the opportunity of meeting the enemy face to face, but a circumstance so trivial cannot dim the luster of his courage, nor the glory of his death.

GEORGE WAITE GOODWIN

Born July 31, 1895, in Glen Falls, New York. Son of Scott DuMont and Sarah Waite Goodwin. Home, Albany, New York. Educated Phillips Academy, Andover; Yale University, Class of 1916; and Harvard Law School, Class of 1919. Plattsburg, 1916, Marksman. Joined American Field Service, June 25, 1917; attached Section Sixty-nine until October 24, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation, November 5; trained Tours, Saint-Maixent, Gondrecourt, and Châteauroux. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, May 15, 1918. Killed in aeroplane accident, Châteauroux, July 15, 1918. Buried American Cemetery, Châteauroux, Indre. Body transferred to Rural Cemetery, Albany, New York.

RANDOLPH ROGERS

Born October 26, 1897, in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Son of John R. and Grace H. Rogers. Educated Grand Rapids High School, Class of 1916. Joined American Field Service, April 1, 1916; attached Section Eight to September 13, 1916. Ill, typhoid. Returned to America, October, 1916. University of Michigan until February, 1917. To New Mexico recuperating from breakdown. Enlisted as Private, U. S. Infantry, July, at Columbus Barracks. K Company, 38th Regiment, Syracuse, New York. Promoted to Corporal, then Sergeant. Reached France, April, 1918. Killed by shell, in action July 15, 1918, near St. Eugène, east of Château-Thierry. Buried American Cemetery, Fère-en-Tardenois, Aisne.

RANDOLPH ROGERS

RANDOLPH ROGERS was but eighteen years of age and just completing the last year of his high school course when he enlisted in the American Field Service in April, 1916. Yet he did the work of a man with Section Eight on the Champagne and Verdun fronts during the spring and summer of that year. His commanding officer wrote of him: "He was one of the original members of Section Eight . . . . . and the youngest member at that. He was always one who could be relied upon to do the job given him, no matter how difficult, and to go about it quietly and efficiently. He was deeply interested in his work and all that was going on around him. Later he was badly affected by dysentery, but continued his work. He would lie on his cot and sleep until his turn came and then always insisted upon taking his place."

While in Paris on a forty-eight hour leave, July 4, 1916, he was found to be suffering from typhoid fever and was cared for in the American Hospital at Neuilly until September. On returning to this country about October first, he entered the University of Michigan, but in February, 1917, his health again broke down and he was sent to New Mexico to recuperate.

It is a noteworthy fact that on his return to Grand Rapids in June he made no effort to secure a commission or an easy berth on this side of the water, although fully realizing from his past experiences what war meant. Instead, as one of his classmates wrote: "He immediately enlisted as a 'buck private,' for he knew where he could do the most good for Uncle Sam." After five weeks at Columbus Barracks he was sent to Syracuse and there assigned to K Company, 38th Infantry, in which organization he served until his death. He was made corporal in November, 1917, and sergeant in April, 1918, soon after his arrival in France with the 3rd Regular Division of Infantry. After training near Chaumont, the regiment was sent to the front on May 30th, serving on the

Marne, west of Château-Thierry, until the German retreat.

Randolph was killed by an exploding shell on the morning of July 15, 1918. A fellow sergeant in K Company wrote: "Our company was located near a small village called St. Eugène, in the vicinity of Château-Thierry and about a mile from the Marne River. At exactly midnight of the 14th of July the Germans commenced a terrific artillery fire directed over the entire sector. At daybreak the whole company came from their dugouts, forming a line to meet the Germans who were expected at any moment. I saw your son come down and fall into line about fifty feet from me, but as the shelling was terrific I did not make an effort to speak to him for some time. After I had helped locate the men I called to him, and receiving no answer, crawled over to where he had been, and they said that a shell had just hit him. He died about three hours later."

Randolph Rogers played his part to the end in the great drama. Unusually well built for his age, with fine features and a charming personality, he immediately won the affection of anyone who had the good fortune to be thrown with him. As a proof of this sentiment, the following letter to his father from a comrade is sufficient:

"I assure you that your sorrow is shared by every soldier who knew your son and that his name will ever be mentioned by what few K Company men are left as the model which we wish our sons to follow if they ever have the misfortune to take part in any war. . . . . One of the bravest men who ever wore the uniform of any country."

JOHN RALSTON GRAHAM

LOATHING the war intensely, frankly fatalistic about its outcome for him, Lieutenant John Ralston Graham was yet of the calibre which voluntarily precipitates itself into the most hazardous and hardworking branch of the service, wins a Croix de Guerre and special recognition for individual merit, and dies on the battlefield, leading his men in an attack. War held no glamour for him. As an ambulance driver in 1915-16, in Bois-le-Prêtre, and in the first battle of Verdun he saw much of its terror and sordidness. He won his Croix de Guerre for bravery in rescuing women and children at Bar-le-Duc, where he drove his ambulance through an especially venomous air raid during the battle of Verdun. Although he returned to the United States at the expiration of his eight months' service with Section Two of the American Field Service, as soon as America declared war, he entered the For Niagara officers' training camp, graduating as a Lieutenant, and returned to France early in September, 191', as one of the first fifty of our men to reach the battlefront. From that time on until his death he was in almost constant action and participated in nearly all the great battles preceding the Soisson's offensive.

As a Lieutenant of Infantry with the Eighteenth Regimen he experienced all of the hardships and horrors that only can fall to the infantryman's lot His letters tell with marvelous vividness of twenty-one day stretches in tle front line trenches, short relief, then immediate retun to the fighting. They tell, too, of combat patrols planned and executed by him, and of attacks in which there were "intervals, minutes mostly, which I don't want ever to recall, when I have been at my lowest, nothng but a beast, yelling, cursing, crying, alternately — consumed with but one thought — to kill, kill, kill."

Though he revolted from it all, he worked untiringly, and his record shows steady advancement. Shortly before his death he was appointed Intelligence Officer, and

already he had been recommended for the rank of captain.

He died in the Soissons offensive, which marked the beginning of the end of the War, being killed in the turmoil of battle on July 18, 1918, by a fragment of flying shell. Of his death Reverend Murray Bartlett, Chaplain of the Eighteenth Infantry, wrote, "Indeed you have the consolation that the sacrifice of his splendid young manhood was part of the price paid for one of the critical victories of all history. . . . . "

In the same strain a companion wrote, "This war takes the bravest and the best. . . . . Yet, speaking for myself, it seems to me that if my time to go had arrived I should ask nothing better than to fall at the high tide of a charge, leading men on to a victory which has proved to be the turning point of the whole war. . . . . Your son was respected universally as a courageous, capable, and promising officer. He lived up to the confidence reposed in him."

How great is the respect and pride which his memory commands, appears from the letters of his friends, all of whom, without a single exception, express the privlege and honor they felt in sharing his friendship. One writes, "It does n't seem possible that great, big, carefree 'Joe,' whom we all depended on, and looked up to, has been killed. My pride in him is the only thing which could possibly cheer me up. I have lost one of the best friends a fellow could have — but how proud I am to have had such a wonderful friend."

Another adds, "I am proud and honored to have known Ralston all these years, and to have been one of his best and dearest friends. We all loved him. A brave man, a true gentleman, and a never-failing friend will be our memory of him always."

JOHN RALSTON GRAHAM

Born December 29, 1890, in Philadelphia. Son of John T. and Anne Ralston Graham. Educated Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia, and University of Pennsylvania, Class of 1914. Engineer on Panama Canal, 1913, later with Pennsylvania Railroad. Joined American Field Service, November 17, 1915; attached Section Two until May 17, 1916. Croix de Guerre. Returned to United States. Entered Fort Niagara Training Camp. Commissioned First Lieutenant. To France, September, 1917, with 18th Infantry. Recommended for Captaincy. Killed in action, July 18, 1918, between Cutry and St. Pierre-Aigle, south of Soissons. Buried there, later transferred to American Cemetery at Ploisy. Now buried in West Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

CARLETON BURR

Born August 29, 1891, in Milton, Massachusetts. Son of I. Tucker and Alice M. Peters Burr. Educated Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Milton Academy, and Harvard University, Class of 1913. Plattsburg Camp. Grenfell Mission. With Kidder, Peabody and Company and Paul Revere Trust Company. Joined American Field Service, February 12, 1916; attached Section Two, as *Chef* with Section Nine, August, 1916, to January 21, 1917. Returned to America. Enlisted U. S. Marine Corps, June. Commissioned Lieutenant, training at Quantico, Virginia, attached 6th Regiment Marines. Battallion Intelligence Officer. Gassed, Belleau Wood, June, 1918. Killed in action near Vierzy, July 19, 1918. Burial place unknown.

"*Il ne faut pas être difficile, c'est la guerre,*" wrote Carleton Burr while an ambulance driver with the American Field Service; "This philosophy has actually already become a part of my existence, and I assure you that the constant rumble of artillery is more musical to my ear than the sordid drone of the ticker."

While in college he spent a summer with the Grenfell Mission in Newfoundland and Labrador, and after graduating from Harvard in 1913, made a hunting trip in the mountains of Wyoming. Returning to Boston in October, he was associated with several banking houses until 1916. In February, Carleton Burr turned his back on the "droning tickers" and joined the allied armies in France. He enlisted in the American Field Service going to Section Two, near Verdun, where he found the section in the midst of the terrific battle.

Carleton fitted at once into his place. He wished always for the most active work, "and the longer the hours the more he threw himself into the work, but in work or play he always added to his list of friends." "I have come not only to like him personally, which anyone would at first glance, but also to have real esteem for his abilities, and his qualities of mind and character," wrote the chief of the Service at this time, saying that he was "fitted by his tact and his unusual combination of gentleness, energy, and force to meet the very difficult task of handling a group of volunteers."

This, with his loyal service and fine spirit, led to Burr's selection in June as *Chef* of newly formed Section Nine. August saw them established in the Vosges where "Chubby" wrote of the seeming inactivity: "Patience in times such as this is the hardest virtue to acquire. Luckily nothing but solitary confinement can prevent the forming of friendships. . . ." "At every turn one finds a new situation, a new experience, staring one in the face, which no matter how impossible it may seem

at first, can be overcome with a sense of humor." This was the philosophy with which Carleton met the life of the war — and death.

Returning to America in February, 1917, Burr, after some months in business, enlisted in the Marine Corps. He was one of two hundred and fifty men accepted as officers out of four thousand applicants and was sent to Quantico, Virginia, for training. Only six weeks later "Chubby" was assigned a command and sent to France. General Catlin says "Because of his initiative and daring he was made intelligence officer of the 1st Brigade and achieved some remarkable successes at patrol work." Burr had charge of the snipers which he called a "not particularly healthy duty," but the ability to laugh at dangers and discomforts never deserted him. Of his first "hitch" in the trenches he wrote: "Can you imagine living for twenty days in the upper berth of a Pullman, which is dripping water from the roof and is literally infested with rats? Everything, however, you take as a joke." Unconsciously, in speaking of his men, he shows how he had won their admiration and devotion, when he says "The enemy will never get me, for I have the most wonderful crew of youngsters to follow me. They would never leave me, dead or wounded, to the mercy of the Huns."

During the fighting at Belleau Wood in June "Chubby" was gassed and invalided to Angers. Upon leaving the hospital he marched in the parade in Paris on Bastille Day and rejoined his command July 18th, when the new offensive really began.

Next morning, leading his men in a successful wave of the big attack, Carleton Burr was struck in the side by a piece of shrapnel, and fell. "In the land he loved next to his own he will always lie, content that he could give his all to the greatest cause of the age."

STUART MITCHELL STEPHEN TYSON

With a courage and a conviction characteristic of so many of our American soldiers, Stuart Mitchell Tyson gave his life to France and her Cause willingly, consciously, considering it a privilege. It was his final protest against a world wrong — it was his glorious consecration to the simple faith that Right is Might in a christianized world. Literally, and confidently, he "died to make men free."

Sergeant Tyson was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, March 12, 1898. He was educated at a school in Oxford, England, and at the Haverford School, Pennsylvania. In 1915 he entered the Midvale Steel Company. A year later he left for France as an ambulance driver, serving with Section One along the Verdun front in the hard winter of 1916-17 when the French division, with which it served, was engaged in the recovery of Vaux and Douaumont At the end of six months he enlisted in the French Army as an aviator, and after the necessary period of training was breveted, and sent to the front in December, 1917, where he served with the Esquadrille Spad 85 until July 19, 1918, the day of his death. He was killed in action near Château-Thierry, while attacking eight German monoplanes. In recognition of his heroism he received the Croix de Guerre with palm.

The following extracts from letters to his father are characteristic of the spirit of this man. On May 1, 1917 he wrote: "I am delighted with my work here, in the ambulance service, and am wrapped up in the cause of France. I have decided to give myself to her. . . . . Knowing your sentiments on the war, I am sure you will have no objections to my doing what little I can for France. Dear Father, I realize that my chances for getting through are pretty slim, but it is well worth it by my having a chance to help crush those devils."

And just a year later, May 1, 1918, he writes from the Aviation Service, "We have been constantly moving

from place to place, and are now right in the thick of the big battle. What a sight it is, seen from the air. The endless train of men and supplies coming up from the rear, the narrow strip of No-Man's Land with its cloud of smoke and fire caused by the never ceasing rain of shells, and above, the German planes circling, in and out of the clouds, like great birds waiting for a chance to strike. Our group has been assigned to shooting up the German column as they march up from the rear. We fly very low, so you can imagine what two machine guns on each aeroplane, flying full in the face of the enemy, can do. It is very exciting work. We are in the trajectory of shells from both sides, with anti-craft guns shooting up. I have had awfully good luck. Not been touched yet, although my machine has been badly hit twice."

An appreciation from his commanding officer attributes to him all of the highest qualifications of a real man and soldier.

"Stephen Tyson was a brave and capable pilot, always ready to do more than his duty, and was beloved by all his comrades in the Esquadrille."

STUART MITCHELL STEPHEN TYSON

Born March 12, 1898, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Son of Reverend Stuart L. and Katharine Rosengarten Tyson. Home, Princeton, New Jersey. Educated school in Oxford, England, and Haverford School, Pennsylvania. Midvale Steel Company, 1915. Joined American Field Service, October 14, 1916; attached Section One until April 14, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation, May 15th. Trained Avord, Pau, and Plessis-Belleville. Breveted October 16, 1917. Attached Spad Escadrille 85, December 19, 1917, *Sergent.* Killed in action, July 19, 1918, near Dormans. Croix de Guerre, with palm. Buried in France.

STUART CARKENER, 2D

Born June 24, 1897, in Boulder, Colorado. Son of George S. and Nell Evans Carkener. Home, Kansas City, Missouri. Educated grade schools and Country Day School, Kansas City, and Princeton University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Transport Section 133 to November 17, 1917. December returned to America. Enlisted in U. S. Field Artillery, 76th Regiment, as private. To France, April, 1918. Promoted to Corporal. Killed by shell, July 30, 1918, near Ronchères, northeast of Château-Thierry. Buried Villadale Farm, near Ronchères, Aisne. Body transferred to Belleau Cemetery, Aisne, and to rest ultimately beside his mother in Forest Hill Cemetery, Kansas City, Missouri.

STUART CARKENER, 2D

STUART CARKENER, 2D, said in his last letter to his family, "Whatever you do, don't worry about me, as I can assure you that every time I hear a shell coming my way I soon find some safe ditch." Just four days later, however, when it became necessary to deliver an important message from an advanced observation post, he did not hesitate to leave his "safe ditch," but struck out calmly across the cornfield where, midway, he was mortally wounded by an exploding shell. The 4th U. S. Infantry had been held up by German machine guns. Corporal Carkener and his two companions had located the nest by successful reconnoissance, and he and one companion decided to risk the journey rearward to carry the information. They left, wrote the sergeant who stayed in charge of the post, with terrible matter-of-factness, "thinking that one of them, possibly, could get through all right!" But neither one arrived!

At Princeton Stuart played on his freshman and varsity soccer teams, and has been described by a classmate who retains a vivid impression of him, as "attractive, popular, and congenial, with a friendly word for everyone."

In May, 1917, he sailed for France in the American Field Service where he served for six months in the *camion* branch, driving in one of the trains of trucks that delivered shells from the railroads to the batteries before and during the great battle of the Chemin des Dames. His letters were clear and vivid, characterized above all by their refreshing honesty and freedom from heroics. He was always careful to verify everything about which he wrote, and in his desire to prevent his family from worrying he went almost to an extreme in minimizing the danger.

In December, 1917, he returned to the United States and made plans to enter service in our Army. It was his determination to return to France immediately, and

he declined to make any effort to enter officers' training camps in this country, for which, by his education and experience, he was well fitted. After looking the situation over he enlisted in the 76th Field Artillery, being advised that this regiment was to be among the next to sail. In April, 1918, he embarked for France a second time. After three weeks of training, his regiment, on the night of July 14th, found itself in a little village not far from Château-Thierry with the German barrage roaring and crackling about their heads. The casualties were great that night owing to the lack of shelter, and Corporal Carkener, for he had received his promotion during the period of training, was obliged to work "as stretcher bearer, trench and grave digger" for twenty hours, during eight of which he wore a gas mask. Then came the Allied advances, of which he wrote, "They mean all sorts of work for us, but as long as they are in the right direction you can bet we don't mind the extra hardship," and at that point we must piece on the story of that heroic sacrifice in the cornfield.

Of the many tributes that have been paid to Carkener, he himself would have probably valued most that which came from his sergeant, a man whom he never would have met but for the accident of war, and who wrote to Stuart's father, "He was a sort of a quiet lad, a very entertaining talker, and he was forever helping some one to figure out problems. Every one in the outfit missed him just because he was a 'regular fellow.' Your son did his bit, Mr. Carkener, and he died with his boots on just like every soldier wants to die."

No true soldier could wish a higher fame than the words above his grave.

"Glorieusement mort au champ d'honneur, face à l'ennemi, le 30 juillet 1918.
Stuart Carkener II, soldat américain"

MALCOLM TROOP ROBERTSON

"WHEN I needed someone with plenty of grit and bulldog courage, I always picked Malcolm, and he never failed me" Malcolm Troop Robertson earned this voluntary commendation from his platoon commander after ten months of devoted service as a first class private in the "Stokes Mortar" platoon, of the Headquarters Company, 165th Infantry. Sergeant Fitzsimmons writes that, when the regiment first "went in," near Luneville, "Private Robertson, on account of his knowledge of the language, volunteered to stand guard 'with the French sentry' every night during the regiment's stay in the trenches, which was four times his required duty, 'to warn more understandingly and quickly of gas-alarms or attack.'" In Champagne, two weeks before his death, with two "non-coms," Malcolm stood by his gun, "when ordered to seek shelter, during a fierce bombardment, and by sending over a perfect barrage of Stokes Mortar shells drove the enemy from our wire." It was for such acts that "his coolness under fire became a byword in the company, and behind his back the boys remarked on his nerve." "The most courageous man in my platoon . . . . at times I took advantage of it and used him in many a trying situation," Lieutenant McNamara wrote, "and at the Ourcq when I gave him a chance to volunteer, he was right there with his plea of 'take me with you, Lieutenant' . . . . . and he gave his fine young life to his country."

On that 30th of July, 1918, the 165th, advancing rapidly and out of touch with its artillery supports, was "hung-up" by a strong machine gun nest in the Meurcy farmhouse at the Ourcq River. This had to be silenced before the regiment could move on. A volunteer squad of six men, including Robertson went forward into the open with two mortars to blast away the obstruction. With no time to "dig in," the order to open fire found them in an exposed position Immediately they were

answered by a concentrated shelling from a battery behind the farm. The officer had gone ahead to make observations, the sergeant had retired, wounded, and when there was a suggestion of wavering under the wilting bombardment it was "Robbie" who took charge, as his citation reads, holding the men by the strength and inspiration of his example. They "stuck" and their fire broke up a developing counter-attack, but when the shelling ceased Malcolm was found dead beside his gun, killed by a shell.

At Princeton, too, he had been "on the job," earning his class numerals and a degree although he left to join the Field Service before his graduation. In those dark hours following the battles of the Yser, he served with Section One in the north — driving among the dunes of Coxyde, under the long-range shells in Dunkirk, and beneath avion bombs at Nieuport. In the autumn he returned to complete his studies, and enlisted in the 7th Regiment of New York when America entered the war. He transferred, as a private, to the 165th Infantry and went again to France with the 42d Division in October, 1917.

His constant eagerness to do the hardest things included no thought of recognition, although he was cited by French and Americans. His almost reckless courage and cool disregard of danger expressed his spirit of patriotism and gave evidence of his desire to give himself completely to the cause for which he was at the last to die. His lieutenant wrote, "I buried Malcolm that evening, and while the Boche were shelling I knelt in prayer at his grave . . . . ." And his next words might almost be Malcolm's own last brave message to his people, for Lieutenant McNamara said, "What a glorious death! To die for one's country, for right and justice."

MALCOLM TROOP ROBERTSON

Born August 2, 1894, in Brooklyn, New York. Son of Doctor Victor A. and Maria Cochran Robertson. Educated Prospect Heights and Polytechnic Preparatory Schools, and Princeton University, Class of 1915. Joined American Field Service, April 28, 1915; attached Section One to July 18, 1915. Returned to America. Enlisted 7th Regiment, N. Y. N. G., June 27, 1917; voluntarily transferred to 165th Infantry for overseas service. Killed in action at the Ourcq River, July 30, 1918, near Villeneuve-sur-Fère. Recommended for Croix de Guerre and D. S. C. Buried American Cemetery, Seringes-et-Nesles, Aisne. Body to be transferred to American Cemetery, Belleau Wood.

WALTER BERNARD MILLER

Born November 9, 1893, in New York City. Son of Bernard and Valeska Hager Miller. Educated New York schools. Enlisted U. S. Navy, 1911; attached U. S. S. Des Moines and U. S. S. Leonida. Honorably discharged, 1914. May to August, 1916, International Mercantile Marine Lines, cadet officer, S. S. Siberia and Philadelphia. Joined American Field Service, December 2, 1916; attached Vosges Detachment until June 2, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation, June 10, 1917. Trained Avord, Juvisy, and le Plessis-Belleville. Breveted October 10, 1917. Transferred to U. S. Aviation. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, April 1, 1918; attached First Observation Group. Killed in aerial combat, August 3, 1918, north of Château-Thierry. Buried there.

WALTER BERNARD MILLER

In 1916, before this country had declared war against Germany, Walter Bernard Miller, a lad of German parentage but a citizen of the United States, volunteered to serve France and went to drive an ambulance on French soil. His action embodies the great triumph of the cause of democracy — the supremacy of an ideal over all racial prejudices.

Son of Bernard Miller, Walter was born in New York City where he received both his elementary and high school training, being orphaned by the tragic death of his parents in the Slocum disaster. Upon the completion of his schooling, he enlisted at eighteen in the United States Navy. During his four years of service he was present on the U. S. S. Des Moines at the scene of several West Indian and Central and South American revolutions and pseudo-revolutions. He was in Tampico, Mexico, during the critical times of 1914, and on the U. S. S. Leonida he went out with the Naval Survey. Something of a soldier of fortune, yet first, last, and always, he was, in the best sense, a soldier, and a soldier of the highest standing. Lieutenant Hinricks, his division officer on the Des Moines during 1913 and 1914, testifies that, " . . . . Miller never neglected his duties or the less thrilling routine ship's work, and did everything he was called upon to do, cheerfully."

He received his honorable discharge, and entered the International Mercantile Marine Lines in May of 1916. Miller was a cadet officer on the steamships Siberia and Philadelphia for three months, shortly thereafter joining the American Field Service.

December 2, 1916, he sailed on the Rochambeau for France and upon his arrival was, with six of his countrymen, organized into the Vosges Detachment, which continued in Alsace the work begun by Section Three. Here for six months he labored, driving his ambulance over some of the steepest and most dangerous mountain

roads of the western front. Joseph R. Greenwood writes of this work "While the Vosges Detachment made no records for 'number of kilometres run' still it played its part . . . . . It kept alive in the minds of the Alsatians the knowledge that America was with them in spirit even before we entered the war . . . "

When the term of his enlistment expired, America had entered the war and Miller sought more active service. He enlisted with the Lafayette Flying Corps and received his training with the French. When United States aviators arrived in France he transferred to the 1st Observation Group as a Second Lieutenant. A comrade writes of him in the history of the Lafayette Flying Corps: "Those of us who lived in the same barrack with Miller will never forget him — his gaiety, his optimism, his generosity, his fine careless courage. On dreary evenings . . . . . it was Miller who cheered us with his inexhaustible repertory of songs and stories . . . . . On the front he earned the reputation of an indefatigable flyer, aggressive, determined, and brave as a lion."

On August 3, 1918, in the fighting between Soissons and Fismes, Lieutenant Miller, with eight companions met a squadron of thirty Fokkers, and was shot down. A fellow aviator says that he was "the oddest, drollest, and most likable of men. His life was a kaleidoscopic succession of adventures by land and sea; surveying the coast of Central America, running shells through the submarine blockade to Archangel, driving an ambulance on the Western Front, piloting an aeroplane in some of the heaviest fighting of the war, and meeting death in an epic combat against thirty enemy machines."

Walter Bernard Miller is mourned as an individual by those who knew and loved him, and by generations to come he will be honored as one who helped lay the cornerstone for the foundations of a real brotherhood of men.

CLAYTON CAREY ELLIS

LONG before Clayton Carey Ellis made his ultimate sacrifice in the service of France he had earned, by the happy combining of likable personality and abilities well above the average, the esteem and affection of his French and American comrades in the war just as earlier he had of his schoolmates. "I should not know how to say which was the greater — the admiration or the love I felt for him" said the *aumonier* of the division in writing to Clayton's parents, and went on "*c'etait, sans exagération, l'un des meilleurs jeunes gens que dans ma carrière de prêtre, il m'a été donné d'approcher, et comme le tout etait recouvert de la plus sincère modestie, j'affirme, sans crainte, que le très cher Clayton représentait à mes yeux l'idéal du jeune homme.*" "His sincerity and gentleness were as much a part of him as his sense of duty," wrote Frederic Colie, a fellow driver in Clayton's section. A memorial notice published by the art school he had attended spoke of "his power for leadership," saying that "Clayton's influence within the school was strong, wholesome, and fine — all regarded him as a friend." At high school, too, he won exceptional popularity, being class president for four years. In addition he was a splendid athlete, and had a very fine tenor voice. He possessed also marked aptitude for painting.

Clayton was studying art in Boston and doing settlement work in addition when America declared war. He seized his opportunity and sailed for France in May with a Dartmouth unit of the Field Service which went to the front as Section Twenty-Eight. Of him a *brancardier* priest, *le pasteur* Caldesaignes, said "None of those who had been in close contact with him could otherwise than become attached to him."

He was quiet and practical, a conscientious, enthusiastic worker, "*volontaire pour toutes les missions perilleuses*" says his army citation for the Croix de Guerre. In describing his reactions Clayton himself found that

"like everything I have ever done I have entered this work with no greater thrills than those experienced on the hay press or the football field — just a matter of business on hand to be done according to my best judgment." To his former schoolmates his letters were "constant, cheerful, and optimistic" and his work abroad was done "in the same buoyant spirit known and remembered in studios and classrooms." With many interests and broad sympathies Clayton was very sensitive to the suffering of others. "Nothing disheartens me," he said, "as when I've done all in my power to give my man an easy trip, feeling his pains at every bump, suffering with him during long waits on the road, and then to see him die as he is taken from the car." He had hoped, upon enlisting in the ambulance service for the duration of the war, that he might secure a non-commissioned officer's rank but he was not one of those first selected and he remarked philosophically "so I must play the good soldier until my turn comes — if it ever does." His sense of humor and good temper lifted him over many difficulties, much as he says "my old voiture has carried me safely through quite a bit. Never failed me in time of need — in fact we are two of a kind: built not for speed but for service."

He did not fail or falter once in his service On the night of August 6th, after midnight, he was carrying wounded through the shadowy, blasted streets of Reims when a shell struck close and a splinter pierced Clayton's head, killing him instantly. In the words of his schoolmates, "he died as he had lived bravely doing his duty as he saw it, and in the cause of his fellowmen." "This is warfare" a comrade wrote "a man lives from minute to minute," and to the end Clayton Ellis lived his every minute well.

CLAYTON CAREY ELLIS

Born July 13, 1895, in Somerville, Massachusetts. Son of Charles L. and Dora Smith Ellis. Educated Somerville schools and Massachusetts Normal Arts School, Class of 1919. Taught at Peabody Settlement House, Boston. Joined the American Field Service, May 5, 1917; attached Section Twenty-eight. Enlisted in U. S. A. Ambulance Service, September 17, 1917. Killed by shell in action at Reims, August 7, 1918. Buried Seringes-et-Nesles, Aisne. Body transferred to Longley Cemetery, Sidney, Maine.

ROBERT HARRIS BARKER

Born March 20, 1894, in Hanson, Massachusetts. Son of Albert F. and Lucy Reynolds Barker. Home, West Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Educated Brockton schools and Rhode Island State College, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, May 19, 1917; attached Transport Section 184 to November 13, 1917. Joined Mallet Reserve of U. S. Motor Transport Corps. Sergeant. Transferred, March, 1918, to 16th U. S. Infantry as private. Died August 10, 1918, in American hospital near Paris, of wounds received in action, July 20–22 near Soissons. Cited, U. S. Army orders. Buried American Cemetery, Suresnes, Seine. Body to be transferred to Fern Hill Cemetery, Hanson, Massachusetts.

ROBERT HARRIS BARKER

COMPANY I, 16th Infantry, First Division, pushed through the wheatfields in the outskirts of Soissons on the morning of July 20, 1918, occupying the post of honor in the center of the counter attack. The company objectives had almost been reached with only slight casualties, when suddenly the men found themselves on the parapet of an occupied German trench and at the same moment a terrible cross-fire broke out from hidden machine gun nests. The company had no orders to retire so they stayed When they were extricated from the trap a few days later by the victorious advance, at roll call Company I numbered twenty-four men and no officers, and Private Robert Harris Barker was listed among the "missing in action" The story is incomplete We can only guess at the deeds of heroism that were performed out there in the wheatfield,— the sacrifices that were made,—the splendid courage and devotion that enabled the shattered platoons to hold on when it seemed they must retreat. But we are sure that Robert was in the midst of it fighting joyously, madly, when he was struck down. How long he lay badly wounded in the head and arms, without medical aid, we do not know. He was finally sent to an American base hospital outside of Paris, and there in the evening of August 10, his life went out with the fading day. He was buried in the cemetery of Suresnes just across the Seine from the Bois de Boulogne where he had loved to roam during the early days in Paris in the American Field Service.

As a small boy Robert showed the spirit that was his. One winter, just before his thirteenth birthday, he was struck and severely wounded by a double-runner sled. Though suffering intensely and almost unconscious from loss of blood the little fellow's first thought was to exonerate the boy who had run into him. At the age of fifteen he was enrolled in a Y M. C. A. class and though on account of his size he was put among the older boys, he

won the all-around athletic contest. An injured knee prevented his taking a prominent part in school athletics, but nevertheless he was a leader in his class at the Brockton High School and at the time of his sailing for France was President of its Alumni Association.

He entered the American Field Service on May 19, 1917, and was assigned to T. M. U. 184 in the *camion* branch. He was an excellent driver and a responsible soldier In October he enlisted in the United States Army as a member of the Mallet Reserve but at the same time sent in his application for transfer to infantry, writing to his father, "Someone in the family ought to do their bit and that bit should be a mighty big piece. The logical one to do it is Bob." He took his step coolly, with his eyes wide open to its worst possible consequences. In March his transfer arrived and he went immediately to the 16th Infantry, leaving behind a sergeant's warrant. From that time on no word was received from him, for, according to a comrade who has given us the only account of Robert's death, "The regiment was kept so busy in the trenches that only two lots of mail were delivered and none sent out." This same friend tells of Robert's service, as Captain's Signal Man, of the zest with which he undertook dangerous assignments such as night patrols and scouting near the German lines, and of his cheerfulness and friendliness He loved his fellows, particularly the rough, tobacco-chewing, big-hearted "buddies" of whom he wrote sympathetically, looking past their external coarseness into the goodness of their hearts. As he said in his last letter, "The army . . . . . creates a brotherly feeling among us all " It is fitting that these should be the last words from one who found in life so many brothers.

STANLEY HILL

If we were to summarize in a word the qualities of Stanley Hill, we should say immediately, "cheerfulness." His was a most sunny, happy, generous nature, full of the joy of living and always responsive to the call of adventure. As a boy he was ready for any sort of game, and as he grew up that spirit grew with him A classmate of his at Dartmouth tells of his going over the ski-jump at the Winter Carnival in spite of the fact that he had never done any jumping before, simply because he was unwilling to admit that he could not do it. In the simplicity with which he faced the problems of existence he recognized only success or failure, and he acknowledged no acquaintance with the word "cannot." His outlook on life was so straightforward, his sympathy so ready, his cheerfulness so infectious that we who were privileged in knowing him will always remember him with a particular tenderness.

On May 5, 1917, he sailed from New York with his brother in the American Field Service, writing to his mother just before the ship left the pier, "We are going into one of the noblest services that exists and we do not want you to feel badly . . . . . whatever may happen we want you to bear it bravely, as we know you will." Both he and his brother left Paris in Section 28 and were soon working in the midst of the heavy fighting in Champagne, where, on June 26th, his friend and college classmate, Paul Osborn, was killed while loading his car at an advanced post Stanley wrote in a letter to his father telling of the tragedy, a sentence that has a striking interest in the light of his own unselfish death "If anything happens to me, I pray God that I may be as noble, as courageous and as thoughtful of others as Paul was!"

"Stan" loved the French; soon he spoke the language easily, delighting particularly in absorbing all sorts of slang expressions with which he would regale a group of admiring poilus. His smile and unwavering

good humor came to be known throughout the division where he was always warmly and affectionately made welcome. Miss Norma Derr, the author of "Mademoiselle Miss" describes him during the exhausting days of June, 1918, as he drove up to the hospital at Epernay "He was white with dust and haggard after days and nights of steady driving, but just as buoyant and confident as in the old days in Bouleuse when the section was 'calm.'"

The German offensive of July 15, 1918, found Section 28 working in the Reims sector. Throughout that long memorable day they toiled, until at last the posts were temporarily cleared of wounded. As several of the men, worn out with fatigue and hunger, were snatching a hasty bite for the first time that day, a call came in for three more cars. Stanley was the first out on the road. Not far from the hospital on his return trip, a shell struck beside the car wounding him in the forehead. He was taken to the hospital at La Veuve and it was thought he would live. He regained consciousness and even wrote to his family in his cheery way, concerned only for the anxiety of his parents In one of these two letters he wrote, "All goes well except that I worry as to how you are bearing up under the strain of not knowing just what happened to me."

On August 12th meningitis suddenly set in, and Stanley dropped into unconsciousness, waking only on the morning of the 14th, to answer a question as to how he felt. "All right," he said, with a faint smile, undaunted and cheerful in the face of death as he had been throughout his life. He died at ten o'clock that night and his friends felt that a light had gone out.

STANLEY HILL

Born December 18, 1896, in Somerville, Massachusetts. Son of Willard C. and Clara Laycock Hill. Home, Lexington, Massachusetts. Educated Lexington Schools and Dartmouth College, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, May 5, 1917; attached Section Twenty-eight to October 2, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Army Ambulance Service. Wounded by shell, July 15, 1918, in Reims. Died August 14, 1918, at La Veuve Hospital, near Châlons-sur-Marne. Croix de Guerre with palm, and Médaille Militaire. Buried Military Cemetery, La Veuve, Marne.

ALEXANDER BERN BRUCE

Born May 3, 1894, in Seattle, Washington. Son of David and Carrie Wainwright Bruce. Home, Lawrence, Massachusetts. Educated Phillips Academy, Andover, and Harvard University, Class of 1915. Teaching staff, Andover. Plattsburg, 1916. Joined American Field Service, April 28, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to August 28, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. First Lieutenant; Paris Defense Squadron. Attached 94th Pursuit Squadron, July, 1918. Killed in combat, August 17, 1918, over Cruaux. Buried American Cemetery, Fismes, Marne.

ALEXANDER BERN BRUCE

ONE of Alexander Bern Bruce's fellow instructors at Andover has described him as "the most reticent, silent man I have ever known"; and Major Fuess says in his book, "Phillips Academy, Andover, in the Great War," "In the early days of our war many men talked much about what they planned to do. 'Alec' Bruce said very little: but when the hour struck, he did more than talk,—he *went*. His career is an inspiration to all true Americans." Quiet, modest, unassuming, he possessed unusual strength of character, and was a brilliant scholar, graduating cum laude from Andover in 1911 and being elected to the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard. His friends speak of his faithfulness and conscientiousness and of the implicit trust that he inspired among all who had dealings with him.

In the fall of 1915 he went back to Andover as an instructor and when American participation in the war seemed imminent he took a leading part in the formation of the Andover Unit of the American Field Service. Together with the majority of the unit he volunteered for the camion branch and served with T. M. U. 526B for four months. At the conclusion of his term of enlistment he joined the American Air Service. There were no heroics about his resolution; as a companion said, "In his quiet, determined sort of way, he simply made up his mind and went ahead." He had a very real and deep-rooted patriotism that was not dissipated in flag-waving, but which on the contrary took him into the midst of fighting so quietly and so surely that his decision seemed inevitable, as indeed it was. His first assignment after being commissioned as a flyer was to the patrol that protected the Paris district against air-raids. In spite of the fact that Paris was bombed almost every day and his work in consequence valuable and dangerous, he felt his service inadequate and made frequent requests for transfer to front-line duty. Finally to his great satisfaction

and relief he was sent out to the famous 94th Aero Pursuit Squadron, which even at this early date had a large number of Hun planes to its credit His death has been described by Major Fuess. "On August 17, 1918, while he was engaged in combat over Cruaux with several German planes, his machine brushed wings with that of another pilot, and he fell nearly two miles. Although his body was not mangled, his neck was broken and he was evidently killed instantly."

"Alec's" letters to his mother, to whom he wrote almost daily with characteristic thoughtfulness, were cheerfully, almost playfully, optimistic, showing a side of his personality that did not often appear in conversation. They were exceptionally well-written, but with his usual modesty he refused to give his consent to their publication in spite of the constant demands of relatives. The beautiful quality of his spirit is illustrated by a friend. "He wrote letters frequently to small children and they were not the least of the fine things he did well." To be like "Alec" Bruce was the goal of many a youngster. What his comrades thought of him is shown by one who wrote, "Everybody who knew him recognized him as one of the cleanest, most straightforward chaps in the crowd." Another friend who had known him well at home said, "In the years he had lived, few as they were, he made a record of brilliant achievements in the classroom and on the battlefield. Surely he has not lived in vain."

HENRY HOWARD HOUSTON, 2D

ONE of the truest things which can be said of Henry Houston is that no matter where his duty lay he gave himself always with whole heartedness, self-effacement and loyalty. A member of Section Twelve from its beginning, he rendered faithful and courageous service on the Verdun front during the winter and spring of 1917, for which he was decorated with the Croix de Guerre by the 132nd Division of French Infantry on April 5th of that year. Early in May he was selected as one of the first group of fifteen men, mostly heads of sections, to be sent to the French Officers' Training School at Meaux. Upon completion of this course, at a time when too many volunteers were considering where they preferred to serve rather than where their services were needed, he placed himself unconditionally at the disposal of the Field Service Headquarters to be assigned as they saw fit, and as head of a camion section, T. M. U. 133, he proved himself a wise and devoted officer.

In August, 1917, he resigned his command under the Field Service and returned to America to accept a commission as aide on the staff of General William G Price, Jr., commanding the 53rd Artillery Brigade It was with this brigade that he had served on the Mexican border, immediately after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, during the summer and fall of 1916, in the First Pennsylvania Field Artillery (107th U. S. F. A.), and of which he had written while in the camion service. "I still have hankerings toward the artillery,— first loves are strongest, you know."

He took up the new task with a determination to use to the utmost his rare advantage of previous military service with the brigade and six months' experience with the armies at the front. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the following quotation from a letter written by General Price. "Rejoining his old brigade, he brought with him a deep knowledge of conditions of service in

France, which was of inestimable value to the brigade in its preparations for service there. To me personally he was of great comfort and assistance; his services during the training period, lecturing on subjects which came under his observation prior to the United States' entry into war, and during his aerial training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, from which he graduated as a flying observer, were of great value."

During the long, anxious months of training, both in America and France, the example of his never failing cheerfulness and devotion to duty helped many a fellow officer or enlisted man over the pitfalls and discouragements inevitable in the building up of a successful fighting unit, and thus affected in no small degree the morale of the entire brigade. The fact that his name was chosen for the American Legion Post at Germantown, Pennsylvania, the second largest post in the state, is a proof of the esteem in which his comrades held him. He was killed on August 18th, 1918, near Arcis le Ponsart, having volunteered to go to a position near the lines to give instructions regarding the proper liaison between the air forces and batteries.

Of his death General Price writes: "As his commanding officer I can not find words to express the sense of loss we all felt, the realization by all of his sterling worth, his value as an officer and his promised value as a citizen. Thoughtful, unselfish, kind and brave, he died as I believe he would, could he have chosen, facing the enemy in battle, fearless and with a sublime confidence in the future life which his associates well knew he had.

"Thus he died, a Christian gentleman, a soldier who loved humanity, his country, and his God."

HENRY HOWARD HOUSTON, 2D

Born April 5, 1895, in Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania. Son of Samuel F. and Edith Corlies Houston. Educated Chestnut Hill Academy and University of Pennsylvania, Class of 1916. Battery "C," State Guard, Mexican Border, 1916. Joined American Field Service, January 8, 1917 · attached Section Twelve. French Officers' Automobile School, Meaux. *Chef Adjoint*, Transport Section 133 to July 30, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Returned to America. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, Aide, Commanding General's Staff, 53d Artillery Brigade. Trained Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as flying observer. First Lieutenant, U. S. Field Artillery, 28th Division. Killed by shell, August 18, 1918, near Arcis-le-Ponsart, Marne. Buried Suresnes, Seine.

HARRY WORTHINGTON CRAIG

Born April 19, 1897, in Chicago, Illinois. Son of Norman and Katherine Austin Craig. Home, Cleveland, Ohio. Educated St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wisconsin; Cleveland East High School; and University of Wisconsin, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, January 8, 1917; attached Section Twelve until July 9, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Returned to America; enlisted in U. S. Aviation. Trained in France and Italy. Commissioned First Lieutenant; attached French Escadrille 129. Killed in combat, August 20, 1918. Croix de Guerre with palm. Buried French Cemetery, Pierrefonds, Oise. Body transferred to American Cemetery, Romagne-Sous-Montfaucon, Muese.

HARRY WORTHINGTON CRAIG

"Oh, it isn't in words that they show it —
Words are too feeble to tell what they feel,
It's down in their hearts that they know it,
It's down in their souls that it's real.
So they stick to their work as they find it,
And forget the caprices of Chance,
For they know that the price of the big sacrifice,
Is little enough — for France!"

R. A. D.

WHEN the appeal came for volunteer *ambulanciers* in France, Harry Worthington Craig, then a sophomore in the State University of Wisconsin, was among the first to offer his services. He sailed with his group early in January, 1917, and for the next six months he lost — and more truly found — himself, in the grim realities he encountered in that tattered, grimy, bleeding fringe of the war — the zone of the *ambulanciers*. All of his fresh vigour, and sense of outraged justice he poured into that work with S. S. U. 12, in the sector near Esnes and the Bois d'Avocourt, and later, in the Châlons sector.

His complete indifference to personal danger he demonstrated time and again, and France acknowledged her appreciation of this unselfish and splendidly fearless service by decorating him early for bravery under fire.

Before his six months' enlistment had expired, America had entered the war, and upon completing his term as an *ambulancier* Craig returned to this country, only to go back to France, immediately, under our flag. He enlisted in aviation, completing his training, and receiving his commission as First Lieutenant only two months before his death.

Here, as in the ambulance service, he distinguished himself by his courage and loyalty, and was again honored by the French Army in being awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm. Even in this world strife, where the individual must, of necessity, be blotted out in the great scheme of things, his record stands high among those of individual achievement — primarily because of

the thoroughness and forgetfulness of self with which he shouldered his particular responsibilities.

Lieutenant Craig never allowed the bitterness of war and its appalling grimness to overcast the natural buoyancy of his nature. Perhaps one of his greatest contributions to the winning forces was this undaunted optimism and cheeriness of his His pilot writes that he was loved by every member of his Esquadrille because he was always happy and smiling, kind and considerate to everyone. And a sunny spirit was more precious than bullets in those days

Lieutenant Craig was born April 19, 1897, and was killed in an encounter with a German plane, August 20, 1918. He was buried with all military honor among his brave companions, the French officers, in a small cemetery in Pierrefonds. He attended St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wisconsin, graduated from East High School in Cleveland, Ohio, and was embarked on his college career at Madison, Wisconsin, when he responded to the call of France.

In the History of the American Field Service is this tribute to the men of S. S. U. 12, who made the final sacrifice — a tribute by a fellow *ambulancier*, which is particularly applicable to Harry Craig :

"We render these men all due honor, and salute them as comrades who never faltered in their duty, and who were over-eager to accept service of any kind. They went to their deaths as men should, serving their country to the last moment."

CHARLES HENRY FISKE, 3D

CHARLES HENRY FISKE, 3D, left Harvard at the end of his Freshman year to join the Field Service. He was immediately sent out to Section Three, then stationed near Pont-â-Mousson, on the Lorraine front. A month or so later, when this Section was offered the chance to go with the French troops to the Balkans, "Charley" volunteered to go with it, and for the next eight months he drove his ambulance along the front in Albania and northern Greece.

"Fiske was one of the youngest members of the Section," wrote an older man who was thrown much with him at the time, "but he made many friends among his fellow drivers. He was modest and unassuming and always showed the keenest and most dependable sense of duty."

When he returned to France from the Balkans in June, the United States had joined the Allies, and Fiske sought a chance to enter his country's army. At that time, however, enlistment was impossible in France, so for several months Fiske served as a volunteer driver for Major Frederick Palmer then in charge of the war correspondents attached to the American army. "Fiske had the gift," wrote Major Palmer, "of making a good first impression and improving it upon acquaintance. He was as dear to me as if he were my own son."

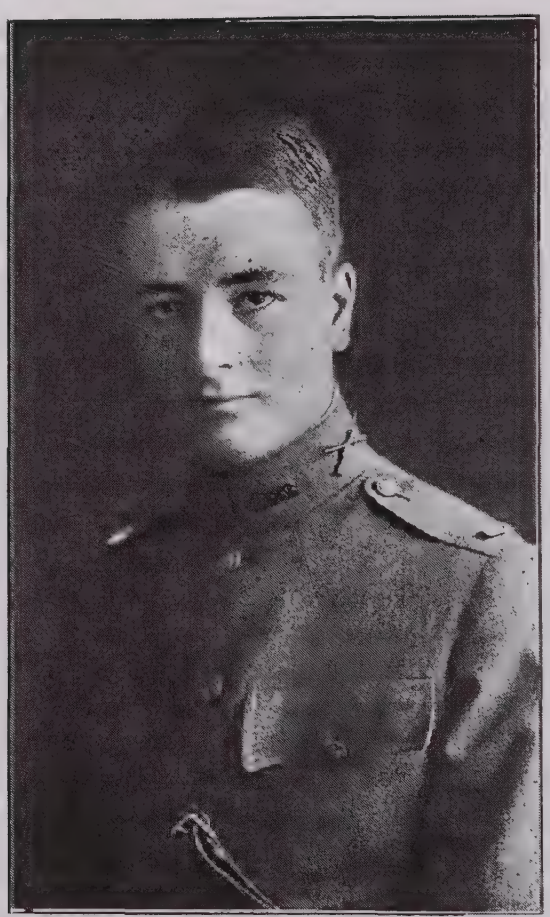
In September, 1917, he returned to America and, finding himself too young to be accepted at any officers' training camp, re-entered Harvard where he became a member of the Harvard Regiment. But his eager heart was overseas and, as soon as he became of age, he enlisted at Camp Upton, graduating early in April as an officer candidate.

From Camp Upton, Fiske was ordered to France with the 77th Division. He served with this division as a sergeant until July when he was promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant and assigned to the 111th Infantry of the 28th Division.

Six days after joining the 28th Division, while on duty near the village of Fismettes, he was struck in the shoulder by the fragment of a shell After an emergency operation had been performed in a field hospital he was sent back by a canal boat to Paris where he died, August 24th, in Red Cross Hospital No. 3, while undergoing a second operation. The funeral was held in the hospital on August 27th and his body was interred in the American Military Cemetery at Suresnes.

A friend, who knew and loved Fiske and who returned to America with him in 1917, wrote at the time of his death "I think his first quality was his modesty. He never realized that everyone on shipboard watched him with admiration. Everyone I talked to asked me who that glorious boy was and what he had been doing. He, on the other hand, said to me more than once, 'It is foolish to think that anything you do or are is your own self. It is all the result of what some one else has done for you.'"

Harvard University awarded him posthumously the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Two scholarships in his honor have also been established by his parents. One is to be given to a French student desirous of studying at Harvard and the other will be tenable at Trinity College, Cambridge, by an American nominated by the President and Fellows of Harvard University.



CHARLES HENRY FISKE, 3D

Born December 3, 1896, in Boston, Massachusetts. Son of Charles Henry Fiske, Jr., and Mary Thorndike Fiske. Educated Noble and Greenough and Country Day School. Trinity College, Cambridge, England, and Harvard University, Class of 1919. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. Joined American Field Service, August 13, 1916; attached Section Three in France and Balkans to June 30, 1917. Volunteer chauffeur with Major Palmer to September, 1917. Returned to America, enlisted U. S. Infantry, Camp Upton, January, 1918, 77th Division. Sailed April, as Sergeant. Commissioned Second Lieutenant; attached 111th Infantry, 28th Division, July, 1918. Died at Red Cross Hospital No. 3, Paris, August 24, 1918, of wounds received in action near Fismes, Marne, August 12th. Buried American Cemetery, Suresnes, Seine.

GREAYER CLOVER

Born April 14, 1897, in Chicago, Illinois. Son of Samuel T. and Mabel Hitt Clover. Home, Richmond, Virginia, and Los Angeles, California. Educated Los Angeles and Pasadena schools, California; one year Leland Stanford University; Yale University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, May 19, 1917; attached Transport Section 133 to November 19, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. Second Lieutenant. Killed in aeroplane accident August 30, 1918, training at Issoudun. Buried Issoudun, Indre.

GREAYER CLOVER

Of all the qualities of character that distinguished Greayer Clover, perhaps the one that most fills the memory of his friends is his greatness of heart. He was as utterly incapable of thinking a mean or selfish thought as he was of "funking" in time of danger,— and courage, both moral and physical, was at the very foundation of his nature. His letters and his more formal sketches breathe loyalty — loyalty to his ideals, his country and his friends. From his camion section he wrote, "There are forty of us in the section and each one has thirty-nine friends," and we know that he would have given his life for any of them because such was his plain understanding of friendship. "He had the kindest, tenderest and most generous heart that ever beat!" is the heart-broken cry of one of his closest friends. He loved children and they were quick to find in him a spirit as pure and fresh as their own. Of his generosity — thoughtful, sacrificial generosity that took him often far out of his way to serve others — we have countless evidences. He "gave his own blankets and all of his sweaters and mufflers" to a family of Belgian refugees whom he discovered almost destitute in the winter of 1917–18, and he diverted every cent of his pay that he could spare, to their support. "Many of us *think* of deeds such as that," a friend wrote, "but 'Grub' was one of the few who continually *did* them."

Greayer entered Yale in the fall of 1916 after a year at Leland Stanford Jr. University. As a schoolboy he had won the California interscholastic tennis cup and his athletic achievements continued at college. On April 17, 1917, he wrote to his father arguing for permission to join the American Field Service, closing with the cry, "And Oh! I want to make it France!" On May 19th, he sailed and in his father's words, "Never went a Crusader to the Holy Land with more zeal to serve." He served in the Camion Branch of the American Field Service until its absorption by the United States Army and then

enlisted in aviation. On August 30, 1918, while flying across country over Romorantin, his plane skidded and crashed to the ground, killing him instantly

"If so good a flyer as Greayer had to fall," Lieutenant J. R. Crowe, his "bunkie," killed two weeks later in the same way, wrote, "I know that it is all chance anyway."

His writings, which include a published volume of anecdotes under the title "A Stop At Suzanne's," betray a great deal of real literary ability, but more particularly they reveal the charm of his personality and the sincerity and fearlessness of his character. They indicate wide and intelligent reading, an intense love of music and a deep-seated admiration for France and the civilization that she represents, together with a quick and sympathetic appreciation of the humorous and the pathetic.

In the charming little sketch that gives the title to the book, Greayer tells of making his stop at "Suzanne's," — that romantic inn where new-fledged aviators were welcomed in the brotherhood of the air. There he signed his name in the big book, below the names of Guynemer and Fonck and Bishop, with a boyish exalted thrill at the thought that those to come after might one day pause over his signature and remember him. That day has come and we cease turning the pages to bow silently over his name,— not because of the greatness of his achievements, but because of the beauty of his life. He did not have the good fortune to win his spurs in battle, but he leaves a record as imperishable as time itself,— that we may not forget.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG ELLIOTT

Not content with being merely useful as a civilian engineer in one of the largest flying fields in France, William Armstrong Elliott of T. M. U. 133 felt the urge for combat work so keenly that he submitted to an operation to make him physically fit for actual flying. Immediately following the operation, typhoid fever set in and Elliott died in the Naval Hospital at Beaucaillon, France, September 4, 1918.

In appreciation of his fine sense of duty, the navy buried Elliott with full honors. "His funeral was attended by the officers and men of my command," wrote Commander F. T. Evans to Elliott's mother, "For although not a member of the military forces of the United States your son had indeed become a comrade in arms and has given his life in the service of the country he loved."

Elliott was born January 22, 1896, in Moab, Utah. He moved with his parents to Oxnard in California, in 1899. There he lived until 1912, when he entered the University of California. In the spring of 1917 he joined one of the university ambulance units leaving for volunteer service in France.

At the end of his enlistment with the American Field Service in November, 1917, Elliott became inspector in the construction department of the air service at Paris, and shortly after was sent to Romorantin to assist in the building of an industrial center for the aviation branch of the army. In June, 1918, with the pressure of the German offensive steadily growing, he obtained permission from his commanding officer to go to the French Artillery School where he was anxious to get the training which would send him again to the front. Major Bates, in recommending him to the school wrote: "He desires to obtain permission to enter your school to receive training for the artillery branch of your service with the hope that he can obtain a commission in the French Army.

You will find this man an exemplary, clean cut, honorable gentleman, in whom you can place every confidence."

While at Fontainebleau he received a call from the naval aviation service. At Pauillac, where he was assigned, Elliott soon found himself again in construction work in the rear. His urge to get into more active service steadily growing, Elliott consulted the medical authorities there. He learned that an operation was necessary before any army or navy would accept him, particularly for artillery. He made arrangements at once to enter the hospital, from which he never returned.

On learning of his death Major Bates wrote to Elliott's mother, "Our association together was one of the brightest periods of my long service, and I want to say to you in all candor, your son was one of the most honorable of men, and it was a real pleasure to be associated with him in our work, which was the most important in the air service in all France. Please accept my sincerest sympathy in your great bereavement. I mourn with you in your loss of your dear son and my friend and comrade."

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG ELLIOTT

Born January 22, 1896, in Moab, Utah. Son of Judge C. J. and Mildred J. Elliott. Home, Oxnard, California. Educated Oxnard schools and University of California, Class of 1918. Alternate years at college and working with state and county highway commissions as engineer. Joined American Field Service, May 19, 1917; attached Transport Section 133 to November 17, 1917. Civilian engineer and inspector, Construction Department, U. S. Air Service, Romorantin. Recommended French Artillery School but remained at Pauillac with U. S. Naval Aviation. Died September 4, 1918, of typhoid fever, U. S. Naval Hospital Beaucaillon. Buried Naval Cemetery Pauillac, Gironde.

WALTER LAIDLAW SAMBROOK

Born December 10, 1893, in Watervliet, New York. Son of George T. and Emma Disney Sambrook. Educated Watervliet schools and Syracuse University, two and one-half years, Class of 1917. Florist business, Troy, New York. Joined American Field Service, August 12, 1917; attached Transport Section 397 to November 12, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Quartermaster Corps; attached 302d Motor Transport Company. Staff-car driver for General Wood. Died September 5, 1918, in Paris, of pneumonia. Buried Suresnes, Seine.

WALTER LAIDLAW SAMBROOK

AMONG Walter Laidlaw Sambrook's cherished possessions was the following letter signed by Major General Leonard Wood:

"Private Walter Sambrook has been on duty as chauffeur of my car during my tour of observation with the British, French, and American forces. I found him always thoroughly reliable and extremely intelligent and efficient. We have had no trouble with the car and his services have been in every way most satisfactory."

This voluntary appreciation from a busy and distinguished officer is indeed something of which any soldier might be justly proud. It shows the earnestness and effort Sambrook put into the execution of the ordinary tasks. It was on this tour that General Wood was wounded. A shell exploded killing several Frenchmen and wounding two officers. Miraculously, almost, Walter escaped and turned his car into an ambulance to rush the wounded to a hospital. His action at the time was in part responsible for the tribute given above. It is spirit that counts in determining character, rather than the kind of service to which it is applied; and it is often harder to do the easy job well than the hard one. But Walter did all things alike with the same high resolve and his material reward was on its way at the time of his death in the shape of a promised commission.

Walter was educated at the public schools of Watervliet and later at Syracuse University where he studied in the foresty department. He became a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and made many and loyal friends during his four years there. After graduation he went into business with his father in Troy until the call to war came to him, and in August, 1917, he sailed for France in the American Field Service. On August 24, he wrote that he had been sent to the camion camp at the front and rejoiced at being finally in the midst of the action and excitement. His period of ser-

vice as an ammunition truck driver was full of intense interest for him, and he gave himself to it with characteristic enthusiasm. When the American Field Service was taken over by the United States, he, like so many others, turned his face from the alluring prospect of a return home in the guise of a war-worn veteran to whom avenues of advancement would be open, and enlisted as a private in the American Army. He was transferred to the Q. M. Corps, and, after some months of truck-driving similar to his previous work, it was his faithful and conscientious service in that capacity which caused him to be selected as General Wood's driver.

While on duty in Paris he was suddenly taken sick with pneumonia and after a very short illness and in spite of tender and careful attention, he died on September 5, 1918, just as the bell of the old church near the hospital struck the last note of midnight. He was buried the following day in the beautiful cemetery of Suresnes. General Wood wrote to his family expressing his personal sorrow at the loss of so capable and trustworthy a soldier and informing them that had he lived he would have been promoted to a lieutenancy within a short time. His commanding officer, Lieutenant John B. Atkinson, wrote of him feelingly that "his work was model and his life truly exemplary. . . . . In his death we, his comrades, lose a good soldier, a conscientious worker, and a lad who was every inch a man."

WARREN THOMPSON KENT

In the aftermath of sordid materialism, which so fatefully followed the war, it is potent tonic to our depleted souls to recall a patriotic fervor and consecration to duty, such as Lieutenant Warren Kent's. It stabs our consciences awake and makes us grateful that we have such rare reminders, "lest we break faith with those who lie in Flanders Field."

The high strain of this patriotism is best expressed in the following letter written to his mother a few weeks before he was killed. It is characteristic of all his thought:

"The day of reckoning is coming, and the wind sowed must fructify into the harvest of the whirlwind· God grant I may have some share in this retribution My name is on the list to replace someone who is in a squadron now at the front. It should not be long before I finally reach there. I hope nothing may arise to cause any change, but I will nevermore think I am there until I am actually over the lines with machine gun loaded for the defense of everything worth living for. If it is worth living for, so is it also worth dying for, if necessary. As I wrote before, Mother dear, pray not that I be spared, for while I wish to live and return to you, it is selfish to wish preference for what is dear to us, when so many can not return. Pray only that I may do my duty, and well, and that I may do enough before lost, if so required, that my living may at least be an advantage. If this can be I will die with complete satisfaction. Be perfectly willing to lose me. The price is so cheap for the good to be attained."

Lieutenant Kent came naturally by this high sense of duty as his ancestors shared that sturdy patriotism which laid the foundation of our republic. Coupled with an intense devoutness, this urge to defend to the very last breath those principles he cherished was not to be resisted. Before our country entered the war, Lieutenant Kent was convinced it was our duty to champion the

righteous cause of the Allies by active assistance in their struggle, and he and his cousin, Kent Keay, appealed to Colonel Roosevelt to be allowed to join the expedition he was planning at that time for service in France.

He sailed overseas with a unit from his university, Cornell, on April 14, 1917. Immediately after his arrival he was asked to drive a munitions truck. He accepted willingly, welcoming the most active service possible. He became an ardent admirer of the French people and was keenly touched by their suffering. He writes of it to his mother. "To walk down the streets and see the splendid women in mourning — you can hardly pass one who is not,— when you see the youths and men bearing scars of the conflict, you cannot help but feel that we have been dilatory. It would rend your heart to see the number of women in mourning. They are mourning for men who have served you as well as the one who mourns."

Subsequently, having passed through a French school to qualify as an officer in the automobile service, he declined a commission offered him in the Quartermaster's Department and enlisted in aviation instead, completing the course and receiving his commission early in 1918.

Though an exceptionally fine flyer, on September 7, 1918, he was taken in a disadvantageous position and shot down by one of von Richtoffen's circus while flying near Thiaucourt with the Forty-ninth Squadron of the Second Pursuit Group.

Death held no terrors for him and he fully justified his own words, "If you have to run the chance of death at all, you had better run the full length and sell your life most dearly."

WARREN THOMPSON KENT

Born May 19, 1894, in Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania. Son of Henry T. and Louise Leonard Kent. Educated William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, and Cornell University, Class of 1914. Joined American Field Service, April 14, 1917; attached Transport Sections 526 and 251 to October 14, 1917. French Automobile Officers' Training School. *Commandant Adjoint.* Declined commission Motor Transport Corps; enlisted U. S. Aviation. Trained 2d Aviation Instruction Centre, France. Commissioned First Lieutenant, February, 1918; attached 49th Squadron, 2d Pursuit Group. Shot down and killed, September 7, 1918, near Thiaucourt. Buried Pannes, Meurthe-et-Moselle, by Germans. Body transferred to American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

HORACE BAKER FORMAN, 3D

Born March 4, 1894, in Baltimore, Maryland. Son of Horace B. Forman, Jr., and Lucy Chandler Forman. Home, Haverford, Pennsylvania. Educated Haverford School and College, and Cornell University. Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, April 14, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to October 15, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation Service, October 19th, three months in aviation camps. February, 1918, training Foggia, Italy. Second Lieutenant, May 18, 1918. Returned to France for *chasse* training. Killed in accident, September 14, 1918, at Issoudun. Buried American Military Cemetery near Issoudun, Indre.

"LIKE so many of the heroic youth of America, he saw the right long before his country came to see it, and went forth to make the good fight, not counting the cost — and of that you can forever be proud."

There is something quietly suggestive of the modern crusader in this tribute paid to Horace Baker Forman, 3d, who died "on the Field of Honor, for France." A very modern, American crusader, who shrank from any manifestations of glory, and asked only the satisfaction of wearing the olive drab uniform, and being permitted an active share in the "job to be done 'over there.'"

Horace was a quiet, college-absorbed Sophomore at Cornell when the Great War broke out. It was n't until two years later that he realized that this war concerned him. Fully alive, then, to its significance, he obtained, after some delay, the consent of his family to sail for France with the first Cornell unit as a volunteer in the American Field Service. This was the well-known first group of armed Americans, carrying the American flag, to march through the streets of Paris after the United States had declared war on Germany. Their stirring ovation humbled while it inspired Horace. "Though we are only forty, and not worth our food," he wrote, "we are treated by everyone like kings! . . . . . The only thing lacking is 500,000 or more men in olive drab under the same flag."

Then passed six weary months of camion driving, but Horace never complained, because he was helping the French, and the French poilus were to him "the most wonderful people in the world." France itself he loved as "my second country." The beauty, and the pathos, and the courage of this country were ever-new miracles to him.

Upon completing his engagement in the Field Service, when his family wished him to come home, he wrote that he could not return to college: ". . . . . You must try

to remember that really I am only a little bit of a thing in a big mass. . . . . I must get into line in some regular service and stay to the finish."

Young Forman's enlistment with the camion service expired October 14, 1917. Within the week he had enlisted in the United States Air Service. For three trying months, he was detained in an aviation camp, waiting to go into training. At this time he gave thanks for having been taught to play chess when he was young. "You have lots to thank other people for if you take time to think — and you have lots of time over here! When you stand out in the dark with a gun . . . . . and with nothing to do but keep awake . . . . ., you can do a lot of thinking!"

Inaction ended the first part of February, and by the 15th, he was settled at a training camp in Foggia, Italy, really flying at last. He showed from the first that he was a born flyer In three months he had completed the training and received his commission as Second Lieutenant, on May 18, 1918.

Lieutenant Forman was sent back to France for advanced work. Though skilled in bombing, he chose the work of *Chasse* pilot, as more sportsmanlike There were inexplicable delays and as he waited orders, on September 14th, he was killed in a sad and strange aeroplane accident, when in descending from his plane, "the propeller fractured his skull, causing immediate death."

But the Crusader's spirit cannot die. His life was Forman's gift to his country and to France; his spirit of unselfish service was his gift to humanity — his memory will live enshrined in the hearts of men.

HAROLD HOLDEN SAYRE

LIEUTENANT HAROLD H. SAYRE possessed in no small degree the finest qualities of young American manhood. Clean-cut and manly are perhaps the adjectives which best describe his personality, and underneath an attractive exterior was a sturdy soul upheld by the highest of principles. As one of his intimate friends has said: "He had principles and stuck to them regardless of all and I loved him for his straightforward ways."

A student at Leland Stanford, Jr., University, he enlisted toward the end of his sophomore year, in the American Field Service, and with the second Stanford Unit landed at Bordeaux on June 28, 1917. From July to October he was with Section Ten in the Balkans, and under the particularly trying conditions of the eastern front he received his initiation into active warfare. The summer of 1917 was spent carrying wounded over the difficult passes and rough roads of the Albanian mountains and in September the Section took part in the successful Albanian offensive.

Returning to Paris on November 18, 1917, he resigned from the Field Service, then being taken over by the American Army, and on December 5th enlisted in aviation. He was trained in various schools in southern France, received his commission, and was attached to the 11th Aero Bombing Squadron. It was while attending the bombing school at Clermont-Ferrand that he first met Lieutenant Shidler, later his pilot and friend, who has written of him·

"It was not hard after arriving at this field to pick out the most efficient bombers. All records were accessible and Lieutenant Sayre's was easily among the best. His strong personal character, his clean mode of living, and the high code he set as a standard to live by, made him a prominent figure among the officers at that place, and his good sense of humor made companionship with him most agreeable. He was fond of outdoor exercise and I shall

never forget the long walks through the vineyards of southern France and the swimming in the warm rivers while he and I were together. While visiting the cities and resorts he found his pleasure rather in the ancient architecture and the beautiful drives than in the bright lights of the town. His constant desire to learn and his devotion to duty were such that he would often sit under the most adverse circumstances and finish a map of some particular objective, when it was a common habit to let such things slip by as easily as possible and let the responsibility rest upon the one in command."

As a member of the 11th Aero Bombing Squad, Lieutenant Sayre took part in the St. Mihiel drive early in September, 1918, and on the morning of September 14th was sent out with his pilot, Lieutenant Shidler, in company with a formation of several planes, to bomb certain objectives near the city of Conflans. The mission accomplished, they were attacked by a superior number of German planes and in the ensuing combat Lieutenant Sayre was killed, although he kept his guns going until life left his body. His pilot, who was severely wounded, was able to land the plane at Rezonville in the German lines, where he was taken prisoner. It was here that Lieutenant Sayre was first buried, but his body was later removed to the American cemetery at Thiaucourt.

He met death as bravely and squarely as he had faced life, with no thought but for the cause at stake and no desire but to serve this cause with the best which he had, even to the final sacrifice.

HAROLD HOLDEN SAYRE

Born February 7, 1895, in Hutchinson, Minnesota. Son of A. Judson and Harriet H. Sayre. Lived in Harvey, North Dakota; Calgary, Alberta, Canada; and Hollywood, California. Educated Western Canada College, Calgary; Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, California; Hollywood High School, and Leland Stanford University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, June 9, 1917; attached Section Ten in the Balkans to November 22, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation, December 5, 1917. Trained Clermont-Ferrand. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, June 1, 1918; attached 11th Aero Squadron, 1st Day Bombing Group. Shot down and killed within German lines, September 14, 1918, at Rezonville, west of Metz. Buried Rezonville by Germans; body transferred to American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle, ultimately to be buried in Hollywood, California.

CHARLES PATRICK ANDERSON

Born April 20, 1896, in Oak Park, Illinois. Son of Bishop Charles P. and Janet Glass Anderson. Educated Oxford School, Chicago; Howe School, Indiana; University of Illinois, two years, and Dartmouth College, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, May 5, 1917; attached Transport Sections 133 and 526 to October 8, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. Trained Clermont-Ferrand and commissioned First Lieutenant; attached 96th Pursuit Squadron. Shot down and killed, September 16, 1918, within German lines, near Conflans. Buried Joudreville, Meurthe-et-Moselle, north of Conflans. Body transferred to St. Mihiel American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

"But after all, the main question is not whether men live or die. It is whether they live or die for a good purpose." The words are Bishop Anderson's. His son, Charles Patrick Anderson, did die for the highest purpose a man may know, and so, too, he had lived. The father says that one can only guess what kind of a man he would have become, but we who see the record of his achievement know the answer to such questioning: "Pat" must have followed his fine ideals through all his days, must have chosen trails along the mountain peaks, must have made his career in continuation as unselfish, as clean, and as complete as he made the all too brief years he lived.

September 16, 1918, four bombing *Breguets* of the 96th Squadron crossed the lines in the late afternoon, Lieutenant Anderson piloting the foremost plane with Lieutenant Hugh Thompson as his observer. In his official report, Lieutenant Codman, shot down in the raid, says, as if it were an insignificant commonplace to fly four-strong against twenty-four, "On approaching Conflans, twenty-four enemy aircraft were sighted making for us. . . . . They engaged us after we had reached our objective and dropped our bombs." With no thought of turning from their course until their goal was reached, "'Pat' remained perfectly calm throughout and kept on flying his plane as if nothing were happening." Codman "saw four German planes, two on each side, dive at Hugh's plane. . . . ." "Pat," another survivor said, "instead of starting the machine downward" to escape, "bravely faced the machine-gun fire of the Boche, thus protecting the other planes back of him . . . . . such a wonderfully brave deed. . . . ." What less was possible for one who wrote, "War is war, and all any of us can do is to trust in God and go to it."

"Pat" was an out of doors boy. City life, society, theatres, parties were of mere passing interest, "worth while but unsatisfying." Many things interested, but it

was the "great outdoors" that absorbed him. A reticent boy, he became exuberant when he escaped to the winds and spaces, away from streets and houses. He loved and was loved by animals He hunted and fished and rode. Never one for shallow half-friendships, his friends were many — loyal and worth while Yet always his boon companion was his father. Keenest enjoyment he had on mountain top or in the depths of forests, in the solitudes. What wonder then that he was supremely happy in the air! "He mastered the air," "he played with the air," ". . . . . he loved flying," say comrades. There "Pat" was at home. In his own words, "God is in the air as well as on the ground."

Rejected in America for aviation, he joined the Field Service, giving himself whole-heartedly to his work of truck-driving. But his dreams were of the air, and, in October, 1917, he became a flier. He was pilot of the first American bombing team to cross the lines, and at the time of their death, "Pat" and his observer were the only untouched flying members of the original Squadron, all the others having been wounded, captured, or killed.

Constantly, "Pat" assured the family of his abounding health and peace of mind. "Your worryings would turn to envy if only you could see the delightful time I am having and still getting credit for being a soldier." But he was honestly humble in his service, "Take off your hat, father," he said, "to the men in the trenches."

"In the presence of Death one thinks more about character than about accomplishment," says "Pat's" father, and later, "he never caused his sisters to blush or his parents to sigh." What finer success of character could be a man's than that?

BENJAMIN HOWELL BURTON, JUNIOR

WHEN two-score students in the University of California offered their services to France, one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the abstract idea, as well as a leader in the actual organizing of the college unit for the American Field Service, was Benjamin Howell Burton, Junior.

It is difficult for anyone not a native of the Pacific states to appreciate just how distant from America the war seemed to them in its early days. It required time and much urging from within to stir their sympathies and to awaken a realization of their inherent obligation in the cause of France. It is remarkable then to find among western youths a strong spirit which found expression in such sacrifice as that of "Ben" Burton's.

Not yet of age when war came and in his third year of college, he laid aside his books, and joined eagerly in arranging for the enlistment of his group in the Field Service. As eagerly, when they arrived in France, he entered into that work which promised most immediate action, becoming a driver in Camion Section 133 of the Mallet Reserve. With Section Erhardt, of Groupement Périsée, he began his training at Chavigny Farm, the *camion* center, north of Soissons. Later the Section made its home at Jouaignes, south of the Vesle Here, as throughout his military experiences, "Ben" did his part and strengthened that estimate of his character which appears in the words of a California judge who speaks of his "reputation for honesty, integrity, industry, and sobriety . . . . . high principles and ideals." "A good specimen of young manhood," Oscar Robinson, President of the Board of Trustees of Colusa, had called him when he volunteered. And to the end he set an example for young American manhood.

Young Burton was given the French War Cross in November, 1917, for conspicuous bravery "*en contribuant à depanner deux camions sous un violent bombardement qui fit deux victimes à ses côtes.*" His own letters

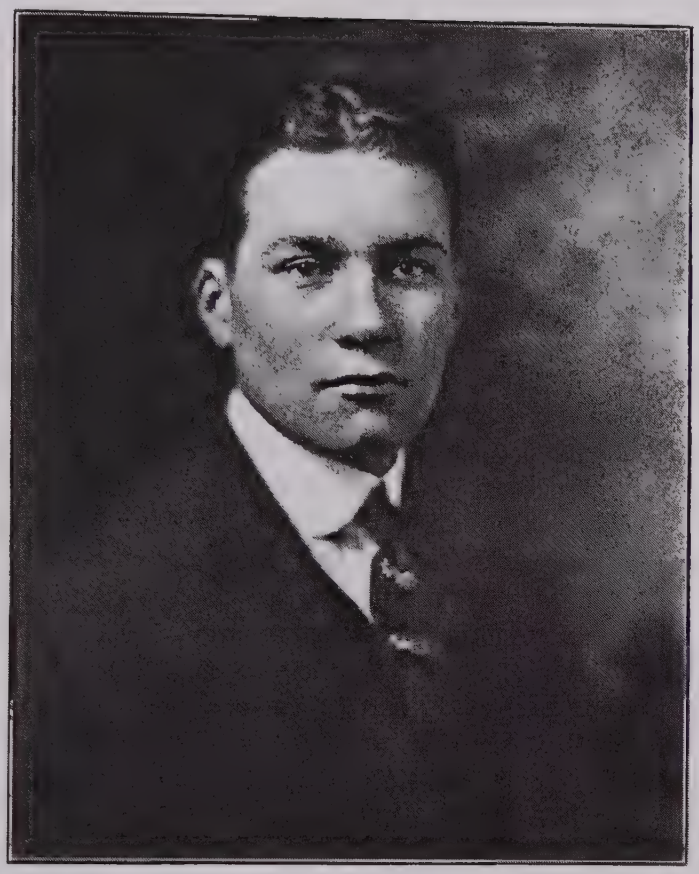
made slight mention of the affair, but a fellow *camionneur* described it laconically in a letter: "The other night they sent us up one deuce of a steep hill about half a mile from the first trenches and that is close for our big trucks. The roads were slippery and full of shell-holes, which made driving fierce. About nine cars got stuck in the ditch and were all pulled out except one — 'Ben' Burton's and 'Herb' Hope's. They had to stay all night in the cold and rain. In the morning the Boche saw them and began throwing in four-inch shells. Two Frenchmen were killed near them, but the California fellows got out O. K. — mighty lucky"

When the Transport Service was taken over by the American Army in the fall of 1917, Burton enlisted in the United States Field Artillery. After training, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant, and assigned to an active command. On September 15, 1918, just as he was starting for the front, a terrible toothache came on, and hoping to continue immediately with his reentry into action, "Ben" underwent an examination in Toul. An operation was decided upon at Base Hospital 45, and ether administered. Young Burton never came out of this anesthetic, however, and on September 18th he died of laryngeal oedema.

His is one of those deaths which seem cruelly inappropriate for a vigorous youth — for one who had already served with the French armies and been cited for bravery. Yet for one of "Ben" Burton's fine spirit, the manner of dying — as the glorious climax of battle or unglorified in a hospital at the rear — could matter but little — since it was for his country and his ideals.

BENJAMIN HOWELL BURTON, JUNIOR

Born June 1, 1896, in Willows, Glenn County, California. Son of Benjamin Howell and Anna T. Burton. Home, Colusa, California. Educated Colusa Grammar School; Belmont, California, Military School; and University of California, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, May 19, 1917; attached Transport Section 133 to November 16, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Field Artillery. Commissioned Second Lieutenant; attached Motor Battery. Died September 18, 1918, under ether, of larnygeal oedema, during operation at Base Hospital, Toul. Buried American Cemetery, Toul, Meurthe-et-Moselle. Body to be transferred to Willows, Glenn County, California.



WILLIAM HENRY TAYLOR, JUNIOR

Born December 6, 1898, in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Son of William H. and Nellie Grace Taylor. Home, New York City. Educated Phillips Academy, Andover, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, April 28, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 as *Sous-Chef*, to August 27, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation, August 28, 1917. Trained Issoudun and Toul. Commissioned First Lieutenant, November 29th. To front with 95th Aero Squadron, February, 1918; Flight Commander. Hospital following accident, June to September, 1918. Shot down and killed, September 18, 1918, near Lake Lachausée, north of Thiaucourt. Croix de Guerre with palm. Recommended D. S. C. Officially credited two enemy planes. Buried in St. Mihiel American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

WILLIAM HENRY TAYLOR, JUNIOR

"Big Bill" Taylor was what he was called by his comrades at Issoudun and Toul and the affectionate nickname did not refer alone to his size. Though only nineteen years old when he made the supreme sacrifice, he had already shown himself a natural leader of men. On his arrival in France in the American Field Service he was immediately made an *adjutant* in his camion section, and later on, though he was the youngest man in his squadron, he was appointed one of three Flight Commanders. He was "Big Bill," too, for his skill and daring as a pilot. "His exploits at Issoudun" says Major Claude Fuess in "Phillips Academy, Andover, in the Great War," "were remembered for months after he left there,—especially his feat of flying under low-hanging wires into a hospital court and then out over the enclosing wall."

William was at Andover in the spring of 1917, a member of the class of 1918. Quite naturally he was one of the first to respond to the idea of an Andover Unit of the American Field Service. And on April 27th he sailed as a member of that body. He served with Section 526 of the camion branch until August 27th, when he received his honorable discharge, and the next day enlisted in the American Aviation Corps. Within two months he was commissioned First Lieutenant and early in 1918 he left for the front with the first American *Chasse* Squadron — the 95th. From the time of his first patrol he showed the same dash and ability as a combat pilot that had so distinguished his work in training and it was only a short time before he received his appointment as Flight Commander. Captain John Mitchell, the commander of the 95th Squadron, has described the combats that won William recommendations for the Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross "for displaying exceptional judgment and courage in aerial combat." The D. S. C. was unfortunately held up in spite of the earnest and unanimous requests of his immediate superiors but the

Croix de Guerre with palm was later awarded by the 6th French Army. "While on a patrol in the Toul sector on May 21st," wrote Captain Mitchell, "he attacked and destroyed a bi-place German photographic machine which was operating over our lines and on May 28th, with another pilot, he brought down another bi-place German plane, out of a formation of five. In June while 'taking off' from the field at Toul an accident occurred which caused him to be sent to an American hospital at Châteauroux, after which he went to Biarritz to recuperate."

This unfortunate accident and the enforced absence from the front caused "Big Bill" to fret with impatience, and when he rejoined the squadron on September 5th, he was, in his own words, "spoiling for a fight." He "took an active part in the recent and successful St. Mihiel drive," wrote Captain Mitchell, "doing exceptional work in low flying and 'straffing' retreating German troops and truck trains." On the 18th while on patrol, he saw through a gap in the clouds a battle going on below him. He dove immediately to the rescue, but as he emerged from the clouds he was attacked by three Fokkers and after a gallant fight against hopeless odds he crashed into the ground at Étang de La Chaussée near St. Mihiel.

Bill Taylor was one of the heroes of the air, beloved of his associates His laughing, courageous daring will never be forgotten, but he will live, too, in the memory of his friends for the greatness and sweetness of his nature. "I shall picture him always," wrote Dr. Stearns, the Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, who early recognized in Bill the qualities of manliness and leadership that war brought out so strikingly, "the same big-hearted, generous, clean and wholesome fellow it has been my privilege to know."

FRED A. HANNAH

When a comrade was killed near Montgobert in June, 1918, Fred A. Hannah would not allow the *brancardiers* to make a hasty burial there, and refused to budge from the heavily shelled *poste* until the body was given to him. Then with greatest care and reverence "Shorty" drove back where a fitting funeral could be held. Hardly more than three months later he himself was killed. They buried him at Souilly, with military honors, and the men, with whom he had stood by that other grave, grouped now sadly about him, yet proud in their grieving.

Fred was extremely reticent and never discussed his personal affairs, perhaps feeling them of small interest to others in so large a world. As his sister says, "It never occurred to him that he had ever done anything more than his duty." One entry in his diary is especially characteristic· "Have been lucky enough to be recommended for the Croix de Guerre. Don't know what for." But those who had worked beside him knew, and were glad. He always did more than his share. If a man lagged from exhaustion, somehow, without any fuss, "Shorty" was in his place doing the extra tasks. If a man had trouble, Fred was sure to be found helping him out of his difficulty. In fear, however, of appearing better than he thought himself to be, Fred tried to hide behind a crust of gruffness and a biting, sarcastic tongue, his bigness of heart, unselfishness, and sensitiveness. And yet he was remarkable in "his unassuming modesty, his simple straightforwardness, and his hatred of all sham, hypocrisy, and pretense." "Shorty" had, too, an amazing fund of dry humor and an ability to recount his own adventures with a laughable twist that was irresistable

Fred was over draft age when war came, and below standard army height, being not quite four inches over five feet tall. Neither these facts, nor the unusual activity of his business that spring weighed with him. In

less than a month Fred wound up his affairs and was a volunteer in the Field Service, representing the Scranton Presbyterian Church, but meeting his own expenses. He joined Section Seventeen in the field, and served with it as a driver until his death. He had intended, in justice to his business, to remain only six months; but Fred, who would have scouted the idea of heroism or sacrifice, decided that personal interests must wait. The recruiting officers, however, rejected him for dental defects, and only after considerable treatment, a letter from Field Service headquarters, and a very informal examination, could he get himself accepted. His own accounts of this were excruciatingly comic. Yet what more truly heroic and pathetic than this lonely little man fighting to secure the privilege of dying in service.

"His letters were cheerfully optimistic," writes his sister, " . . . . . with never a complaint of hardships; filled with the doings of the section and nothing of his own achievements." An old friend speaks of "his wonderfully clear vision of his duty," and Fred entered upon it not as an enthusiastic, careless youth, but with the mature judgment of a man who has counted the cost and will not be deterred. He became ". . . . . one of the best drivers in the section . . . . . distinguishing himself by his devotion to duty and the extreme gentleness and consideration he showed his wounded." "The biggest little man I ever knew," said a companion.

On the night of September 20, 1918, at Deuxnouds, not far from St. Mihiel, Fred was returning from duty when a German plane let fall a number of bombs. The first one landed close to "Shorty," wounding him terribly, and he lived only a few minutes. He had made his decision long before, and he was not afraid now. In those last moments he smiled, as a great man may, and went to meet death smiling, perfectly content to die for his ideals.

FRED A. HANNAH

Born April 9, 1885, in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Son of Hugh M. and Elizabeth J. Hannah. Educated Scranton schools and Mercersburg Academy, Class of 1907. In business with Unity Coal & Coke Company, Berwinsdale. Entered real estate business for himself, 1913, Scranton. Joined American Field Service, July 9, 1917; attached Section Seventeen to September 20, 1917. Enlisted as private U. S. A. Ambulance Service with French Army. Croix de Guerre. Killed by aeroplane bomb at Deuxnouds-aux-Bois, north of St. Mihiel, September 20, 1918. Buried at Souilly, Meuse. Body to be transferred to Dunmore Cemetery, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

LEON HAMLINK BUCKLER

Born January 6, 1894 in Farmington, New York. Son of John A. and Addie Hamlink Buckler. Home, Rochester, New York. Educated West High School, Rochester, and three years Rochester University, Class of 1917. Publishing business, Buffalo, and Curtis Aeroplane Company. Joined American Field Service, December 18, 1916; attached Section Four to summer of 1917. Attached Field Service Camp, May-en-Multien. Enlisted U. S. A. Ambulance Service with French Army. First Sergeant. Reassigned Section Four (627). Died September 19, 1918, of pneumonia, in Urbes, Alsace, and buried there. Body to be transferred to Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, New York. Croix de Guerre.

LEON HAMLINK BUCKLER

THE quiet heroism of Leon H. Buckler shines out so steadily and warmly from the simple narration of his services, that the following letter from a co-worker reveals the man with a sincerity and completeness difficult to equal.

"The first time I met Buckler was in the late fall of 1916, when he joined Section Four of the American Field Service. He arrived at Ippécourt in the Verdun Sector when the snow was on the ground and the weather conditions the worst that had been seen in France in twenty years. He was a small, slight figure of a man, looking so delicate that one wondered whether he would have the physical strength and stamina to go through the War. We were living in Ippécourt in brushwood compartments made by German prisoners, with very little protection from the weather.

"It happened that I took Buckler up with me as orderly on my car to Esnes on his first trip to the front. We drove back and forth most of the night through a blinding snow storm in the bitter cold, with the usual amount of shelling on the road, as this post and sector were always pretty active. Buckler showed remarkable courage and no nervousness under the shell fire, and seemed as keen as mustard for the work. He exhibited an extraordinary amount of wiry strength in helping carry the wounded to and from the car, and in helping push the car through the snow and mud. Altogether we had a very strenuous night, and when we got back to Ippécourt for breakfast in the morning we were ready for a few hours' sleep. However, I found that I had to go at once to a hospital for a wounded man. I said nothing to Buckler, supposing he would want to finish his breakfast and get some sleep. Before I could get away he came out and volunteered to go with me so as to learn the roads to the hospitals. This showed the kind of a man he was, and his reputation with the Section was established from that time on.

"He was a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, always on the job. He invariably kept his car in good order and showed a surprising strength for one of his slight build. A few months later, as *Chef* of the section, I considered Buckler a driver upon whom I could always depend, and yet we worried about him because of his delicate constitution.

"Finally in the spring of 1917, after having been through a winter at the front of terrific cold and exposure in which many of the section were taken sick, Buckler came down with severe pneumonia. In the hospital at Bar-le-Duc, owing to the best of care by the French, he was just able to pull through. What a welcome he received in his Section after his convalescence!

"When he recovered, I insisted at Headquarters that Buckler be sent to help in conducting the training camp near Meaux, that he might be less exposed to the cold and inclement weather for I feared that at the front he might again contract pneumonia. Buckler was, therefore, sent to May-en-Multien, much against his will.

"Later, in the fall of 1917, he enlisted in the United States Army Ambulance Service with the French Army, was made a first Sergeant, and on his own very insistent request, was sent back again to the front with his old Section. Here he continued the faithful record he had always made in the old volunteer days, but in the late summer of 1918, when the Section was working in the mountains of Alsace, he contracted another case of pneumonia, and from this he died on September 19th, in the little village of Urbes in Alsace Reconquise."

"He left behind him many devoted friends and a record of courage and service and devotion of which all his friends and family may well be proud."

ARTHUR CLIFFORD KIMBER

To the memory of Arthur Clifford Kimber, of California, killed in action over Bantheville, France, is linked the distinctive honor of bearing the first official American flag to France after the United States joined in the Great War. These pioneer colors, dedicated at an impressive ceremony under the auspices of the Friends of France, in San Francisco, Kimber unfurled before Section Fourteen, drawn up with a company of French veterans, near Ligny-en-Barrois.

When the Field Service was taken over by the United States Army, Arthur Kimber decided to enlist in aviation, and trained hoping to become a *chasse* pilot. This ambition he later realized, and during the heat of the great battles over the fields of France, in the summer of 1918, he was doing his share of the work as a fighting scout. He took part in three great battles while with the Americans: the Argonne, St. Mihiel, and Sedan drives. It was while he was so flying, and after a record of splendid achievement, that he was killed behind the German lines, September 26, 1918.

Of Kimber's achievements, Mr. Henry D. Sleeper writes "His death is equally mingled with tragedy and glory. It is the eternal epic of high-spirited and patriotic youth. The finest blood of a nation is always ready to give the fullest sacrifice. Those who are willing and fit to give the most to life are also willing to give the most to death."

Kimber left behind him at Stanford University an enviable record. Of his life as a student, Chancellor David Starr Jordan said, "The character of this young man was typical of the best in America, wise, resourceful, and resolute, yet at the same time gentle and idealistic. It was my fortune to know him well as a student and to recognize his noble qualities. That war insistently devours such men as Clifford Kimber is its final indictment at the bar of civilization."

ARTHUR CLIFFORD KIMBER

Kimber was born at Bayville, Long Island, on March 29, 1896. He was a senior at Stanford when he offered himself to France for war service. Of his death his colonel, E. C. Whitehead, has written:

"Arthur Kimber, of the 22d Aero Squadron, who was killed in action September 26th, stands out markedly as one of the bravest Americans that fought in this war. Even before he came to join the Second Pursuit Group at Toul in August, he had an enviable record among Americans serving in France with the Ambulance Corps and while attached to a French escadrille before joining an American squadron.

"On the 26th of September he set out on a patrol with his squadron. The pursuit planes were equipped with two light bombs. The mission was to "strafe" roads between Grandpré and Dun-sur-Meuse. The group of three led by Lieutenant Kimber went to the region of Romagne. Lieutenant Kimber dived toward the railroad station. His machine suddenly blew to bits. It is, of course, unknown whether the shells of artillery from either side or a bullet from the ground striking the bombs caused the tragedy. He was a remarkable pilot; a strong adherent to the requirements of duty; an outstanding type of American air service officer."

ARTHUR CLIFFORD KIMBER

Born March 29, 1896, in Bayville, Long Island, New York. Son of Arthur Clifford and Clara Evans Kimber. Home, Palo Alto, California. Educated Palo Alto High School, and Leland Stanford University, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, May 14, 1917; attached Section Fourteen to September 24, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. Trained Issoudun and Cazeau. Commissioned First Lieutenant; attached 22d Aero Squadron, 2d Pursuit Group. Served with French Spad Escadrille 85. Killed in combat over Bantheville near Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, September 26, 1918. Body as yet unrecovered.

PHILIP NEWBOLD RHINELANDER

Born August 29, 1895. Son of Thomas Newbold and Katherine Rhinelander. Home, Lawrence, Long Island, New York. Educated St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island; Thatcher School, California, and Harvard University, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, July 1, 1916; attached Section Nine in France and Ten in Albania until July 16, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. First Lieutenant, November, 1917. Trained Tours and Clermont-Ferrand; attached 20th Day Bombing Squadron. Killed in combat, September 26, 1918, at Murville, over German lines southeast of Longuyon, near Audun-le-Roman. Buried Murville, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

PHILIP NEWBOLD RHINELANDER

PHILIP RHINELANDER, with his boyish spirit, and his charm, the embodiment of a fine inheritance, was always a favorite in whatever group he mingled. Courteous and thoughtful of others but always with a playful smile on his lips, he won the affection, admiration, and confidence of everyone who knew him. Life seemed to hold everything for him, and yet one knows instinctively that he faced death with that same playful smile hovering about his lips.

On September 26, 1918, the first day of the great Argonne offensive, the Twentieth Aero Squadron, of the First Bombardment Group, was ordered to bomb, by daylight and at all costs, the railway bridge at Dun-sur-Meuse north of Verdun Fourteen aviators crossed the lines to carry out this mission. "Phil" Rhinelander was one of the eleven who never came back.

It was "Phil's" first trip over the lines. He was piloting a DH4 bombing plane equipped with a Liberty motor. Near the village of Dun the flight to which he belonged beat off an equal number of Boche *avions*, and over Longuyon was again attacked, this time by about twenty German pursuit planes of the famous Richthofen Squadron, and a running "cat-and-dog fight" ensued.

"We lost most of our best men," wrote Lieutenant Sidney Howard, the Flight Leader, "among them Rhinelander . . . . . " And Lieutenant Clarkson Potter, who was decorated with the D. S. C. for his part in this raid, and later himself shot down and killed in aerial combat, wrote in a letter home "Several times during the fight I saw Rhinelander and Preston blazing away with their guns as fast as they could fire." An intelligence officer attached to the Air Service of the Fifth German Army has described the onrush of the Richthofen "Fokkers," and writes: "In the ensuing general fight three Americans, who probably wanted to cover the retreat of the others, were cut off. One of these was

Rhinelander. . . . . Three to five German planes pounced upon each of these, separated from the rest, in order to force them to land or to shoot them down. The three Americans put up a bitter fight and gave us hard work. The hopeless fight may have lasted ten minutes. The numerical superiority of the Germans, and their fighting routine, overcame their young adversaries." French eye-witnesses agreed that there were five Boche *avions* attacking his plane when "Phil" fell.

Rhinelander left Harvard to join the Field Service in the summer of 1916 and he remained with it as a volunteer for more than a year. He was at first attached to Section Nine, then working in the mountains of Alsace-Reconquise. Afterwards he was one of those who volunteered to make up Section Ten, which was being sent out, at the especial request of French Headquarters, to work with the French troops in the Balkans. He returned to France in the summer of 1917 and enlisted in the American Air Service, receiving his preliminary training at Tours and his finishing training as a bombing pilot at Clermont-Ferrand.

The many friends "Phil" made during the war were not confined to his own countrymen. His bubbling gaiety endeared him as well to the French soldiers and officers with whom he came in contact. It was as impossible not to feel attracted by his eagerness, liveliness, and grace as it was not to admire his intense loyalty and his unfailing anxiety to do his best. He fell to his death that day, close to the pre-war boundary of German Alsace-Lorraine, with the same high, finely-tempered spirit with which he had faced every experience that devotion to duty had brought him.

GEORGE EATON DRESSER

GEORGE EATON DRESSER, powerful, athletic, and as modest as he was popular, was among the first to volunteer from Phillips Andover Academy and thus help bring the war home to his school community. Enlisting in the American Field Service, he joined Camion Unit T. M. U. 526 B which was made up mainly of Andover men and he served from June 25th to November 18, 1917. At the first opportunity offered him he entered the Tank Corps, and it was in this branch of the service that he met his death.

While driving his tank through the Vauquois Woods in the first wave of the attack which crumbled the German line, the front of his machine was hit by a shell, and he was instantly killed. Taken sharply in battle, while in the act of highest service, his death was truly a fitting consummation to so active and brave a life.

In his school he possessed a rare combination of leadership both in studies and athletics. He excelled in all kinds of sports, and stood high in his scholarship. For this "all-roundness" he received the Yale cup in his senior year at Andover. He also found time to sing in the Glee Club, and to act on the governing board of the Society of Inquiry, the religious society of Phillips Academy. Yet, to those who knew him best, modesty was his outstanding characteristic — incompatible as that may seem with his great gift for leadership

Big, husky, and blonde, he was universally loved and deferred to. It has been said of him that he "represented the highest type of boy, and gave promise of a remarkable future. He excelled in anything he undertook, and at the same time he kept his head."

"Having been in charge of the Andover Unit, of which Dresser was a member," writes Frederick J. Daly, "I can truthfully say that he was on the job at all times, and gave his best, which was always above the average."

GEORGE EATON DRESSER

He was born July 24, 1898, in Chicopee, Massachusetts. He entered Phillips Academy in 1915, and shortly after his graduation, two years later, he joined the American Field Service

George Dresser was one of the Phillips Academy men to whom this tribute in the memorial volume of his school, is particularly applicable:

"Willingly enough they gave their youth, and their right to the light of life and friendship. We who knew them, and all that they were, realize the fullness of that offering. They never looked back but to quicken those who followed, and so, perhaps, led more surely than they knew. Out of their dreams they have left us great realities — and many tasks to make worthy these days that are still ours."

GEORGE EATON DRESSER

Born July 24, 1898, in Chicopee, Massachusetts. Son of George and Lillie King Dresser. Educated Phillips Academy, Andover, Class of 1917. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. Joined American Field Service, June 25, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to November 18, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Tank Corps. To front, September 6, 1918. Killed by shell, September 27, 1918, in action in Vauquois Woods, near Varennes, north of Sainte-Menehould, and buried there.

STAFFORD LEIGHTON BROWN

Born October 25, 1895, in Newton, Massachusetts. Son of George W. and Eugénie Stafford Brown. Home, Newton Centre, Massachusetts. Educated Newton High School and Dartmouth College, Class of 1919. Plattsburg Camp, 1915. Joined American Field Service, March 12, 1917; attached Sections Seventeen and Nineteen, until October 18, 1917. Enlisted in French Aviation, July 21, 1917. U. S. Air Service, January 21, 1918. Commissioned Second Lieutenant. Attached Acceptance Park, Orly. Killed in accident at Hargeville, September 28, 1918. Buried American Cemetery, Suresnes, Seine.

STAFFORD LEIGHTON BROWN

WITH all the zest of youth and an adventure-loving nature, Stafford Leighton Brown went abroad a month before the United States declared war, and entered joyously into the precarious life of war. "It's certainly fun and excitement — something I've always wanted." He was young and utterly unselfish at heart. He wrote home, "If I should happen to get killed don't blame yourself, I will die having a good time," yet in the next breath he could beg his mother to be gay: "Your letters are altogether too sad. You keep speaking about death, but we all feel that if one is fighting for the United States, dying is not to be feared — in fact it is quite an honor." To Stafford it was all a big, fine adventure. He could not realize that war was a thing of fears and forebodings for those who waited across the sea for news. The expectation of combat and great moments, even should they bring an end to living, was to him glorious anticipation. To his mind there was no cause for worry except in delays and idleness. He made sincere if unsuccessful efforts to relieve his family's anxieties, writing in his last letter: "Don't worry about me, I am as safe as though I were back in Newton Centre," then at once effaced his reassurances by adding that an aviator friend had been killed a few days before.

Upon his arrival in France Stafford helped drive chassis from Bordeaux to Paris, then left with Section Seventeen for the front as an ambulance driver, to be transferred shortly as mechanic to Section Nineteen. His duty it then was to keep the whole section fit to "roll," besides which he drove truckloads of wounded and supplies, and in "rush" times took his turn with an ambulance.

In August he went on leave and was released to enter aviation in the Lafayette Escadrille. "Expect to be chasing the Boche around up in the clouds in a few months — or being chased," he wrote. After training

with the French, he enlisted in the American service, being breveted on May 2, 1918. Having driven almost every make of plane, he was placed at Orly delivering machines to squadrons at the front. He grew "pretty sick of this 'ferry' job," writing: "It looks bad now for me. I'll probably be stationed here for the duration of the war, because I know all the routes to the front and schools."

He wanted his people to be proud of him "for having done something worth while or for dying while trying to do the same." "But that," he said, "is the feeling we all have over here, so it's nothing new." Typical of Stafford's unconscious generosity are his words, "I received your Christmas box Everything was there and was finished in fifteen minutes. The fellows who shared the box with me send their thanks, too." However thoughtless of himself he felt keenly for others. He disliked testing and approving planes: "I would n't mind so much going out and getting killed myself, but I don't want to be responsible for someone else's death."

On September 22, having "a chance to go to a large factory and test planes," he did not accept because it would be for "duration." So "Staff" went on, hoping always that he might be sent to a squadron, and feeling, as he expressed it, "pretty much of an *embusqué* to be only driving machines out there for them to take and get killed in," until six days later his plane fell at Hargeville and he was carried into the Chateau where he died. Not in combat, but in making tests that others might not die needlessly, and in furnishing them means of fighting, Stafford did his part, and in the end joined the ranks of the fighters who died in those same planes for their country.

No greatness can surpass the greatness of simplicity, and it is before such greatness that we stand humble in reviewing the war service of John Howell Westcott, Jr. There is nothing dramatic in it, nothing spectacular, just the faithful performance of what he considered a simple duty.

In Brussels when the Germans invaded Belgium, Jack Westcott came into close contact with the war at its very inception. In October, 1916, during his junior year at college, he slipped off to Canada to enlist in the British army, feeling that he must offer himself as a recruit. Being under age he was told that he must obtain his father's consent. In deference to his father's wishes, and to get more quickly to work, he consented to go to France as an ambulance driver. He served six months at the front, then hastened home to enlist in our own army, in June, 1917.

Arriving too late to enter the officers' training camp, and impatient of any delay, he applied for admission to the aviation branch. Fearing that he might not succeed in this effort, and in order to lose no time, he also enlisted as a private in the old New York 7th National Guard Regiment so that he might be drilling while waiting a decision. All of which is significant and characteristic in the face of his personal friendship with President Woodrow Wilson, from whom he sought no favors in all his eagerness to get into active service.

He finally passed all of his examinations for aviation and was told he would soon be assigned to his new duties. No further notice came, and at length, he learned that the records had been lost. Being then at Spartanburg, South Carolina, with his regiment, he decided to remain in the infantry. The regiment sailed in May, 1918, and very soon joined the British army in French Flanders, where it was almost constantly in action for five months. Thus he had the satisfaction of working side by side with

the British, to whom he felt attached by bonds of deep and inherited sympathy, his mother being a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, and had also the happiness of fighting for the France he loved.

His last battle was fought at Le Catelet. He was killed in action while returning from delivering a message for his captain. Acting as an interpreter for his company, Westcott had been offered the position of interpreter on the Divisional Staff, but refused, hating anything short of what he considered his full duty. He died, at the age of twenty-one, a private in "L" Company of the 107th U. S Infantry.

The very human, lovable boyishness of him is well expressed in the following letter from a "buddy": "Westcott was not as well known in the company at first as most of the boys. He was quiet, reserved, and did not seek the companionship of the others. He waited for them to come to him. When they finally did come to know him there was not a better liked nor more highly respected man in the company. After one really got to know 'West' his reserve seemed to disappear entirely. His sense of humor was of the finest, and with his keen wits he continually kept us amused. I never heard him grumble."

From a Princeton man comes the following appreciation "Jack Westcott had one of the most perfectly balanced characters I have ever known. In serious discussions his opinions, because of their soundness, generally won out. In more frivolous pursuits Jack again usually set the pace. In fact, he seemed naturally to possess all the qualities which go to make a young man popular with everybody. I never knew a more honorable and straightforward fellow. You could depend absolutely on his friendship being unfailing and sincere."

JOHN HOWELL WESTCOTT, JUNIOR

Born October 9, 1896, in Princeton, New Jersey, Son of Professor John Howell and Edith F. Sampson Westcott. Educated Hoosac School, New York; Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania; and Princeton University, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, November 11, 1916; attached Section Nine until May 6, 1917. Returned to America. June, applied for aviation and enlisted in 7th N. Y. National Guard Regiment. Records for aviation lost. Trained Spartanburg, South Carolina, as private. Sailed May, 1918, with 107th Infantry (ex-7th N. Y. N. G.), 27th Division. Served with British Fourth Army. Killed by machine gun fire, September 29, 1918, in action near Bony, south of Le Catelet. Buried Bony, near St. Quentin, Aisne.

ALBERT FRANK GILMORE

Born May 31, 1895, in Haverhill, Massachusetts. Son of Reverend Frank A. and Marion Gatchell Gilmore. Home, Madison, Wisconsin. Educated Madison schools and University of Wisconsin, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, March 12, 1917; attached Section Sixteen to November 9, 1917. Enlisted as Cadet in U. S. Aviation. Trained Tours, St. Maixent, Voves, Avord, and Issoudun. Commissioned Second Lieutenant. Died October 3, 1918, of pneumonia, while training at 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun. Buried Issoudun, Indre. Body transferred to Winthrop, Maine.

ALBERT FRANK GILMORE

ALBERT FRANK GILMORE left the University of Wisconsin in the middle of his Sophomore year to enlist in the American Field Service He reached Paris in March, 1917, and was attached to Section Sixteen, which left for the Verdun front about the middle of April. One of the members of the Section has said of its personnel: "The Section was composed entirely of men who had come to France before America had entered the war, and the bond that united them from the very outset was their love for France." It was this love of France which made Albert Gilmore quick to see and appreciate the sacrifices that the French were making. In one of his letters home he wrote. "Everywhere in this beautiful country one sees the black dress or the black arm band, and yet, every day there are hundreds more giving their lives gladly for France."

Endued with the same readiness to serve a cause and a nation which he esteemed so highly, he started work at the front and shared with his comrades the long summer of preparation for the final attack of August 20th at Verdun, where the Section made a name for itself at Avocourt. He remained with the Section until it was absorbed by the American Army in November, 1917. Even before leaving the Field Service he was impatient to render greater service, and a few days after he left Section Sixteen, he enlisted in American Aviation.

There followed the long delay with months of weary waiting at Tours and St. Maixent. Then at length came the eagerly awaited flying orders and training began. After Voves and Avord came Issoudun. Although he had had a bad cold for some weeks he refused to allow it to interrupt his training.

It was this fidelity to duty and this zealous preparation for active service that cost him his life. He died of pneumonia at the 3d Aviation Instruction Center Hospital on the morning of October 3, 1918. In a letter

written to his Mother at the time of his death, his Commanding Officer said: "Lieutenant Gilmore had just fairly started his flying at this center and was progressing nicely when he contracted his fatal illness. He had an excellent record and was universally held in high esteem by his brother officers. His death was a sad blow to all of us You may always have the satisfaction of knowing that your son was a good officer and a true gentleman, a higher tribute than which there is none. He was intent upon preparing himself to play an important part at the front when the unfortunate sickness overtook him. His life was dedicated to his country and he left with his fellow officers an example of earnestness and faithfulness which will live long."

It is from one of his own letters, however, that we glean the best evidence of that quiet, happy assurance and absolute fearlessness that characterized him at all times. It is a letter written to his parents in May, 1918, shortly after the death of his brother Bob at the Pelham Bay Naval Station, New York. ". . . . . This morning when I was up at 2,600 meters I felt as every fellow feels, that there is no one up there but himself and God. It's a queer sensation — one does n't dare even think a cuss word when something goes a trifle wrong with the motor. Before I came down at the end of my hour — I had been thinking of Bob — I could almost hear him calling from the edge of a big fluffy cloud just ahead of me: 'Hi! Al, you bum aviator, I got across all right.' I know he did, and I don't mind much where I pass out if I can get across to him all right too."

WALLER LISLE HARRISON, JUNIOR

WALLER LISLE HARRISON, Junior, died October 3, 1918, as the result of an aeroplane accident, and his body lies buried in the American Cemetery at Issoudun, France. "Harry was good as an aviator as in everything else he tried," writes one of his comrades, "and his death was caused by his overzealousness in doing his duty. He went into the air when he was feeling badly and should have rested, because he felt that he must fly in order to get in his work and not hold up the classes. His idea was most commendable, the result of it most disastrous, but it just went to make up the calibre of the boy."

While a sophomore at Oberlin College, three months before America entered the war, he became interested in the work which the American Field Service was doing in France and determined if possible, to enlist. He was at the time but twenty years of age and it was necessary, before his application could be accepted, that he obtain the consent of his father, who objected to his enlistment on account of his youth and his uncompleted course at college. So great, however, was his tenacity of purpose and determination that he obtained his father's unwilling consent and sailed for France on February 14, 1917. His father has written of him · "Early in life he developed qualities which indicated that he thought for himself, drew his own conclusions, and was true to his convictions regardless of consequences."

From February until November, 1917, he served with the American Field Service, first on the western front, as a member of Section Twelve, and later with Section Three in the Orient. Of a particularly attractive personality, — popular, daring, and with many choice friends, — he quickly made a place for himself in both Sections as the following quotation from one of his companions proves · "Unselfish, generous to a fault, he was truly a man among men and the example of living that he set helped us all."

When, in November, he was released from the Field Service on his return from Albania, his greatest desire was to be accepted in the Aviation Service of the American Army Although he might easily have returned to America, or enlisted in some other branch of service in France, he waited for six long weeks for his application to go through, working, in the meantime, at such odd jobs as he could find in Paris, making enough to buy a scanty allowance of food, and sleeping on the floor, with his army blankets as his only bed, yet never for a moment regretting his decision to hold out for aviation.

He was the type of lad destined to serve the world and he served it to his utmost. Not only did he give his service and his life to the cause for which his country was fighting, but more than this, he bequeathed to his comrades the memory of a character and personality which must always be an inspiration to them. As one of them has written of him: "His was the supreme sacrifice and such a man was he that he met it as only a gentleman and a good soldier could meet it, for that was Harry throughout his life. His memory will never pass, for he was chief among us in giving the true conception of what real life is like. We are weighed down with the sadness of his passing, but such was the man and such the cause for which he died that the sadness can be only for the lonesomeness we feel. He has shown us the way, the hardest way that we shall ever have to go, and with the memory of his graciousness in doing his duty, our duty seems easy."

WALLER LISLE HARRISON, JUNIOR

Born July 12, 1896, in Lebanon, Kentucky. Son of Waller Lisle and Margaret Dugan Harrison. Educated Lebanon High School, Louisville Training School, and Oberlin College, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, February 14, 1917; attached Section Twelve in France and Three in Balkans to November 6, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. Commissioned Second Lieutenant. Killed in aeroplane accident, October 3, 1918, while training, 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun. Buried American Cemetery, Issoudun, Indre.

TINGLE WOODS CULBERTSON

Born January 15, 1886, at Echo Point, near Wheeling, West Virginia. Son of John D. and Sallie T. Culbertson. Home, Sewickley, Pennsylvania. Educated Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and Princeton University, Class of 1911. Business, National Tube Company, Pittsburgh. Joined American Field Service, March 11, 1916; attached Section One to November 16, 1916. On torpedoed Sussex en route to France, 1916. Returned to America. Enlisted U. S. Infantry; trained Fort Niagara, New York. Commissioned First Lieutenant, attached 318th Regiment. To France with 80th Division. Killed in action, October 4, 1918, near Bois des Ogons, north of Nantillois, Argonne. Buried American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, Meuse.

TINGLE WOODS CULBERTSON

"TRULY none but the bravest of noble men could have had the determination and the physical strength and the nerve to lead a front platoon into what he knew was awaiting him at that place," wrote a friend of "Ting" Culbertson, describing the way the latter led his company up Hill 274, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, October 4, 1918.

In that advance the Lieutenant was killed, but his spirit went marching on, as one of his privates testified in the following words: "Such an influence as the Lieutenant had cannot end, but has left its impress on every man, and his name will be on the tongues of our children's children for what he meant to his men."

"Ting" Culbertson felt the full force of the principles for which he fought Early in March, 1916, he went to France to join the Field Service, being upon the Sussex when she was torpedoed in the Channel. He served a year with Section One of the ambulance service, for the most part in the long battle around Verdun. Culbertson returned home in November and subsequently went into training at the officers' camp at Fort Niagara. Soon he was back in France with the Eightieth Division, in the 318th Regiment of Infantry.

Major J. C. Wise has described graphically the battle in which Culbertson lost his life, in a letter to the Lieutenant's parents.

"At 5.45 A.M. your son led his company's advance platoon against the enemy. As the battalion jumped off, the counter barrage fell upon us, literally tearing the forward platoon to shreds. But the rear wave kept on toward the Bois des Ogons. Passing over a gentle crest, we met a tremendous barrage, and those who entered the woods were unable to hold their ground, falling back to the crest. Somewhere between the crest and the woods your son was last seen advancing. Of my sixteen officers four were killed and nine wounded.

"I consider it an honor to have commanded your son. I shall write no eulogy of his character. I admired him as a man, trusted him as an officer, liked him as a comrade in arms, and know that he was greatly beloved by his fellow officers and men. Once I had occasion to reprove him most harshly. His bearing was what it should have been had he been really at fault. I later discovered that he assumed knowingly the blame due his company commander. I shall regret all the days of my life that an opportunity never presented itself when I might without prejudice to discipline convey my amended understanding to him."

The nonchalant and characteristic attitude Culbertson displayed toward discomforts that overtook him in war is evidenced whimsically in the following extract from one of his letters: "Turning off the main road we took a trail through the woods, ankle deep with mud. About an hour before daylight we reached our camping place. I rolled up in a blanket under a tree. It was cold and water was coming down through the leaves, but I was soon asleep. Trifle wet when I woke up in the morning, but that was a usual matter. This is a hard outfit by now and little things like sleeping on wet ground in the rain have long ceased to trouble us."

In the letter from an officer in the same company, Lieutenant Petters, the writer said that the men of Culbertson's command wept when informed of his death. "They lost an officer who had endeared himself to them during their period of training by his personality and conduct and had inspired them during combat by his leadership and personal example."

PAUL WARREN LINDSLEY

PAUL WARREN LINDSLEY made his last flight at Issoudun, France, October 5th, just before his commission as Second Lieutenant arrived, which would have entailed the immediate service at the front which he had so eagerly awaited.

Just five months from the day he had enlisted in the air service his name was inscribed on the nation's Roll of Honor. Returning one day from a two-hour flight, his machine suddenly made a nose dive and crashed to the ground. The cause of the accident was never learned, though it is the belief of some that he fainted.

Young Lindsley, then only twenty-one, whose life ended so abruptly and prematurely, had already seen service in the war. He left the United States in May, 1917, a member of the Marietta College Unit, with which he served six months in France.

His term of enlistment expiring, Lindsley joined the American Red Cross, then in need of help to carry on its work behind the Italian army, at that particular time the principal field of its operations. When the German-Austrian onslaught there was stopped, Lindsley secured his release and went south to Foggia, where many American aviators were training.

Enlisting there on May 5, 1918, he was soon working for a *chasse* pilot's commission. Here, after flying but thirteen times with an instructor, he was given his plane to fly alone, thereby lowering the camp record of fifteen flights with an instructor before solo work.

In July he was sent to Tours in France, and shortly afterwards to Issoudun to finish his training. There, just as he was completing his hard and rapid preparation, he met his unfortunate death.

He was buried near the great American aviation camp at Issoudun with full military honors. Of the impressive ceremony, Lieutenant Ben Putnam, a boyhood friend of young Lindsley from Marietta, wrote his parents: "I

have just come back from 'Sol' Lindsley's funeral. I was the officer of the funeral and since the day of his death I have been a boy with a broken heart It came as a mighty blow to this most magnificent of all flying schools, where deaths are a common occurrence, when the game, jolly, little fellow from Ohio was called upon to give his life for his country.

"On the night of my arrival here, among the first to meet me was Paul. I had n't seen him for almost a year. He was exactly the same little fellow, a real man."

Putnam wrote of Lindsley's courage and his clean-cut devotion to duty, that it was the same which his school boy chums in Marietta High School and Mercersburg Academy had known: "You can tell Mr. and Mrs. Lindsley that, standing beside the grave of their son, through the tears that I could n't have stopped had I tried, I uttered a vow, and that with God's help I'll carry it out. No son can give more, and no real son will ever be satisfied until he has made the same sacrifice or the dark mantle of war is lifted from this country."

The "Marietta Observer" gives the early history of young Lindsley:

" Paul Lindsley was born at Pueblo, Colorado, and when a young boy he came with his parents to this city where he has since made his home. Clean, energetic, and courageous, he was a favorite among a wide circle of friends, who to-day mourn his death.

" He attended the Marietta High School and afterwards attended the Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. Paul has made the supreme sacrifice. His was the spontaneous joy of living, and his influence will be greatly missed by those who knew and loved him."

PAUL WARREN LINDSLEY

Born June 9, 1897, in Pueblo, Colorado. Son of Charles L. and Emma Bolard Lindsley. Home, Marietta, Ohio. Educated Marietta High School and Mercersburg Academy, Pennsylvania. Banking business, Marietta. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Transport Section 184 to November 20, 1917. Joined American Red Cross in Italy. Enlisted U. S. Aviation, May 5, 1918, at Foggia, Italy. Trained there, and from July at Tours and Issoudun, France. Commission arrived three days after death. Killed in aeroplane accident at Issoudun, October 5, 1918. Buried American Cemetery, Issoudun, Indre.

FREDERIC MOORE FORBUSH

Born August 11, 1896, in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Son of F. D. and Florence Moore Forbush. Home, Detroit, Michigan. Educated Detroit Schools and Interlaken School, Indiana. Business with U. S. Tire Company. Joined American Field Service, April 25, 1916; attached Section Eight to October 24, 1916. Returned to America. University of Vermont. Enlisted U. S. Naval Reserve. Eleven trips to France on U. S. S. De Kalb. Died of pneumonia, October 6, 1918, in Philadelphia hospital. Body cremated at Detroit, Michigan.

FREDERIC MOORE FORBUSH

FREDERIC FORBUSH'S home, except for the first three years of his life, was Detroit, Michigan. Here he spent most of his school days and here he worked for nine months in a branch of the U. S. Tire Company, prior to his departure for France. His mother has written of this period of his life: "He was just the average happy, adventurous, fun-loving boy. He had a very keen sense of humor and often had amusing experiences in his association with all types of men and boys. He made friends easily and his greatest enjoyment was in the company of his many boyhood friends."

In the early spring of 1916 he enlisted in the American Field Service and sailed for France in April. The Section to which he was assigned, S. S. U. 8, did not leave for the front until the following month and for the intervening weeks he was quartered in the American Hospital at Neuilly. Here he first saw the results of the struggle which France was making and a letter written home at the time shows how tenderly he reacted to it. "I received my first shock of war yesterday as I was climbing the stairs to my dormitory. A French soldier was descending and his face was the most terrible thing I have ever seen,— all twisted and creased and wrinkled, and one eye and ear gone. He wore the Croix de Guerre, and when I saluted he came to attention and gave me a fine salute. Just that one short glimpse of him seemed to hit me awfully hard and when I got to the dormitory I just had to bawl,— I could n't help it."

His Section left Paris the 25th of May and first took up work in Champagne. By the middle of June, however, they were actively engaged in the Verdun sector, where they remained with but short periods of rest until September. Of the sort of work Forbush did during the summer, the following letter, written by his Section commander some months later, is sufficient evidence: "At the time when we had our hardest and most trying

work at Fort Tavannes, I remember him as being one of the foremost to volunteer for any particularly hard run. When Keogh was hit, our one casualty, he was the one to volunteer to take his place and continue the run at the beginning of which Keogh was wounded. I can but say that I am awfully sorry to see him leave."

On October 24, 1916, he resigned from the Field Service and returned to America. Desire to be near his fiancée prevented him from carrying out his original intention of returning to France and instead he entered the University of Vermont to complete his education. When war was declared in the following spring he enlisted immediately in the Navy and on the De Kalb, formerly the German raider Prinz Eitel Freidrich, made eleven round trips to France. Shortly before his first voyage he was married, and a year and half later a son was born who bears the father's name.

He died at Philadelphia, October 6, 1918, of pneumonia, at the age of twenty-two years, but in his life, short as it was, had been crowded the experiences denied in a long lifetime to many older men. His mother has written of him: "Even as a little boy he was of the fearless, happy-go-lucky type, and he retained those characteristics, even though sobered by his work in France, well calculated to make him thoughtful. He expressed always a deep admiration and love for France and a great satisfaction in having served her,— and for his own dear land he made the supreme sacrifice."

KENNETH ARMOUR BAILEY

LIEUTENANT KENNETH A. BAILEY, 102d Field Artillery, began his military career with the American Field Service. He enlisted in June, 1917, and was assigned to Section Seventy, which left for the front, July 15, 1917. After a summer spent in the recently evacuated country around Noyon and in active participation in the Battle of Malmaison on the Chemin des Dames, he was transferred with most of the personnel of this Section to S. S. U. 636 under the U. S. Army Ambulance Service. One of his fellow members of the Section writes of him in the American Field Service Bulletin: "'Bill' Bailey, as we always called him, had the happy faculty of making friends of all with whom he came in contact. We knew him as one who could be depended upon to do his part and more, whether work or a frolic was on hand, and we remember the long evenings when he would cheer the barracks with his large stock of Scotch songs. These same qualities caused him to be known, during his short career in the artillery, as one of the most efficient and popular junior officers of the regiment."

It was characteristic of "Bill" that he never grumbled, no matter what the hardship or task might be, that he could be always counted on to do his duty and more, and that nothing ever seemed to upset or quell for a moment his prevailing good humor and ready wit. He was exceedingly popular among his fellow members of the section and held from the beginning the deep respect and affection of his officers.

During the winter of 1917–18, spent in the Champagne *Secteur des Monts*, "Bill" began to turn his thoughts toward a combatant branch of the service. As he wrote in December, after seeing the heroic work of the French and the dastardly work of the Germans, he wanted "to get where he could throw things at Fritz and not pick up what he had messed up." Much of his spare time when *en repos* during the early months of winter

while others of his comrades were amusing themselves as best they could, he devoted to studying any available text book he could procure to fit himself for the work he had in view. Nor did this study prevent him from joining wholeheartedly in the life of the Section, for he was an excellent all-round good fellow.

In April, 1918, he was recommended for the American Officers' Artillery Training School at Saumur, France, and received the appointment. Here he made rapid progress and was graduated with honors, receiving his commission as Second Lieutenant on July 10, 1918. Eight days later he was assigned to Battery B of the 102d Field Artillery and was sent immediately into position near Château-Thierry. From then until his death,— he was killed in action, October 9, 1918,— he gave himself devotedly to his chosen work and took part in some of the hardest fights of that memorable summer. One tribute which he pays to his fighting countrymen must be quoted. "I never in the wide world can express the profound respect I have for the American doughboys. They have nothing in them that even resembles fear and are as irresistible as a forty-two centimeter shell. My hat is off to a doughboy every time." His point of view makes it easy to understand why he was so universally liked by the men under him and what his loss meant to both his subordinates and superior officers in the Battery.

Nowhere did the news of his death come with a greater shock than to the members of his old ambulance section. We who had known him well as a soldier and a comrade, knew also the promise which life held for him, had he lived, and not one of us but has since faced life with a little more determination, and a little more desire for real service and self-sacrifice because of his example.

KENNETH ARMOUR BAILEY

Born February 28, 1896, in Newark, New Jersey. Son of C. Weston and Sara Armour Bailey. Home, Glen Ridge, New Jersey. Educated Peddie Institute, New Jersey, and Stevens Institute of Technology. Joined American Field Service, June 25, 1917; attached Section Seventy. Enlisted U. S. Army Ambulance Service, Section 636. April 1, 1918, transferred Artillery Officers' Training School, Saumur. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, July 10th. Attached 102d Field Artillery, July 18th. Killed in action, October 9, 1918, near Château-Thierry. Buried American Cemetery, Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

WILLIAM NOBLE WALLACE

Born January 13, 1895, in Indianapolis, Indiana. Son of Henry Lane and Margaret Noble Wallace. Educated Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and Yale University, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, June 17, 1916; attached Section One to November 27, 1916. Returned to America and College. Enlisted Marine Corps, July 5, 1917. Appointed Second Lieutenant, Quantico, Virginia, August 27th; attached 34th Company, 1st Replacement Battalion. Sailed for France, February, 1918. Army School, Gondrecourt; attached French Division; attached 83d Company, 6th Regiment, June 11, 1918. Wounded, Vierzy, July 19th. Promoted First Lieutenant, September 6th. Battalion Scout Officer. Killed by shell, October 9, 1918, in action near St. Etienne, Champagne. Buried between St. Etienne and Somme-Py, Marne. Body transferred to Crawfordsville, Indiana.

WILLIAM NOBLE WALLACE

"He bartered Youth for Immortality," quoted a noted author in writing of his young friend, William Noble Wallace, who was killed in action near St. Etienne, Champagne, carrying high that standard of devotion which guided the lives of his ancestors. The first of his father's family in America was Peter Wallace, Scotch-Irish, who immigrated in 1724, while on his mother's side was General Arthur Sinclair, who came from Scotland with Admiral Boscawen in 1758. His grandfather was General Lew Wallace, the Mexican and Civil War soldier and author.

"The knightliest of the knightly race
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold,"

"Such was this dear boy," continues the writer. "The General came instantly into my mind when the dark news came, and we, who know the fine quality of both, may ponder how the elder comrade saluted with fine courtesy the Knight of his own house, in the green valley where, beyond these voices, there is Peace"

Lieutenant Wallace's war record begins with his enlistment in the American Field Service. With Section One he served in the vicinity of Verdun from June to late November, 1916 Returning to the United States, he secured his degree of A. B. with his class at Yale in June, 1917. Graduating from the Officers' Training School at Quantico in November, he was assigned to the 1st Replacement Battalion and sailed for France on the U. S. S. Von Steuben. His organization landed at Brest and moved immediately to the training area near Chatillon.

Wallace graduated from the 1st Army Corps School at Gondrecourt at the head of his class, which allowed him ten days at the front with a French Division. On returning he served as Battalion Adjutant until transferred to

the famous 6th Regiment. With it he fought through Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood. On July 19th, while leading his men in the attack before Vierzy he was wounded and evacuated, but rejoined his regiment on October 7th.

October 8th his company was withdrawn for replacements, but Wallace remained, having volunteered to reconnoiter the front line. His mission accomplished with great skill and daring, he was returning in the early dawn, when he was struck by a shell and instantly killed. The Distinguished Service Cross and Navy Cross were awarded Wallace for "extraordinary heroism in action" at this time. At the moment of his death he was a First Lieutenant, having been promoted September 6th, but he died without knowledge of this recognition of his service. His ambulance section had received the Croix de Guerre with Palm and his Marine regiment the French *fourragère.*

The Indianapolis Star in a memorial editorial for Lieutenant Wallace said: "'Whom the gods love die young.' He was a soldier worthy of his traditions and he had the fatal speed of those about to die young . . . . . that absorption of a lifetime in an hour, which we find in those who hasten to have their work done before noon, knowing that they will not see the evening. He carried the torch borne by his brave ancestors, and did them honor. Friends who mourn his early death may cry, 'The pity of it,' but if he echoed in his heart the poet's wish, 'A short life in the saddle, Lord, not long life by the fire,' then indeed he had the career he wished."

WILLIAM CLARKSON POTTER

It seems only yesterday that Clarkson Potter came to Headquarters in Paris and asked if he could not get to the front a little more quickly than any new Field Service man had ever gotten there before. He explained that he had just finished his Freshman year at Princeton, that he had spent about half his life in France, that he had his parents' permission, and that, in short, "the war had been going on long enough without him."

So he was sent to Section One, where almost immediately he became known as "young Potter." Small, slender, with frank eyes and a boyish laugh, he looked hardly a match for the grim work of war. But appearances were misleading. He was ready to drive "anything on wheels"; he was keen to tackle any sort of road, and he seemed to consider skirting shell craters on a black night the best game he had ever played.

He remained with Section One, doing good work through several attacks, until December, 1916, when, in order to be with some close friends, he asked to be transferred to the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps. By this time he was a seasoned as well as a daring driver. "Permanently at an advanced post," read his citation for the Croix de Guerre, "Clarkson Potter made eighteen consecutive trips without a rest in thirty hours and, in spite of the bombardment of the road by the German artillery, he enabled a great number of wounded to reap the benefits of rapid transport."

In August, 1917, he enlisted in the American Air Service as a cadet and was sent to Tours for his preliminary training. Upon finishing his course and receiving a First Lieutenant's commission, he went to Clermont-Ferrand, where he was given advanced instruction as a bombing pilot, and in September, 1918, he was assigned to the 20th Day Bombing Squadron.

His first mission was to take part in a daylight raid over Dun-sur-Meuse on September 26th, the first day of

the great Argonne offensive. Only three of the fourteen men who that day crossed the lines with him returned. The remaining eleven, including "Phil" Rhinelander, a former Field Service man and Potter's best friend, were killed or brought down wounded and captured. Lieutenant Howard, the Flight Leader, and also a former Field Service man, has said that he owed his escape to Potter.

"We were jumped," he wrote in the *North American Review* for November, 1919, "just after the bombing. Fokkers, five or six, came from behind, a second group from above, and a third from in front and below. They came out of peace and nothingness and were on us in an instant, diving through and flying as part of our formation. Bullets hit my plane as though somebody had been peppering me with a handful of gravel. I believe I should have given up and tried a landing, had not Potter stuck. And how he stuck! And in the end, when we did get back, three out of fourteen, one team and a half out of seven, Potter was as cool as — I have no simile."

For his work that day Potter was given the D. S. C. "By his courage and disregard of danger," read the citation in General Orders, "Lieutenant Potter saved the life of his leader and brought his machine safely back to our lines."

But he did not live to receive this honor. He was struck, October 10th, by an "Archie" while over the German lines at a height of eleven thousand feet. He was seen to turn and start gliding towards the American trenches, but, at about six hundred feet, he apparently encountered a strong German barrage which riddled his plane with bullets and killed both him and Lieutenant Wilmer, his observer.

WILLIAM CLARKSON POTTER

Born July 31, 1896, in Dinard, France. Son of Clarkson and Mathilde Allien Potter. Home, Paris, France. Educated Wixenford Preparatory and Harrow Schools, England, and Princeton University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, June 10, 1916; attached Section One until December 10, 1916. Joined Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted U. S. Aviation, August, 1917. Trained Tours, Issoudun, and Clermont-Ferrand. Commissioned First Lieutenant, November, 1917. September, 1918, attached 20th Day Bombing Squadron. D. S. C. Killed in action over lines, near Dun-sur-Meuse, October 10th, 1918. Buried by Germans at Barricourt, Ardennes, near Stenay. Body transferred to Suresnes, Seine.

LEON HENTON DONAHUE

Born September 22, 1895, in Holyoke, Massachusetts. Son of Archibald and Maude Donahue. Home, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Educated Gloucester High School, Class of 1916. Business, and Arkansas Law School, Little Rock, Arkansas. Joined American Field Service, September 13, 1917; attached Section Sixty-six, which became Section 623 U. S. A. Ambulance Service. Died of pneumonia, October 12, 1918, at Clermont-Ferrand. Buried American Cemetery, Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dome. Body transferred to Gloucester, Massachusetts.

LEON HENTON DONAHUE

LEON DONAHUE's mother writes of him: "Leon was gifted with an unusually happy disposition." And it is this quality which seems to have been one of the keynotes of his character. During his early days in the Gloucester High School his teachers always knew where to look for the source of any joke or amusing episode which transpired, and it was the principal himself who gave him the name of "Eternal Donahue" by which he was known throughout his school years. There was nothing the least bit malicious about his fun-making, nor did it prevent his winning the sincere respect and affection of his teachers and fellow students through his earnest work in the various school activities.

On completing his high school course, in June, 1916, he determined to go west and after visiting several cities he at last located in Little Rock, Arkansas. Here he obtained employment with The Wear Ever Aluminum Company and at the same time attended Arkansas Law School. He spent a busy and profitable winter, but in the following spring, when war with Germany seemed imminent, he wrote. "It looks like war and I feel as if I must come back and enlist from my own State. I can not keep my mind on work,— my thoughts are all of war." He returned to Gloucester, full of enthusiasm, to find that he could not pass the physical examination owing to the fact that he was under weight and of rather a frail constitution. After a heart-breaking summer in which he tried without success to enlist in various branches of the service, he was at last accepted as a volunteer in the American Field Service.

He arrived in Paris late in September, just as the Field Service was being taken over by the American Army, and enlisting in the U. S. Army Ambulance Service, was assigned to S. S. U. 623. With his Section he took an active part in the offensive on the Chemin des Dames during the fall and early winter of 1917, and in the de-

fensive operations of the Aisne in the following spring. His unfailing good humor and general adaptability made him exceedingly popular with his comrades. As one of them wrote: "He could do anything from filling the cook's place, when needed, to entertaining us with his mandolin." And another said of his work: "I have often admired him for his courage, his straightforwardness, and the way he thought continually of those back home. Leon was manly to the core. I well remember how one day up near Soissons, he volunteered to go to a *poste*, the road leading to which was covered by German machine-gun fire, not to speak of artillery; also how another time he carried food to us up past places which were close to and in plain sight of the Germans."

During the course of the offensive in Champagne in September, 1918, he fell ill with influenza and was evacuated through various hospitals to Clermont-Ferrand. Here he died of pneumonia on October 12, 1918, and his body was buried in the army cemetery at that place. In his last letter home he wrote of some of his friends who had been killed in service: "It's sad to see so many of our fine young men giving up their lives, but we must expect to suffer as France and England have suffered, and are suffering now." It was in this spirit that he faced death, glad to take his share of the burden whatever it might be. And as one of his most intimate friends has said: "I hope when I die that I will leave behind me as clean a record as Leon's."

"In him I seem to see my dearest ideals realized What strength and vision, what health and vigor of mind and body . . . . . his genuineness a constant spur to those near him. . . . ." These words which to us so well describe George Merrick Hollister, he wrote of his young brother. They express something of what he felt a youth should be, and as accurately, although he could not know it, the feeling which his many friends had for him. Though visioning deeply he never preached; his conduct bespoke the stalwartness of the high personal ideals he held. He was modest and unselfish, withal the most humanly alive person imaginable. His was the simplicity, the lack of all pretense, which is the heritage of great souls. He saw nothing of beauty or heroism in his own manner of facing actualities, but the example of his life and death has left us a guide to cherish forever.

In 1908 George came east from Michigan a frail, lonely lad, but eight years later was at Harvard, strong in body, rich in friendships, and having made an enviable success, when, in the middle of his sophomore year, he went quietly away to drive the Middlesex ambulance in the American Field Service With veteran Section Three his youth and zest, his reliability and unfailing good humor made George both loved and admired. Yet all he experienced impressed him deeply. "It is hard to say what the last two weeks have meant to me," he wrote after the first Battle of Verdun, ". . . . . to see all that is finest in life and all that is most damnable. . . . . Now, with it safely over, life takes on a new glorious splendor. I do not even try to explain to myself why my share seems done, probably it is not. . . . ." His share was not done; his future held yet much of service, of suffering, and of sacrifice.

After more than a year as a volunteer driver, George returned and secured a lieutenancy in America, going back to France with the 61st Infantry as Scout Officer,

where, "the best known officer in the Brigade," he was loved and trusted as are few military leaders.

On October 13th in the woods near Cunel, having located some Boche positions under a raking fire, George was killed by a shell. Perhaps the words in all the tributes to his memory which he himself would most have cherished are those of his orderly, a Greek, Nickolas Gouzoulis, "good soldier and good citizen."

". . . . . He was my officer . . . . . and wherever he would like to go, he had always use to take me with him for I was a sniper, also a confidential friend to him. . . . . George got severely wounded . . . . he call me and I crawls over and sees him in bad condition. . . He don't last long for he died in my arms. . . . . I wish you will be more than proud, for you had a son with plenty of courage and nerve, in fact, he was one of the best officers I have ever seen since I have been in France "

Lieutenant Considine's story completes the picture of how George Hollister was beloved. "I had what was left of the Scouts George commanded, take both bodies to the southern edge of the wood and the exhausted men began to dig a grave . . . . Ordered back, the last thing we did before leaving that shell-torn strip was to wrap the bodies of those two friends in blankets, and with bared heads and a prayer we buried them not far from where they fell. . . . . It was quite dark when we left after putting wild flowers over them, and the remnants of two companies with exhausted bodies and aching hearts left to their last rest two of the finest, coolest, and most courageous officers who ever faced and accepted death for our Flag."

GEORGE MERRICK HOLLISTER

Born April 23, 1896, in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Son of Clay Harvey and Justina Merrick Hollister. Educated Middlesex School and Harvard University, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, February 25, 1916; attached Section Three in France and Balkans to May 9, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Returned to America. Army Service School, July. U. S. Infantry, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, November. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, February 25, 1918; attached 61st Infantry, Camp Greene, North Carolina. Sailed for Brest, April 15, 1918. Attached 137th French Division, to August; Battalion Scout Officer, 61st Regiment. Killed by shell, October 12, 1918, in action east of Cunel, at Bois-de-Forte, and buried there. Cited, 5th U. S. Division. Body transferred to Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, Meuse.

GILBERT ROBERTSON GLORIEUX

Born January 4, 1896, in Irvington, New Jersey. Son of William L. and Jean Robertson Glorieux. Educated Newark Academy and Princeton University, Class of 1917. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Section Nine to November 5, 1917. Returned to America in November. Enlisted as Private, U. S. Field Artillery. Trained at Camp Jackson. Died of pneumonia while a candidate at Officers' Training School, Camp Taylor, Kentucky, on October 13, 1918. Buried in Clinton Cemetery, Irvington, New Jersey.

GILBERT ROBERTSON GLORIEUX

NOTHING more clearly shows the spirit of Gilbert Robertson Glorieux than his declining, while still a private, to take up topographical work which would have led to a commission and instructorship, in America. His heart was set upon a speedy return to France and nothing less would satisfy him. He had gone over in May, 1917, with a Princeton unit of the American Field Service after being turned down for Aviation, and joined Section Nine, then in the field near Pont-à-Mousson, when it won a citation for its voluntary work during air raids. After serving at the front he felt that the soldier was as humane as the surgeon, and came home to enlist in the American army.

Gilbert grew up in Irvington, New Jersey. At school he "did just the things a boy would do, but always, from earliest boyhood days was he noted for absolute truthfulness" He read widely and was a popular member of several clubs at college. He sang in the choir at Princeton and was always keenly interested in athletics. Although of too slight a build for football or crew, he was the school's best man on "gym" and track teams. His never failing and whimsical courtesy is a thing that older people remember best; and to his contemporaries the idealism, and intolerance of wrong that carried him into the war and kept him in the army later against such odds of ill health, is memorable. He had, too, a rare twist of humor, and a keen penetration that gave him especial charm, and made his companionship a thing to cherish.

After his return from France he succeeded in joining aviation, but collapsed the first day at camp and was sent home. For several months he nursed a heart nearly twice normal size. Flying school was now out of the question, so as soon as he improved sufficiently, Gilbert joined the Field Artillery. His own high sense of duty made Gilbert choose the hardest path. During the first week of his convalescence, he wrote, in a letter to a

friend: "It is not entirely patriotism that makes me want to go — but I have been out to-day looking at the beauty of our old oaks, in a cluster, waving in the clean wind against the blue sky. I made friends with a sparrow and some bobolinks that balanced on spears of grass, and met a great cock pheasant breasting his way through the grass like a swimmer through the waves, his gay feathers shining and his red crest bobbing. Beauty and Love and Truth and Peace, are the reasons I want to go back, I should have to go, you see, whether we were in the war or not."

He worked hard at Camp Jackson through the excessive heat of June and July, and wrote that he "expected soon to be able to carry a cannon under each arm with comparative ease." In August he was sent to the officers' training camp at Louisville, Kentucky, and his captain said of him, "I considered him one of the best men in my organization for a commission." There were times when he longed to be back in France as a private, and times when his heart "objected," as he put it, to the exhausting work. He was able, however, to keep up until a few weeks before he would have received his commission, when he fell ill, this time with influenza, and worn out with the intensive training, developed pneumonia. Just as he died he said, "I wish I could tell you how wonderful it is, but it 's so hard to make you understand — The roll, the roll of honor!"

MERRILL MANNING BENSON

AFTER a year and a half of hardship and splendid service in the course of which occurred the accident that rendered him unfit for further action,— as he sailed westward with his heart full of the joy of home-coming, Merrill Manning Benson was suddenly stricken by pneumonia and died on the morning of the day he would have landed in America. It was in September, 1918, that the doctors decided to send him back from France on account of an injured knee, and October saw him safely installed on the Leviathan,— homeward bound. But his weakened condition left him helpless before the disease that crept upon him, and though he fought bravely with a dogged unwillingness to acknowledge defeat so near to home and happiness, early on October 16th his spirit slipped silently away. Five years earlier a boy had been carried off a football field protesting wildly — though white with the pain of a wrenched ankle — at not being allowed to finish the game. Likewise in 1918, Merrill was being sent home out of the "game" against his will. And as he would have preferred to have been back in France sharing their hardships so we know that he is well content to rest with those other brave spirits who had the good fortune — denied him — to die in battle.

At the Sterling High School in Illinois where Merrill spent four of the fullest and happiest years of his life, he was one of the leaders. He played football and ran on the track team and was active in the literary and social activities of the school,— giving to everything the very best that was in him. Mechanics absorbed a great part of his attention and he early displayed a natural aptitude for the science. When, in the spring of 1917 he learned of the work of the American Field Service while casting about for some means of offering his services to his country, he was immediately attracted by the opportunity it presented for the practical application of his

mechanical ability and knowledge. So on July 23d, he sailed for France, happy in the realization of his hopes and eager to make actual offering of his loyalty and patriotism. With many of his fellows he chose the camion branch of the Field Service which at that time presented a quicker and surer means of getting into action, and was sent out to Section 526, after a few weeks at the well-remembere d training camp at Chavigny. He fell easily into the work, tackling all jobs that came his way — were they pleasant or not — with zest that was characteristic of him. He was an expert driver and his professional services as a person acquainted with the whims and ills of gas engines were continually in demand.

In October he was transferred to the American army as a member of the Mallet Reserve, being sent shortly after as an instructor to a motor transport school. He was eager, however, to get back to his old friends and the life he loved, and spring found him at the front again. The last letter received from him was dated September 5, 1918, and was the first in six weeks so it is probable that he spent the intervening time in a hospital, though in his desire to save worry on the part of his parents, he made no reference to his accident and even now it is not known just how it happened. Quietly, uncomplainingly, he accepted his fate and when the biggest demand was made upon him we know he met it quite simply, like a soldier.

MERRILL MANNING BENSON

Born July 16, 1895, in Sterling, Illinois. Son of William P. and Alice Manning Benson. Educated Sterling High School, University of Illinois, and University of Wisconsin, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service July 23, 1917; attached Transport Section 526. Transferred to Reserve Mallet, U. S. Motor Transport Corps, October, 1917. Sailed for America, with injured knee, October, 1918. Died at sea of pneumonia, October 16, 1918. Buried in Sterling, Illinois.

WILBUR LeROY BOYER

Born March 6, 1894, in Muskegon, Michigan. Son of Harry Nelson and Elizabeth Downing Boyer. Home, Chicago, Illinois. Educated Orchard Lake Military Academy, Cornell, and Leland Stanford Universities, one year each. Brokerage in Chicago. Joined American Field Service, February 14, 1917; attached Section Four to August 29, 1917. Enlisted French Artillery; Artillery School, Tank Service, near Paris. Lost eye, premature shell-explosion. Croix de Guerre. Returned to America. Torpedoed on Antilles, April, 1918. Enlisted U. S. Tank Corps, physical examination waived. First Lieutenant. In charge, Machine Gun School, Camp Colt Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Died at home in Washington, D. C., on leave, October 19, 1918, of influenza. Buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia.

WILBUR LeROY BOYER

THERE is always an added glory to the achievements of a lad whose health is none too robust, and such was the case with Wilbur Boyer. He entered Cornell University with the intention of becoming a civil engineer, but after two years was compelled to abandon the idea. As his mother has written: "Physically he was unfit for a career as civil engineer, as he had a bad leakage of the heart from early boyhood, a fact he never admitted until his last illness."

After leaving college he was employed for a time in a broker's office in Chicago, until, in February, 1917, he was accepted as a driver in the American Field Service At the end of his six months' enlistment period, during which time he served with Section Four on the Verdun and Champagne fronts with remarkable energy and devotion, he entered a French Artillery School near Paris. Here he was progressing rapidly in the tank service, as *étudiant conducteur d'un tracteur blindé* when the premature explosion of a gun resulted in the loss of his left eye. Although badly wounded Boyer showed the greatest courage and presence of mind in extinguishing the resulting conflagration and carrying his Lieutenant to safety. For this he was awarded the Croix de Guerre with a splendid citation. He was on board the Antilles, on his way home to recuperate, when the vessel was torpedoed and sunk. He was picked up and carried back to France and later sailed on the St. Louis

A friend of his mother's wrote of him, shortly after his return: "I was in his confidence during the year in which he put forth every effort to be accepted for service in France He showed at this time the greatest perseverance and singleness of purpose until he succeeded. During his months in service I heard from him frequently and I was amazed at his powers of observation and his startlingly concise way of presenting facts. On his return he showed two characteristics which are typical,—

he talked very little and was very conservative when he did make statements. He said to me: 'I cannot talk about what I do not know, and what is the use of endlessly repeating what you have only heard.' He is a student and reads constantly the best books. His power of concentration is remarkable. I have seen him sit for hours intent upon his reading, utterly oblivious to the conversation going on around him. He is quiet and dignified, but is gifted with that keen sense of humor which relieves trying situations and makes men good companions"

In April, 1918, while still suffering from the effects of his service in France, he had himself inducted into the service after much difficulty. Men were needed, however, with his knowledge of tanks and machine guns, so that a physical examination was waived. At the time of his death on October 19, 1918, he was serving as a First Lieutenant in the Tank Corps, in charge of a machine gun school at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. He had gone home to Washington on a five days' leave, when he was taken ill with influenza and died.

Undaunted by ill health and wounds, Wilbur Boyer's one idea had been to serve his country to the utmost regardless of the consequences to himself. No simpler or finer tribute could sum up his life than the words of his mother: "He was all I had, but he fought the good fight, lived his young life to the full, and was not afraid."

DANFORTH BROOKS FERGUSON

WHILE studying in Paris in 1914 Danforth Brooks Ferguson of New York City first became involved in the World War. From that time until he finally gave his life on October 20, 1918, except for a short visit home to the United States in 1917, Ferguson's career forms a paragraph in the story of American devotion to the cause of France and Civilization.

"One cannot be in Paris without feeling and seeing the wonderful spirit of national heroism which is holding this country up," he wrote to a friend shortly before he enlisted in Section Two of the American Ambulance Field Service early in 1915.

Inspired by that expression of staunchness at which so many Americans later marvelled, he served with Section Two in the region of Bois-le-Prêtre and Pont-à-Mousson where he and his fellows did remarkable service.

Ferguson thoroughly enjoyed his work with the French, being imbued with a high sense of devotion to the cause. According to his comrades, while not having performed any spectacular feats, his part, however small, was done always with a good feeling which showed that his heart was in his work.

"I'm out here now doing a man's work," he wrote. "While we don't get into a great deal of danger, at least we can feel that we who have had the good fortune to have lived and studied in France can in a small measure repay her. And when the United States finally comes in to help La Belle France, perhaps the *entente cordiale* of these few ambulance sections will help the good feeling along."

In another letter he said, "I carried forty wounded today and am dead tired Perhaps a great many of the wounded won't live for more than a few hours, poor fellows."

Danforth Ferguson was born on February 28, 1895. A large part of his education he received at the Har-

strom's Tutoring School. He went to Paris to study early in 1914 and was caught in the backwash of the war at its opening stages. He remained in Paris until he enlisted in an ambulance section in the spring of 1915. During the summer of that year he was stricken with pneumonia from which his convalescence and recovery required many months. He subsequently came back to this country for a short time but returned to France, enlisting as a private in the Coast Artillery. He was attached to Battery A of the 42d Coast Artillery when he died a victim of influenza on October 20, 1918. His body rests in the little burial ground at Dannemarie.

DANFORTH BROOKS FERGUSON

Born February 28, 1895, in New York City. Son of Farquhar and Juliana Armour Ferguson. Educated Harstrom's Tutoring School, New York, and in Paris. Joined American Ambulance, France, October, 1914. Joined American Field Service, April, 1915; attached Section Two until August, 1915. Returned to America. Enlisted U. S. Coast Artillery. To France, with 42d Coast Artillery. Died of pneumonia, October 20, 1918. Buried Dannemarie. Body transferred to an American Cemetery in France.

HOWARD CROSBY HUMASON

Born January 27, 1892, in New Britain, Connecticut. Son of Harris B. and Nellie Munroe Humason. Educated New Britain High School, and Tome School, Port Deposit, Maryland, Class of 1911. In business, Landers, Frary & Clark Company, New Britain. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Transport Section 184 until December, 1917. To America. Enlisted U. S. Aviation. Trained Ground School, Princeton, New Jersey, and from September, Camp Dick, Texas. Died in hospital, Dallas, Texas, October 21, 1918, of pneumonia. Buried New Canaan, Connecticut.

HOWARD CROSBY HUMASON

EVEN without the testimony of all who came in contact with Howard Crosby Humason, we should know him from his letters to have been conscientious, humorous, sincere, and likeable. He wrote often and at great length to his mother, giving a panoramic and remarkably vivid picture of the war as it was unrolled before his eyes, and faithfully reproducing the story of his own daily life for her comfort and assurance even when he was so tired that letter-writing must have required great effort. He looked at the world sanely and objectively, contemptuous rather of sentimentality, and yet his mind was actively alert to impressions of every nature, particularly to the humorous aspect of things of which he wrote in a quiet, amused way. In an early letter he described his unique method of getting "extras" from the French cooks at the camion camp where the food was good but insufficient in quantity "I said loudly every time I approached the cook-tent, '*Vive la France* and *Beaucoup de Pommes de Terre!*'" In October he wrote that when he arrived in Paris on permission he revelled in the luxury of a hot bath and "then went straight to sleep in a bed that made you wonder how you would get in and what would happen if you fell out." Bits of humor like this were interspersed with observations of a more serious nature. In July, 1917, he wrote: "In Paris the majority of the people feel the privations of war without the actualities, which makes them discontented and discouraged more than those who are in reality at war."

Howard was educated at the New Britain High School and at Tome School from which he graduated in 1911. The school paper says that "he made an excellent record as a student and won the high regard of the masters as well as of the entire student body." He went immediately into the employ of the Landers, Frary and Clark Company in New Britain where he remained until his

enlistment in the American Field Service on May 26, 1917. To his business associates he disclosed, in the words of the paper published by his fellow employees, "a thoughtful consideration of others and an unfailing good humor." He went to the front in Section 1, T. M. U. 184, of the camion branch and saw active service in the Chemin des Dames sector from July to December. Through his letters he has given one of the most accurate and vigorous accounts of camion life that has been written and it is regrettable that lack of space prevents quoting freely from them.

In December, 1917, he returned to this country for the express purpose of enlisting in American aviation, having been rejected in France. He passed his examinations with a 100% grade and was sent to ground school at Princeton. His fellow students there, writing to his mother after his death, remembered him as "not complaining of his troubles, humorous, ... always willing to hold up his own end and give the other fellow a lift." He graduated from this school in September and was sent to the flying field at Camp Dick, Texas, where on October 21, 1918, he died of pneumonia

His employer, Mr. Charles F. Smith, said of him, "His quiet, unassuming faithfulness and diligence won the regard and confidence of his employers, his kind heart and genial disposition, the affection of all his associates." A boy friend wrote that he was "generous to a fault, kind and true," and the headmaster of Tome School recalled Howard as "one of the finest boys we have ever had in the school." We who read these tributes and have seen his letters can say with one of his friends that he was "frank, generous, chivalrous, honorable, and a clean-hearted gentleman."

OSRIC MILLS WATKINS

To few has been granted a magnetism — a charm of personality — so rich as that of Osric Mills Watkins. Wherever he went among high and low he made friends who loved him devotedly and who followed his career with eager interest, attracted to him by what a professor at Wabash College described as "his sturdy forthrightness and sunny bonhomie." He was impulsively generous, with a radiant and tender smile. He loved animals and he reverenced women. Hugh Walpole says in his great book *Fortitude*, "It is n't life that matters, it 's the courage ye bring to it." Life to Osric was not always easy, but to his physical and moral courage it never presented any overmastering problems.

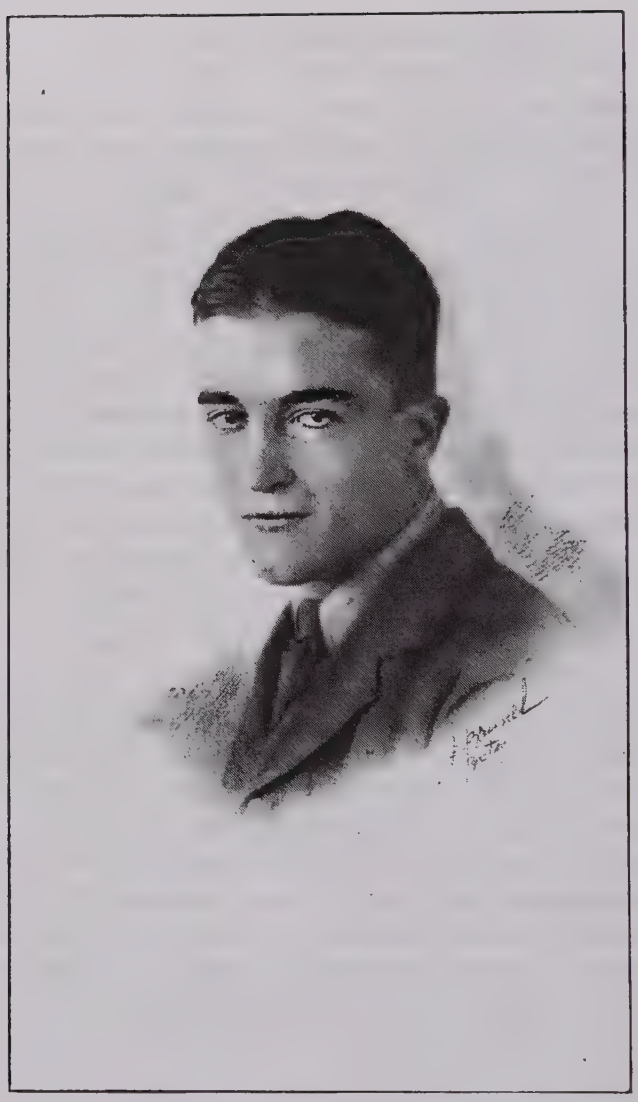
His mind was of a delicate imaginative quality,— "such stuff as dreams are made on," — sustained by a complete and beautiful religious faith. The following paragraph from a letter which was to be delivered to his mother in case of his death, shows not only the loftiness of his purpose but also his power of expression,—

"This is n't to be mailed until I've gone where all good aviators go, Honey. You are so wise and brave and cheerful that I know you can be as proud as you are sad at my death. Of course there is scant reason to be sad, anyway. You would have wanted me to live that I might be happy for myself and that I might be a continual source of pride and joy to you. Well, as for me, mother, my life has been one long history of happiness, and no other ending of it could have left me more content. Could fifty more years have made it more perfect? And so with you also. Could I have done anything to make you more proud? With Liberty and true Christianity at stake you would never think of shrinking from the sacrifice."

In May, 1917, he left Harvard to enter the Boston office of the American Field Service. He went to France in July, traveling steerage in order that a poor woman

and her sick child might have his cabin, and spent a month there on a Field Service mission, returning in August. On October 3, 1917, he sailed again for France and joined the American Air Service, writing to his family, "If you do not approve you have only yourselves to blame for teaching me in my childhood to love and honor — first God, then my country, and then my family." He became a keen, daring flyer, and all his fellow officers are agreed that he would have made an admirable fighter. One of them who came particularly to love and admire him wrote to his father,— "We all have our ideals of what a man, a Christian, should be, and Osric approaches as near to that ideal as it is humanly possible to come . . . . . Sympathy, generosity, fidelity, humility, a general lovableness of disposition which one can not begin to describe,— all of these were his and more."

In October, 1918, at Bar-le-Duc, when at last on his way to the front assigned to the 94th Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group, A. E. F., as a *chasse* pilot, he contracted influenza and later pneumonia from which he died on the morning of October 23d, calmly and serenely, justifying the promise made to his family, "I will face all things unafraid, both physical and abstract, as I have always tried to do in the past." It was not the death that he had dreamed,— glorified death in battle,— fighting. And it was a higher courage that could meet it smilingly. "I will face all things unafraid!"



OSRIC MILLS WATKINS

Born February 6, 1897, in Indianapolis, Indiana. Son of Oscar Leon and Rosa Mills Watkins. Educated Shortridge High School; Wabash College, one year, and Harvard University, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, May 23, 1917; attached American Staff, Boston Office. Mission to France, July-August. To America, and returned to France, October 3, 1917, in U. S. Aviation. Trained Foggia, Italy. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, May 18, 1918. Trained in France, Tours, St. Maixent, Issoudun, and Cazeau. Assigned 94th Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group. Died October 23, 1918, of pneumonia on way to the Front, at Bar-le-Duc. Buried Bar-le-Duc, Meuse. Body to be transferred to Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, Indiana.

CHARLES BACON

Born November 6, 1895, in Waltham, Massachusetts. Son of Clarence E. and Elizabeth Sheldrake Bacon. Educated Waltham High School and Dartmouth College, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, June 2, 1917; attached Transport Section 184 until November 16, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Field Artillery, December 5, 1917; attached 103d Regiment, 26th Division. Killed in action between Haumont and Samogneux, October 24, 1918. Recommended for heroism citation. Buried Samogneux, Meuse. Body transferred to Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, Meuse.

CHARLES BACON

CHARLES BACON wrote to his family in October, 1917, while finishing out his term of enlistment with the Camion Service, a letter unconsciously filled with an intense longing for home. At the end, however, he assured his family that he was not homesick but on the contrary well and happy, and philosophically concludes, "I would give a good deal to be home for Christmas but I guess we can not have everything we want." It was typical of his unflagging spirit that he would not admit his unhappiness and it was equally to be expected that he would not let the thing that he wanted to do, stand in the way of his duty. We are not surprised to learn that on the very day on which the letter arrived in America, he enlisted in the United States Army as a private in the 103d Field Artillery.

At the Waltham High School and during his short two years at Dartmouth College, "Dutch," as he was called, made many friends whose affection for him shines out from every page of the letters they wrote to his family on learning of his death. One schoolboy chum wrote with a feeling that was typical of them all, "He was the whitest man I've ever met, and every fellow that has known him thinks just that way. Believe me, he leaves a precious memory to us. . . ."

Early in 1917, Bacon realized the nearness of the crisis and thought out his own duty in regard to it In a letter to his mother, dated March 4th, he deplored the necessity of war with its attendant suffering, but stated calmly without affectation, "I will surely join wherever I can do the most good." June found him on his way to France in the American Field Service.

With his eagerness to see immediate action, he chose the camion branch and spent a happy and absorbing summer in T. M. U. 184 in a camp at Jouaignes, running up to the front near Vailly, on the Aisne. He wrote home long, ingenuous letters, full of the interest of his

new work, striving conscientiously to reproduce for the benefit of those at home the atmosphere of the life he was leading They are interwoven with bits of color and humor, and fairly breathe the affection and tenderness he always felt for his family. In describing his sensations the first time he was under fire, he said, "We all felt like lost dogs." In another letter he gives us a different and interesting impression of his character. There were just two things he wanted, he wrote,— a collection of Robert Service's poems and a tin of tobacco,— and though he doubted whether the tobacco could be sent, he insisted on the poetry.

Like many Americans he at first wrote somewhat disparagingly of the French, but he was quick to recognize and acknowledge his mistake. Later we find him saying, "It is great to think you are doing something for France . . . . . I only wish I had come over a year or two ago."

On December 5, 1917, "Dutch" transferred to the American Army, enlisted in Battery C, 103d Field Artillery, 26th Division, and soon went into action. Of the last months of his life, crowded as they must have been, we know but little. In the late afternoon of October 24th, 1918, as he stood by his gun in a little pit to the right of the road that runs from Samogneux to Haumont, northwest of Verdun, he was struck and instantly killed by a shell that exploded just above him. His body lies now in the cemetery of the Commune of Samogneux

His captain described him as "fearless and reliable," and his lieutenant gave him high praise when he wrote "he was beloved by his comrades and always his work was of the best," but we know as certainly his worth when we hear the heart broken cry of his roommate of the old happy days at Dartmouth,— "I loved him, I loved him!"

GEORGE LANE EDWARDS, JUNIOR

LIEUTENANT George Lane Edwards, Jr., gave his life in the great war protecting his command. No finer tribute could be paid to any man. By this single act alone he has bequeathed to all who knew him the priceless legacy of an imperishable memory.

A general order from Captain Potter telling of Lieutenant Edwards' death states that he was killed by enemy shell fire while putting in safety the lives of his men. "Lieutenant Edwards has been in command since the company's inception. He always gave the best that was in him, and was appreciated, liked, and admired by all his comrades, of whatever rank."

A letter from Commandant Mallet of the French army tells the circumstances of his death. While unloading a transport near Lor, part of Lieutenant Edwards' company underwent a violent bombardment.

"After hastening to the point of danger," Commandant Mallet wrote, "Lieutenant Edwards directed the personnel and material to a place of safety. He wished to go over the bombarded road once more to make sure that none of his men remained there. It was in so doing that he was hit by a shell and was so badly wounded that he died in the hospital the next morning. His commanders lose in him, a capable and conscientious officer, his comrades a true friend, his men an excellent commander"

Lieutenant Edwards, in fulfilling his duty as he saw it, reveals the finest qualities of the American soldier, a thorough conscientiousness and an absolute disregard of personal danger.

At the time of the outbreaks on the Mexican border Edwards was a student at Yale. He enlisted and served several months, then as soon as the troops were recalled he returned to college.

When the United States declared war against Germany he tried to re-enter the service, but was rejected because

of defective eye-sight. He joined the Field Service and went to France with the Yale unit, entering the camion branch. He graduated from the French officers' school at Meaux, becoming *Chef* of a section, and later was transferred to the Motor Transport Corps of the American army, where, enlisting as a private, he was raised to the rank of First Lieutenant within a short time. He had been serving in France for more than seventeen months at the time of his death.

Lieutenant Lamade of the same reserve, sending word that Lieutenat Edwards had been awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm, added, "May I say just a word about Lane? When I took over the group and became his immediate commanding officer, there was not another as willing to work long hours, to give thought and energy, as he, in order to make the group run smoothly. To tell you that he was loved by his men seems trite — but, oh, how true it is, and not only true of the men, but of us officers who have known him, and worked with him as we have. Lane died serving his country and fighting for the cause of France and humanity His vision was greater than any of ours, and so we felt that it would be his desire to rest under the inscription we have put on the cross which marks his grave — '*Mort pour la France.*'"

Frank H. Kimber wrote to his father, "Company C is broken-hearted this morning, for we have just learned that our Lieutenant was killed on *convois* two nights ago. . . . . He was one who was on the job till the last car was in camp, and even the men who thought he was too strict and over-conscientious, realize it will be impossible to get another Lieutenant who can handle the work and the company as well as he did. . . . . He was one of the cleanest and whitest men I have ever known. In one sense the most fit to die, and in another, the most worthy of living."

GEORGE LANE EDWARDS, JUNIOR

Born October 8, 1895, in Kirkwood, Missouri. Son of George Lane and Florence Noble Evans Edwards. Home, Kirkwood, Missouri. Educated Taft School, Watertown, Connecticut, and Yale University, Class of 1918. Mexican Border, 1916. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Transport Section 133 to November 13, 1917. French Automobile School. *Commandant Adjoint.* Transferred U. S. Motor Transport Corps, First Lieutenant, Section 211. Croix de Guerre with palm. Died October 24, 1918, of wounds received night before between Lor and Neufchâtel. Buried French Military Cemetery, Guignicourt, Aisne.

PHILIP WINSOR

Born February 6, 1893, in Weston, Massachusetts. Son of Robert and Eleanor Magee Winsor. Educated Middlesex School, Concord, Massachusetts, and Harvard University, Class of 1915. Joined American Ambulance Service, September, 1916, Neuilly Hospital, until January, 1917. Returned to America. Plattsburg Camp, six weeks. Joined American Field Service, June 20, 1917; attached Section Four. Enlisted U. S. Army Ambulance Service, November 1, 1917. Croix de Guerre, two citations. Died in Bussang, October 24, 1918, of pneumonia. Buried in Bussang, Vosges.

PHILIP WINSOR

THE story of "Phil" Winsor is the story of one handicapped from boyhood by illness which undermined his happiness and self-confidence, who nevertheless by sheer force of character won to health, achievement, and honor in his country's cause.

One of his masters at Middlesex School writes of him: "'Phil' as a school boy was one of those rare sensitive chaps born with a super-conscientiousness that made him almost too good, and yet with this unusual characteristic he found his friends among red-blooded boys whose respect he at once won. This fact proves as well that he never flaunted his goodness nor preached to others who lacked his point of view. His election to the captaincy of the baseball team in his senior year at Middlesex showed his popularity among his mates. As an athlete he possessed a 'good eye,' and as a scholar a mind much above the average of his class."

He entered Harvard in 1911, distinguished himself in freshman athletics, but in the following spring was compelled to leave college on account of ill health. Returning after about a year's absence, he devoted himself to his studies and received his degree in 1916. In September of that year he sailed for France to drive an ambulance for the American Hospital at Neuilly, in Paris.

He returned in January, 1917, and spent the following month in the south with his brother, who writes: "During this month 'Phil' was very unhappy, but there was a battle going on inside him, the forerunner of a very great victory. When war was declared he went to Plattsburg as a candidate for a commission, but after the first six weeks he was dropped from the squad and he himself felt that he was entirely unfitted for a command.

"Phil" felt that he must get back to France in some capacity and yet he loathed the very thought of war and the horrors it entailed. Most of all he hated the sickening work of carrying wounded, and perhaps because

he hated it most he decided to take up the work again, and this time at the front. He was sent out in the early summer of 1917 to Section Four, and when in the autumn the Field Service was absorbed by the American Army, he enlisted in the U. S. Army Ambulance Service. For a year it was an uphill fight. He doubted his ability to carry on the work he had undertaken and he dreaded the dangers to which he was exposed, yet to conquer this very dread, he always volunteered for any particularly dangerous task and was twice cited for the Croix de Guerre.

With the summer of 1918, however, came the reward of his long struggle. Through having forced himself to the utmost in his work, he began to take an interest in this work for its own sake. He forgot himself, his fears, his doubts. His health improved greatly and with renewed health came new ambitions and ideals. He had long since won the love and respect of his comrades and the confidence of his officers, and now, by the latter, he was recommended for a commission.

Then suddenly came the end. He fell ill with influenza, penumonia followed, and on October 24, 1918, he died in France close to the German Border with his Section. It seemed a horrible jest of fate that his life should have ended just as it was, in a real sense, beginning,— just as he was about to receive the rewards for his fight which he had won. Yet dying as he did, what he gave to his country was a life, the more valuable for its splendid promise as a citizen; what he left behind was a record of which any soldier might be proud.

MEREDITH LOVELAND DOWD

MEREDITH LOVELAND DOWD was of the type of natural-born fighter to whom action and excitement are as necessary as the air he breathes. Fear he may have known in common with all brave men, but it never mastered him nor even deterred him for an instant from the career of daring that was his by choice. As a boy at Asheville School, he showed his adventurous, never-say-die temperament on the football field and as a member of the baseball and track teams. The school paper said of him, "While at Asheville he displayed the qualities which led him to give his life for his country — courage, manliness, determination, honesty. . . . . He was a student of good ability and a boy of strength and fineness." At Princeton he played on the Freshman and Varsity baseball teams, the Freshman football team, and was on the Varsity football squad. He was also a member of the Elm Club.

The voice of adventure called him to France in November, 1916 in the American Field Service, for no man with his instincts could sit and study in a classroom while a war was going on. He went out to Section One near Verdun and plunged into the work with enthusiasm and vigor. A comrade tells of his service on the famous and dangerous Esnes-Montzéville run "It was on this work that Meredith showed us his energy, his untiring and unselfish desire to work until it seemed to us that there was no limit to his endurance."

In May, 1917, when his term of engagement with the American Field Service expired, it was quite natural for him to enlist in the Lafayette Escadrille, for flying was sure to appeal to his venturesome spirit. He completed his training at the various French schools but was eventually commissioned in the American Air Service. As a member of the escadrille guarding the city of Paris, he had an accident while "contour chasing," that dangerous and difficult training in accuracy in which the pilot

attempts to keep as close as he can to the surface of the ground. "Had dipped my wheels in the Oise River and jumped telephone wires and bridges," he wrote, "and then decided to see how close I could skim along a field of wheat." Before he realized it his wheels had touched the wheat and were pulling him in with the result that he suddenly found himself upside down, but fortunately unhurt and undismayed The French soldiers who came running to the scene found him smilingly but ruefully regarding the wreck of his machine. Soon after this he went to the front assigned to the 147th Aero Squadron. On October 26th, he and three others were ordered to patrol the lines, but he was delayed on account of engine trouble and his companions got off without him. He decided to follow and continued alone to the adventure that was to be his last. His commanding officer, Captain James A. Meissner, filed the following official report which was later used as a basis for the award of the Distinguished Service Cross:

"Lieutenant Meredith L. Dowd, A. S., U. S. A. went on patrol over the lines on the afternoon of October 26, 1918, at about two o'clock. Over the Bois de Dannevoux he observed four German planes. According to the statement of Private M. M. Buckland, 305th Trench Mortar Battery, 80th Division, who saw the combat, Lieutenant Dowd first showed his markings to the planes as if they were Allied planes. As they did not answer his signal he attacked them immediately. The second time he attacked, one plane left the formation and headed for Germany. Lieutenant Dowd attacked the remaining planes three times, but the last time he drove on the formation, the plane which he had first driven off returned above him and shot him down. He fell in a steep dive and was dead when found by the French."

MEREDITH LOVELAND DOWD

Born July 23, 1895, in Orange, New Jersey. Son of Heman and Mary Loveland Dowd. Educated Asheville School, North Carolina, and Princeton University, Class of 1918. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. Joined American Field Service, November 11, 1916; attached Section One to May 3, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation, May 14th. Trained Avord and Pau. Attached French Escadrille guarding Paris, *Sergent*. Spad Escadrilles 152 and 162 to February 17, 1918. Transferred U. S. Aviation. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, April, 1918; attached 147th Aero Squadron. Killed in combat, October 26, 1918, near Dannevoux, north of Verdun. D. S. C. Buried Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, Meuse.

RICHARD VARIAN BANKS

Born March 31, 1894, in Ossining, New York. Son of Varian and Clara Williamson Banks. Educated Ossining schools, Holbrook School, and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, one year. With Franklin Motor Car Company, Syracuse, New York. Joined American Field Service, June 30, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to November 18, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Air Service, December 2, 1917, St. Maixent. Trained Tours and Issoudun. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, May 18, 1918. Killed in automobile accident, October 30, 1918, near Nancy. Buried, Cemetière du Sud, Nancy, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

RICHARD VARIAN BANKS

"What if he does not come, you say?
Ah, well! My sky would be more gray
But through the clouds the sun would shine
And vital memories be mine
God's best of manhood is, I know,
Not 'will he come,' but 'did he go.'"

THIS simple sentiment by the father of Richard Banks speaks the spirit with which these parents bore the loss of their son whose name appears on the immortal list of those who gladly gave their lives for their country. The boy expressed his own patriotism in the following letter, written after two strenuous months of camion service in France:

"From the first, this camion service, even when I was at home, was not my idea of serving my country best. I am doing a bit, but not my bit. I've seen enough flying over here to realize its dangers, but duty first, and nothing will satisfy me in the execution of that duty but the highest service I can render. I may never qualify for a pilot, which would break my heart, but I would at least have the satisfaction of having hitched my wagon to a star."

That he did qualify satisfactorily is evidenced by the fact that but five months intervene between his enlistment in aviation and the dating of his commission. On November 18, 1917, he received his honorable discharge from T. M. U. 526 and the camion service, with which he had served since July 30th, and a fortnight later took the oath as a cadet in the air service. After much weary waiting at St. Maixent, he received his commission as Second Lieutenant on June 11, 1918, effective from May 18.

How galling this waiting was to him can best be told in Banks' own words: "And with all this going on, here we are waiting. It surely is hard. The only consolation that we have is that we are needed, and are working hard. But when you think of the gallant British and

French being slaughtered this very minute, and we in this war just as much as those poor devils, enjoying life, light, and sunshine, it does n't seem right."

Before Banks could realize his ambition of active service over the front lines, a truck in which he was riding crashed over a cliff to the bottom of a twenty foot gorge, — and a brave life was snuffed out.

A few excerpts from letters of friends tell how they mourned the loss of "Dick" Banks. "I am truly stunned by the news you sent me about Dick, whom I loved as a brother," wrote his chum. "'It can't be true' has run through me a hundred times. The disappointment and the sense of immeasurable loss is overpowering It is not so hard to die for one's country, I feel, for such a death does much to help the loved ones left behind; but to die by accident for one's country is hard.

"Dick had a far finer patriotism and realized the bigness of the thing while we worked together more than I, for I was seeing only my own little job And I shall cherish always his letters from the camion section. He was always eager to throw himself against the invader and despoiler and help avenge wanton destruction Had Dick not been delayed in training camps, he would have made a name for himself in the sky, for he had the ability, the nerve, and the wonderful spirit."

JAMES DUDLEY BEANE

At the Concord High School, James Dudley Beane is remembered "rather for the variety and ingenuity of his pranks than for his learning. . . . His was a restless young spirit, waiting for some interest outside of books that should seem real to him." It was undoubtedly this wild longing for adventure that drew him in the summer of 1916 from the dull routine of business life to France and the war. As an ambulance driver in Section Nine of the American Field Service, he had an opportunity to observe the war at first hand, and to find that it was in the main as prosaic and unromantic as studying Latin or adding up figures. But, though he lost illusions, he caught in their place a splendid fire of enthusiasm for France and for the greatness and sanctity of her cause. In 1917, he entered French Aviation, but was later transferred and eventually commissioned in the American Army, being among the first American pilots to reach the front. The service, with its dangers and its glory combining to make it the most chivalric branch of the Army, appealed to his romantic and adventurous spirit, and he showed great adaptability and proficiency as a flyer. He was soon taking an active part in aerial combat with the enemy, in which work he was, in the words of his squadron commander, "vigorous and clever."

On June 30, 1918, occurred his first exploit,— a fight against overwhelming odds, in the course of which his plane was completely riddled and two fingers of his left hand shot off,— rewarded by the following citation for the Croix de Guerre to the Order of the Army: "In the course of patrol duty, James Dudley Beane was attacked by several enemy planes, and although seriously wounded he succeeded in extricating himself and in bringing back his damaged machine. He showed in this circumstance much skill and great coolness." His own version of the affair, contained in a letter from the hospital, was quite

different, and very characteristic. "I lost two digits in a fight some time ago," he wrote briefly, "and have been laid up in the hospital ever since."

On his return to the front he set out upon the business of bringing down Huns with redoubled energy and skill. It was not long before he became an "ace," having destroyed five enemy planes upon which official confirmation was secured. "He was quiet and modest about his achievements," says his commander, ". . . . . and a braver or more skillful pilot would be hard to find." On October 29, 1918, he added two more Germans to his list in an inspired fight that is officially recorded in his citation for the Distinguished Service Cross. "When Lieutenant Beane's patrol was attacked by eight enemy planes, Fokker type, he dived into their midst in order to divert their attention from the other machines of his group, and shot down one of the Fokkers in flames. Four other Fokkers then joined in the battle, one of which was also destroyed by this officer."

The next day he flew out over the lines and engaged in his last "dog fight." In the course of the combat he disappeared from view, and was for some time listed among the missing. After the Armistice, however, his name was located in the official German records as killed in action, and later his grave was found close by the wreck of the machine that he had loved and in which he had made his glorious, imperishable record, in a little hollow off the road that runs from Brieulles to St. Pierrement, in the Ardennes.

JAMES DUDLEY BEANE

Born January 20, 1896, in New York City. Son of Edmund Murray and Kate Miles Beane. Educated Albany, New York, and Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, schools, and Concord High School, Class of 1914. Employed State Department of Education. Joined American Field Service, July 8, 1916; attached Section Nine to July 20, 1917. Enlisted French Aviation; trained Tours and Issoudun. Attached 69th French Escadrille. Commissioned First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service, January 8, 1918, detailed with the French. Wounded in action, June 18, 1918. Croix de Guerre and D. S. C. Transferred to 22d U. S. Aero Squadron, August 27, 1918. Killed in combat north of Grandpré, October 30, 1918. Buried near Brieulles-sur-Bar, Ardennes. Body transferred to American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, Meuse.

STEVENSON PAUL LEWIS

Born December 2, 1892, in Toledo, Ohio. Son of Norman Stanley and Grace Chatterton Lewis. Educated Sharon, Pennsylvania, and Cleveland, Ohio, schools; one year Michigan Agricultural College, and graduated University of Wisconsin, February, 1917. Joined American Field Service, March 12, 1917; attached Section Seventeen to September 8, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Army, December, 1917. Field Artillery School at Saumur. Joined 124th Field Artillery, Second Lieutenant, July, 1918. Promoted to First Lieutenant, October 31, 1918. Killed in action by shell, October 31, 1918, in Bois de Bantheville, Argonne. Cited in American Army Orders. Buried, American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, Meuse. Body to be transferred to Lakeview Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio.

"If I thought I could leave a name like he did, I would die easy any time." This was written of Lieutenant Stevenson Paul Lewis by one of his sergeants in the 124th Field Artillery, who added, "He was an officer in rank, but in his own heart one of the boys and we all knew it, and every one in the battery liked him . . ." "Steve's" captain spoke of the pride he felt in "having such a man as a lieutenant," and said that he served with the battery through the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives until his death, "rendering at all times the most valuable service possible for an officer. He was on liaison work with the Infantry, and directed a great deal of the effective fire of my guns,— at the same time performing important and hazardous missions for the Infantry, which required skill, coolness, and bravery, and often took him within the German lines." Lieutenant Nedrow of his regiment wrote, "Lieutenant Lewis was not afraid of the devil himself . . . . I think he died as he would have wanted to, at the front facing the enemy . . . . . I can not express our loss,— the loss of a great big boy pal."

Similar ability and popularity had been Steve's in high school, at Michigan where he spent a year, and at Wisconsin where he received his degree, being on the track and football teams, a fraternity man, and several times a class officer. Again, when he volunteered in the Field Service a month after graduation and before America entered the war, he won many close friends by his quiet reliability and sturdiness of character. He shared in that effort which secured the section a divisional citation.

"He was a great lover of nature," wrote Steve's father, "and was happiest when out on a long tramp or roughing it as a harvester in the Dakotas or Kansas, for it was in this way that he spent two of his summers." Abroad, too, his preference was for the strenuous, outdoor life, and he made a game of his participation in the

war, playing it with all his heart and soul. As one of his men naively wrote: "he was wise to the war game and we were blessed when he was assigned to us."

A course at the artillery school at Saumur followed the completion of Steve's enlistment term in the Field Service, and he joined the 124th Field Artillery as a Second Lieutenant. The colonel spoke of his zeal in asking always for the most hazardous tasks. Steve remained for sixteen days with the attacking infantry at one time, "requesting" to remain when the other liaison officers were replaced. Of his narrow escapes he said, "I am lucky, I guess, also, I 'play' the shells." His one fear was that he might be called back to a school as an instructor: "To be sent back there would be the biggest disappointment possible now that this outfit is in the line, and though it may be considered a reward, it is no place to be with any fighting going on. . . . . I only hope they don't get me." His fearlessness was almost a love of danger. On a *permission* he climbed Mont Blanc alone, for "the reason that it involved a chance was enough." In June, 1917, he had volunteered and served with the *brancardiers* when he was off duty as an ambulance driver.

Having gone untouched with the Infantry through numerous attacks, Steve was killed by a shell on October 31, 1918, as he went forward to an observation post to adjust his battery's fire. In September he had written: "I hope the end will come soon, but I will never leave the line until I am absolutely incapable of any service, — then perhaps I can help in the S. O. S. in France. You must wait until it's all over before I return." Steve did not return home, but, as the regimental chaplain said, "He made the noblest sacrifice upon God's highest altar."

CHESTER ROBINSON TUTEIN

If ever man was asked to serve his country by waiting,— irritating, eternal waiting while he longed to be striving at the front,— such a one was Chester Robinson Tutein. In the autumn of 1917 after three months with a camion section of the Field Service he decided to enter aviation, but, urged by the commander of the Reserve Mallet, he remained, with others who wished to leave, until their places were filled in November. Immediately Chester applied, but it was January before he was allowed to enlist as a private in the air service. Meantime he did whatever work they could give him at the aviation headquarters in Paris. Then for five months after his enlistment he waited for assignment as a cadet to an instruction center, doing "kitchen police" duty in camp. Training lasted from June until November and not until Armistice Day was he assigned to his pursuit squadron. Less than a week later he was killed in an accident. Yet as truly as if it had occurred in combat Chester died in his country's cause.

"Chet" had many friends at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology when he left in his junior year for France and drove a truck in Section 526 through the summer, near Soissons. After this began his weary struggle to reach the front as a pilot. With good reason one of his classmates speaks of "the fine spirit he showed in going after his commission in the face of so much hard luck" and of his "pluck in sticking to it."

Chester sometimes wrote bitterly of his imagined shortcomings and laziness, but through it all, as Lieutenant Gilbert, a fellow aviator, wrote, he had "'pep' all the time to cheer one on," and his commanding officer mentions especially that "he was always willing and cheerful about his work." His spontaneous humor made many a dull hour endurable for his comrades while for himself he said, "I have been a full-fledged army cook for two weeks and it has given me something to live for."

"Chet" joked about his weariness, his work, his play, and about death Late in October he wrote: "I will either be an ace in a month or pushing up daisies" He could be serious, too, for when a pilot and his observer crashed, he said. "Thank the Lord I have nobody riding with me . . . . I do not wish to have my mistakes result in any other body's suffering." His writing was full of lively touches and, loving flying, he often caught with vigorous simplicity the feeling of it, as when he said, "The horizon seems to curve up and form a deep saucer with you flying over the center of it."

The front was reached too late for Chester to do battle Others thought immediately of getting home, but he anticipated months of policing the Rhine, for him homecoming also must wait. He was impatient only at the idleness. "Much more of this life," he wrote, disgusted, "will be about my finish," and next day while flying he seemed to lose control, spun straight to the ground, and was killed. "He went up in a Sopwith 'Camel' . . . . played low and stunted close to the ground in a most wonderful exhibition of flying. . . . . Returning, something went wrong and he fell."

It seems a cruel, unreasonable end for such patient service, but in the steadfastness of spirit which kept "Chet" at his tasks however aimless and petty in seeming, is a real heroism finer than much loudly acclaimed in the war. The father of one of his chums, writing to Chester's father, voiced the faith that had been "Chet's" and which his whole life justified. "It is not Taps with which we lay them to rest, but the glorious notes of a divine Reveille for those who wake to see the Sun, for those who face the Morning"

CHESTER ROBINSON TUTEIN

Born May 17, 1895, in Revere, Massachusetts. Son of E. Arthur and Edith Robinson Tutein. Educated Winchester High School and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Class of 1918. Joined American Field Service, June 20, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 until November 19, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation as cadet, January 5, 1918. Trained Tours, St. Maixent, Issoudun, and St. Jean des Monts. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, May 18, 1918; attached 185th Aero Squadron, November 11, 1918. Killed in aeroplane accident, November 17, 1918. Buried at Souilly, Meuse.

ARTHUR JOSEPH BRICKLEY

Born February 5, 1894, in Charlestown, Massachusetts. Son of John A. and Mary Jane Coughlin Brickley. Home, Charlestown, Massachusetts. Educated Boston Latin School, Harvard University, Class of 1916, two years, and College de Rennes, France, two months. Plattsburg Camp, 1915. With Finance Committee, Boy Scouts of America. Joined American Field Service, June 30, 1917; attached Section Seventy-one to August 31, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Army Ambulance Service, Section 644 (ex-32). Croix de Guerre. Died of pneumonia, December 9, 1918, in field hospital at Appilly, Oise, southwest of Chauny. Buried at Ploisy, Aisne. Body to be returned to America.

ARTHUR JOSEPH BRICKLEY

ARTHUR BRICKLEY, although born with a frail body, made what might have been a handicap only a further incentive to achievement. One of his masters writes in the Boston Latin School Register of February, 1919:

"Looking back ten years, we remember him as a slight, delicate boy, driven by a courage and energy which always threatened to burn out his life before it had well begun. It was this very courage, however, which carried him in spite of poor health through this school and made light of the hardships of foreign service"

He had completed two years of his course at Harvard when he was compelled to abandon his studies on account of ill health. In the summer of 1915 he attended the first Plattsburg Training Camp and from January to June 1917, gave himself devotedly to secretarial work with the Finance Committee of the Boy Scouts This work completed, he enlisted in the American Field Service and sailed for France.

Attached to Section Seventy-One he spent the rainy summer of 1917 on the Somme front near St. Quentin, in the desolate region which had been so recently occupied by the German forces. One of his comrades from this Section writes: "Brickley lived in my tent along with a dozen others during that dreary summer and I never saw him lose his temper or say a bad word against anyone. I remember a bunch of us peeling potatoes one morning in the rain. Everyone was growling and crabbing except Brickley who still kept his cheerfulness. He was always willing to help anyone and never failed to volunteer to substitute on duty if a man was sick" He spoke French fluently, having at one time attended for a few months the College de Rennes, France, and no matter with what French division his section was serving he became at once immensely popular with both officers and men.

At the breaking up of the old volunteer service he en-

listed in the U. S. Army Ambulance Service and was transferred to S. S. U. 644, formerly Thirty-Two of the Field Service. The following is quoted from the letter of a fellow member of this Section: "It was during the year that followed that I came to realize, as did we all, his generosity, his love of right and fearlessness of wrong, above all his wonderful optimism that never failed."

Of his death the same friend writes: "During the last advance he was seized with influenza and evacuated to a field hospital near Chauny. To the very last he retained his optimistic *esprit* in spite of the fact that his sickness developed into pneumonia. He fought gamely for a month and then finally was forced to give in, on the ninth of December, 1918 He died knowing that the cause to which he had given his life had not been fought in vain. Nor would it have been in vain had his cause failed, for the inspiration he gave to us in living and in dying is one we shall carry through life."

Excepting the brilliant citation for the Croix de Guerre awarded him for courageous service under fire during the attacks of early September, 1918, there could be no finer tribute to his memory than the words spoken at his grave by Médecin Principal Michel of the 37th Infantry Division, which concludes as follows:

"*Nous avons tous connu et aimé ce jeune conducteur qui est venu spontanément offrir son coeur, ses jours, sa vie à la France en péril. Partout il s'est signalé par son zèle, son dévouement, son excellent humeur, son sentiment très élevé du devoir.*

"*Il n'a quitté le service que terrassé par la maladie qui devait le ravir à l'estime de ses chefs, à l'amitié de ses camarades, à l'affection de sa famille.*

"*Au nom du Service de Santé de la Division que vous avez si noblement servi, Conducteur Brickley, adieu!*"

GALBRAITH WARD

GALBRAITH WARD, a great great grandson of Major-General Artemas Ward, was known at St. George's School, where he prepared for Princeton, as a shy and reserved youngster who expressed himself more easily in writing than in conversation. There already he showed the firmness of conviction and steadiness of purpose that are so well illustrated by his refusal to accept a commission not won in the field. Few of us are capable of seeing our way so clearly and steadily and fewer still would have the spirit to refuse advancement because of an ideal conception of duty. But Ward saw with the clear eyes of a little child and acted with a man's courage.

A Princeton friend writes affectionately of him, "He was the most genuine, unaffected man I knew. He had never found himself entirely and yet he had a mind that I know would have accomplished things worth while when he turned to the work that attracted him. I had many letters from him after he had left Plattsburg and through them all there ran the note of absolute honesty of spirit which was so characteristic of him. He had no thought of doing anything heroic. There was nothing quixotic in his courage. And it did take cold courage to do what he did — he wrote me that he had acted knowing from his own observation what the job of a private soldier was in the trenches. He wrote me in the same vein after he had refused a commission at Upton — that he was determined to win his promotion in active service."

In December, 1916, Ward sailed for France in the Field Service where he served at the front in the Vosges Detachment. In June, 1917, he returned to the United States, spending a short time at Plattsburgh and going to Camp Upton in September where he remained until the 77th Division to which he was attached sailed for England. He became corporal, sergeant, and finally chief of the battalion intelligence and scouting organiza-

tion under Major Freeman, 306th Infantry, which position he held during the fighting on the Vesle and the Aisne, through the Argonne and the advance to the Meuse.

His work was marked by an inflexible determination to give all,— the same indomitable spirit that had already been shown to be a marked characteristic of his and which was later to cause his death. The incident related in the following citation issued from the Headquarters of the 77th Division we must regard as typical of the spirit that moved him "On the night of November 2–3, 1918, while leading a detachment through a heavily shelled swamp between Thenorgues and Harricourt, this soldier showed an utter disregard for his own safety in directing and helping the men under him to find shelter, and then walked over one hundred yards through shell fire to the rescue of a soldier of the 304th Machine Gun Battalion, who had been severely wounded, bringing him to a place of safety."

During the last days of the war he drew heavily on his reserve of strength, flatly refusing to go back to a hospital even when, as his Lieutenant wrote, "he was too sick to go on." On December 17, 1918, he died of pneumonia caused by exposure and fatigue.

Ward's battalion commander, Major John R. P. Freeman, who was with him from the early days at Camp Upton, wrote of him "Quiet, modest, and unassuming, capable and trustworthy; and utterly fearless. . . . . He gave the best that was in him; he gave more because the terrific strain of the Argonne had completely undermined his health and still he kept on until our work was done, when the doctor ordered him to the hospital where he died.

"He was fine and clean and I'm very, very sorry that he has gone."

GALBRAITH WARD

Born August 9, 1892, in Newport, Rhode Island. Son of Judge Henry G. and Mabel Marquand Ward. Educated Allen School, New York City; St. George's School, Newport, and Princeton University, Class of 1915. Joined American Field Service, December 2, 1916; attached Vosges Detachment to June 2, 1917. Returned to America. Enlisted U. S. Infantry, September, 103d Regiment. Plattsburg Camp, and Camp Upton. To France with 77th Division, 306th Regiment. Promoted to Corporal and Sergeant. Died of pneumonia, December 17, 1918, at Château Vilain. Buried Château Vilain, Haute-Marne.

GEORGE WELLES ROOT

Born November 21, 1896, in Hartford, Connecticut. Son of Erastus S. and Lillian Dermont Root. Home, Hartford, Connecticut. Educated Hartford High School, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, June 25, 1917; attached Transport Section 526 to November 19, 1917. Returned to America. Enlisted as Private, U. S. Heavy Tank Corps. Promoted to Sergeant. Sailed for England, August, 1918. Died of diphtheria and pneumonia, December 25, 1918, at American Base Hospital, Salisbury Court, England. Buried Magdalen Hill Cemetery, Winchester, England.

GEORGE WELLES ROOT

WHEN the United States entered the war, George Welles Root was too young to be drafted, but his desire to serve was not to be balked so easily, and in June, 1917, he volunteered for the American Field Service. A youth of twenty, he went to France as a member of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Unit, and, shortly after his arrival on the other side, was detailed to one of the camion sections serving the French army on the Chemin des Dames front. Here he labored for six months — six months of hard, uninspiring, routine work — but the sort of work that was essential to the ultimate victory.

At the expiration of his enlistment he returned to the United States where, in the spring of 1918, he enlisted as a private in the Heavy Tank Corps of the National Army. He was promptly made a sergeant, and sailed overseas with his battalion in August. Soon after landing in England he was stricken with influenza, complicated by pneumonia, and followed by diphtheria. He died, in service, on Christmas day, 1918, at American Base Hospital 40, Salisbury Court, England, and was buried in Magdalen Hill Cemetery, Winchester, England.

Sergeant Root was a lineal descendant of Chief Justice Jesse Root who was for many years at the head of the Connecticut Bar and who served several years in the Continental Congress He was a graduate of Hartford High School and a member of the Class of 1919 at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was active in college affairs and a universal favorite. As early as his freshman year he was a member of the general staff of the Technology Monthly, and played on the freshman football team.

Something of Sergeant Root's character was clearly evidenced by his actions in his last year of High Schol when his mother became critically ill. His tender care and supreme devotion to her, giving as he did, practically all his time outside of school to cheer and assist her,

proved him to be a most lovable, thoughtful, and dependable son. Obviously such unselfishness was of the kind which would lead him to champion, as he unhesitatingly did, the cause of democracy and to fight for the ideals in which he so earnestly believed.

"Your devotion to the highest ideals," wrote the late President Maclaurin of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "and the spirit that has moved you and the other Tech men now 'somewhere in France' to give yourselves unreservedly to the cause of your country and humanity, make us feel proud and thankful. May you, and the other Tech 'boys,' be cheered by the thought of our confidence in your valor, and by our appreciation of the stimulating effect of your self-sacrifice on those that are still here, and may this Christmas, under such unusual conditions, crowded as it must be with memories of home and of those you left behind with anxious solicitude for your well-being, bring a special blessing to us all"

Just one year later to a day, early on Christmas morning at Salisbury Court, England, Sergeant George Welles Root, having been at the front in France, having returned to America for training, and now being again on his way to the fighting lines, received the ultimate reward of his services, as his spirit slipped triumphantly away to claim its place in the ranks of that immortal host — the heroes of the World War.

ARTHUR RICHMOND TABER

"ARCHIE" TABER from childhood was endowed with an unusually attractive personality and a splendid physique. "I can still see him so plainly as a wonderfully handsome child with superabundant vitality. Never do I recall anyone so thoroughly alive," writes an old friend. And as this fine body was building itself up, there was developing at the same time, due in no small degree to the wise, and ever-watchful care of his parents, a character and intelligence of the finest calibre.

As early as October, 1915, and while still a student at Princeton, he felt the call of the work which Americans were doing in France, and enlisted in the American Field Service. He was one of the original members of Section Four which left Paris in November, and he remained at the front, in Lorraine and in the region of Toul with the Section for three months, returning to America in February to complete his course at Princeton. A year later, as his father writes, "He had the satisfaction of organizing and sending forward three Field Service units, each composed of twenty-five Princeton students. The impetus given by his efforts resulted later in the formation and despatch, under the leadership of his successors, of two more units."

By this time, however, his own interest was centered in aviation and on March 8, 1917, he applied for a commission in the Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps. He did not enter the army as a flying cadet until June 29th, but in the meantime he flew almost daily during April, May, and June, 1917, in the Princeton Aviation School, which experience stood him in excellent stead later on. Once in the army, he first completed the course at the United States Military School of Aeronautics at Princeton, and in September, 1917, sailed for England with a contingent of cadets for further training at the various English Aviation Schools of Oxford, Stamford, and Waddington. In February, 1918, he was

sent to France, and after perfecting himself at Tours and Issoudun, was commissioned First Lieutenant on April 14, 1918. On July 8th he was assigned to duty as transfer pilot in which position, during the remainder of the war, he had the privilege of performing arduous and essential service in delivering new planes, by air, from the headquarters at Orly, to training-camps and points at the front. He twice crossed the channel to England on special missions and once flew as far as Ireland. On February 11, 1919, while in discharge of his duty of testing planes at Orly, he was killed by the fall of his plane due to the breaking of a control.

Such is the service which Taber gave to the cause, beginning a year and a half before his country entered the war and continuing after the armistice and until his death. Yet splendid as this record is, "Archie" Taber will be remembered as much for the manner of man he was as for his achievements or anything which he could have done.

The final measure of a man's worth lies in the judgment of his friends, associates, and comrades, and the following brief extracts from letters written at the time of his death show what this judgment is: "Arthur Taber was the best known, best beloved, and most respected man on this post." "He was liked and admired everywhere; was one of the cleanest, straightest men I have ever known. He was to me,— as to others who knew him — ever cheerful, unassuming, and considerate; one of the best, most earnest and enthusiastic pilots." "There was something indescribable about Archie that, without his saying anything, made you want him to think well of you." Briefest and perhaps finest of all is this brief tribute from a fellow aviator: "He was white way through."

ARTHUR RICHMOND TABER

Born July 22, 1893, in Far Rockaway, Long Island, New York. Son of Sydney Richmond and Julia Biddle Taber. Home, Princeton, New Jersey. Educated Lake Forest, Illinois, schools; Cloyne House School, Newport, Rhode Island; Groton School, Massachusetts; Sanford School, Redding Ridge, Connecticut; Lake Placid School, New York, and Princeton University, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, October 18, 1915; attached Section Four until February 7, 1916. Returned to America. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. Princeton Aviation School, April to June, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation as cadet, June 29; trained Princeton. To England, September, 1917; trained in Oxford, Stamford, and Waddington. To France, February, 1918; trained Tours and Issoudun. Commissioned First Lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps, April 4, 1918. Transfer pilot, Orly. Flying missions to England, August and November, 1918. Killed in aeroplane accident, February 11, 1919, at Orly. Buried American Military Cemetery, Suresnes, Seine.

CHARLES JAMES FREEBORN

Born November 11, 1877, in San Francisco, California. Son of James and Eleanor Smith Freeborn. Educated San Francisco Schools, Westminster School, and Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, Class of 1899. Director Freeborn Estate Corporation. Joined Ambulance Service, Neuilly, 1914; helped organize "Paris Squad." Joined American Field Service, 1915, as Assistant to Inspector General; recruited in America, 1916; attached Section Two, March 31, 1917, as *Chef Adjoint* to September, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted U. S. Army, Intelligence Department. First Lieutenant, July, 1918. Liaison Officer, French G. H. Q. Promoted to Captain. *Légion d'Honneur.* Died of influenza, February 13, 1919, in Paris. Buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, California.

CHARLES JAMES FREEBORN

"CHARLEY" FREEBORN — somehow we always called him "Charley" although he was a good deal older than most of us — was the sort of friend that only a young American who has left home for the first time to cross the ocean and serve in a foreign army can really appreciate. Whether you joined his Section at the front, or whether you came in contact with him when he was on duty at Headquarters in Paris, he had a man's way of making you feel at home and helping you over the rough spots of your new environment and filling you with a sense of what it all meant. A thorough American himself, he, at the same time, loved France devotedly and felt that no sacrifice in her cause was too great.

In England at the time of the First Battle of the Marne, he crossed, in December, to France to drive an ambulance, unable longer to remain merely a spectator. Speaking French perfectly, a competent chauffeur, and, above all, a tireless worker, he and a group of his friends rendered valuable assistance to the hard-pressed hospital authorities. He threw himself whole-heartedly into the work of the American Ambulance at Neuilly, helping organize what became eventually the Field Service. Of his aid at that time Colonel Andrew has written as follows:

"In the early days of the War, when the Field Service was in its frail infancy, and its friends were doubly appreciated because so few, Charles Freeborn was one of those whom we particularly valued because we could count implicitly upon his loyalty and upon his readiness to undertake whatever he was asked to do Although no longer a boy, and although long accustomed to a life of ease and comfort, he accepted willingly whatever hardships were involved in the varying details to which he was assigned. I recall particularly the winter of 1915–16, when he was in charge of a detachment of ambulances at Revigny, and how uncomplainingly he

lived for weeks in the cold and filth of a ruined stable, scarcely fit for the cattle with which his detachment shared their quarters. I cannot forget, either, how he voluntarily crossed the ocean and went all the way to California in the following summer to carry our moving pictures of the Service to the people of that State who then were but little aware of the significance of the war "

On returning to France he was given command of Section Two, then operating in the Verdun sector. He remained with this Section until the summer of 1917, gaining the respect of all his men and making in every way an excellent leader.

When America came into the war he was commissioned a First Lieutenant, quickly promoted to the rank of Captain, and given an important post in the American Mission attached to French G. H. Q. His discretion, his knowledge of French, and his long experience in the War, especially fitted him for this delicate work which he performed so well that he received the cross of the Legion of Honor

About the middle of January, 1919, he was demobilized, and while at his mother's home in Paris, died from an attack of influenza

"Charley" Freeborn was always unusually uncommunicative about the fine things he did. Only his wartime friends know the full value of his services " Don't throw any flowers at me. We are *all* parts in a big machine," he once wrote in reply to a warm letter of commendation. Nothing could have been more characteristic than that of the modest way in which, from December, 1914, to the end he did his duty in the war.

CHARLES BENJAMIN KENDALL

EXCEPT in the eyes of the biographer modesty is a virtue. For when a man is as self-effacing as was Charles Benjamin Kendall, it is unfortunately easy to overlook the depths of character, the steadfastness of spirit, the energetic devotion which inspired him and led him to do, so quietly as to attract little notice, his duties of service. His mother says "his letters were good," but vague because of "his modesty in regard to anything pertaining to himself." "I think he was about the coolest and bravest man under fire in the Section," wrote J. Frank Brown, one of "Charlie's" comrades, "He was the best man to be with in a tight place. He received a magnificent citation which he fully deserved, but he was always very modest about his honors." He would not be downed, and his letters, even when things were going badly, showed only a fine optimism and forgetfulness of personal troubles in doing his work. Just before the offensive of August, 1917, he fell ill with a severe cold, but "got out of his bed to take part in the fun. He was always full of life and kept everyone in good humor." This trait of helping others and smiling at misfortune was apparent in his early days for even as a boy he was poised and considerate.

His schooling was all had in Cambridge, the city of his birth, where his home was. Much interested in chemistry, he made an excellent record at school, although always constitutionally frail. While still a mere lad his attitude toward his mother was that of a protector. Charles was always thoughtful of her, trying to guard her from troubles and worries, and to her as to everyone else his presence seemed to bring courage and confidence. This quality of easing the cares of others he carried through all his life. He was, in the words of his mother, "So big for a little fellow."

Joining Section Seventy of the Field Service in France on Independence Day, "Charlie" served through the

battles along the Chemin des Dames during the summer of 1917, writing jocularly of the Malmaison attack: "My machine was hit several times by *èclat* . . . . . There were several times that I would not have given three cents for my hide or chances" Again he said: "It is terrible. I wish you could see and hear. . . . . or rather I thank God that you cannot." Always he was full of fun and good-humored. He was a favorite with the French — officers and privates alike. He spoke their *argot* and made a point of learning the *patois* of the country. After each offensive he was the first to be given souvenirs by *poilu* friends. He entered into the work, reckless of himself but fastidiously careful of his wounded, volunteering for extra duties. Yet through it all he kept his characteristic dry humor, and jested most when situations looked blackest. A quip was ever quick on his tongue, but it was always a kindly one. Considerate, loyal, conscientious, he never thought of himself save as one more pair of needed hands in a great work.

After the Armistice, weakened by the gassing he had received and his constant labors, Charles fell sick with influenza, entering a hospital on January 20, 1919. Bronchial-pneumonia developed and despite every effort of doctors and nurses he died quietly on February 15th. His nurses mentioned especially what a splendid patient he was. He wrote "I can't come home quick enough," and on the eleventh, that a nurse would write his mother so "that you won't worry because you haven't heard from me." "I've been very sick — now I'm feeling much better." Patient, thoughtful of others, uncomplaining, until the end, he lay and waited for his going home.

CHARLES BENJAMIN KENDALL

Born August 11, 1897, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Son of John B. and Mabel Slade Kendall. Educated Cambridge High and Latin, and Huntington Schools. Joined American Field Service, June 25, 1917; attached Section Seventy to September 7, 1917. Enlisted U. S. A. Ambulance Service, Section 16/634. Wounded and received Croix de Guerre, December, 1917. Transferred October 24, 1918, to 104th U. S. Infantry. Gassed, November, 1918. Died of bronchial-pneumonia, February 15, 1919, at American Hospital, Langres. Buried Langres, Haute-Marne. Body transferred to Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RICHARD MATHER JOPLING

Born July 16, 1893, in Marquette, Michigan. Son of James Edmund and Elizabeth Mather Jopling. Educated Fay and St. Mark's Schools, Southboro, Massachusetts, and Harvard University, Class of 1916. Plattsburg Camp, 1916. With New York Red Cross, 1917. Joined American Field Service, September 13, 1917; attached Section Sixty-six. Transferred to U. S. Army Ambulance Service, Section 66/623. Croix de Guerre, two citations. Died March 16, 1919, in London, from shell-shock and strain. Buried Brockwood Cemetery, Surrey, England.

RICHARD MATHER JOPLING

"Then onward still! with never thought of rest,
Till all the tumult of the world is past,—
That, with a conquering courage in our breast,
We may be men at last!"

THESE lines of Richard Mather Jopling's form almost a text of his life. "I have n't done all I should have done or could have done," he wrote his mother upon his graduation from St. Mark's School leaving behind him despite his words, a splendid record of achievement; "I've a debt to pay . . . . . by working faithfully, to the best of my ability, all through my life," and this purpose made his life one always of high resolve. "Dick" was a true artist, writing real music, prose, and poetry. Constitutionally delicate, his being was nevertheless alive with creative fire and energy, and his spirit flamed joyously high or flickered low in despair. But always to his comrades he showed only smiling good cheer to help them through the difficult days. Douglas Stewart mentions his "glorious incapability of realizing his own greatness. . . . . " He never realized that in his living, in overcoming an inherent timidity and physical frailty, and in conquering all unfortunate circumstances he gave inspiration to a host of men. Dr. Thayer, of St. Mark's, remembered gratefully his "vision of the poet and high purpose of the prophet."

A sturdy conscience impelled his none-too-strong body to strenuous work, leading at the last to a heartbreaking death from nervous breakdown, after "Dick" had endured unflinchingly the ordeal of battle. The constant tension, the sickening, necessary brutalities, the ever-present sufferings of others, all the bitterness of war assailed and hurt him more deeply than most because of his sensitive nature, and finally caused his death.

"Dick" loved his home devotedly and it was a lonely, homesick little fellow who left Marquette to attend Fay School in Southboro, Massachusetts. Mr. Fay makes

mention of his "severe, old-fashioned ideals of right and wrong, of duty and service and thoughtfulness of others." Going then to St Mark's "Dick" entered eagerly into the school life. Some of his music was used by the chapel choir, for already his genius in composing was apparent, and his stories and poems appeared in the school magazine. Although in his own estimation he was lazy, yet he accomplished an amazing amount of work. Finishing the six-year school course in five years, "Dick" received his A. B. in three, spent one summer at the engineering camp, and another at Plattsburg. At Harvard, as an editor on literary and musical publications, a composer of music for the "Pudding" shows, and a senior class officer, he was one of the prominent and best-liked men of his college generation. A year of graduate study was followed by a trip to South and Central America, from which he returned in time to apply for Plattsburg in 1917. Rejected as below weight, he underwent in three months a surgical treatment normally taking a year, but even with strengthened constitution, he was again rejected. He immediately sailed with the Field Service, and, enlisting as a private in the U. S. Army, joined Section Sixty-six on the Aisne William G. Rice, Jr., his chief, had "an increasingly high regard for his loyal friendship and dependable work, and his skill and resourcefulness as an ambulance driver." His piano raised their spirits and morale, for "he would play happy pieces even when feeling as blue as the rest of us." Upon his leaves, too, "Dick's" playing for the "doughboys" gathered crowds in the casino at Aix.

In London, returning from a visit to an aunt in England, "the strain proved too great and broke him down at last." As surely as if killed in battle he gave his life for the good cause. Death came to "Dick" Jopling because he had given himself utterly in service.

STEPHEN RAYMOND DRESSER

THE first and youngest going to war from his home town of Westbrook, Stephen Dresser gave incentive to the enrolment of others and also to the eager grasping by his townspeople of the various opportunities for war endeavor. "He gave his life for what he realized to be the greatest cause in the world's history. And throughout the two years of warfare there was always the exaltation of service in his every word and act."

Speaking of Stephen's youth a very old friend of the family says: "Those who knew him will never forget his bright young face, his manner so courteous to young and old alike. There was a manliness about him rare for his years, and yet, with it all, he was a real boy, delighting in the good things of boyhood." As he grew older "Steve" strengthened in this manliness as he did in body As a lad of nineteen he had his place among men. A fellow driver says "he possessed all the attributes of a good soldier . . . . . It was an honor to have been a comrade of Steve's . . . . the most self-sacrificing and bravest man I ever knew." His commander says, "Steve was one of the finest fellows that went across . . . . . as fine as I knew." As a child, as a boy, and as a young man Stephen won the affection and respect of comrades and acquaintances.

In boyhood Stephen was ill with tuberculosis. He was in bed for months at a time, yet always he fought the disease, and cheerily, too. "Never discouraged, or blue, or peevish about his sickness," Stephen disciplined himself with the thought that "anything that ought to be done he could do." He loved people and was generous to a fault. Big-hearted and helpful, "Steve" was loved by everyone.

During his long spells of illness he turned much to books, which gave him a serious side unusual in a boy. He had, nevertheless, all a boy's interests. At last, a year or two before war came, thanks greatly to his will

power, an absolute cure was effected, and Stephen freed of the burden which had always weighed him down, entered enthusiastically into the life about him. His sympathies were early roused for France and a month before his high school class graduated Stephen entered the American Field Service. Just before sailing he wrote: "We both know, Dad, what I am going into and I may never come back, but it is worth it to both you and me."

In May, 1917, "Steve" joined Section Two in the Verdun region. For its work at this time near Mort Homme and Esnes the Section was decorated, and Stephen received his first Croix de Guerre. Twice later he was cited by the French, and on one of these occasions "when Steve learned he was to be decorated he asked that the medal be given to someone who had not received a cross before," but the lieutenant refused because "of all the men to be decorated he had done most to merit it." With the militarization of the Ambulance Service he became a member of Section 552. Through the continued trials and disconsolations the words of his friend held true. "Steve worked uncomplainingly through it all — always cheerful."

After the Armistice Stephen broke his arm and spent some months at hospitals and the Shepard convalescent home where earlier he had been sick with pneumonia and shell-shock. "One of our favorite boys," Mr. Shepard called him, "you can be proud of Steve." Stephen died in Paris on March 19, 1919. The remark of Lieutenant Gores shows, as well as words can, Stephen Dresser's fineness. "No braver soldier stood and as a man he had his ideals and lived strictly up to them."

STEPHEN RAYMOND DRESSER

Born October 20, 1898, in Westbrook, Maine. Son of Ernest L. and Hattie Raymond Dresser. Home, Brookline, Massachusetts. Educated private tutor and Westbrook schools. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917, attached Section Two until September 26, 1917. Enlisted as private in U. S. A. Ambulance Service, Section 552. Croix de guerre, three citations, and American citation. Died of wounds resulting from accident, March 19, 1919, in Paris. Buried Suresnes, Seine.

EDWARD ILSLEY TINKHAM

Born August 3, 1893, at Radnor, Pennsylvania, Son of Julian R. and Mary M. L. Tinkham. Educated Montclair Academy and Cornell University, Class of 1916. Joined American Field Service, February 26, 1916; attached Sections Three and Four in France to November 23, 1916. Returned to America and college. Organized Cornell unit. Rejoined Field Service, March 20, 1917; attached Transport Section 526. Commandant Adjoint to September 18, 1917. Croix de Guerre. Enlisted U. S. Naval Aviation; trained Mouchic, France. Commissioned Flight Ensign, July, 1918. To Porto Corsini, Italy. Italian War Cross and U. S. Navy Cross. Died March 30, 1919, of meningitis and pneumonia, at Ravenna, Italy. Cremated at Bologna. Ashes deposited in the *Muro perpetuo* of the Cemetery, Ravenna, Italy.

SLENDER, with regular features, clear eyes, and a fair complexion, "Ed" Tinkham at first glance always gave one the impression of being younger than he was. Yet there was about him an air of determination and intensity of purpose which belied his youthful appearance.

He entered Cornell University in 1912 and was prominent in track athletics as a member of both the varsity track and cross-country teams. In the middle of his senior year, February, 1916, he applied for a leave of absence to join the American Field Service. The late winter and early spring of that year he spent with Section Three in Lorraine, and in June, when the Section was moved to the battle front of Verdun, he distinguished himself for bravery and was awarded the Croix de Guerre. In the fall, on the departure of Section Three for the Orient, he was transferred to Section Four where he remained until late in November.

After nine months of service, and while America still held aloof, he returned to Cornell to complete his college course, and get his degree of B.S. But with his heart full of the struggle which France was making, he found it impossible to settle down to civilian life and immediately began to devote all his spare time to organizing a Cornell Unit for the Field Service. He succeeded in enrolling, by the end of March, 1917, a unit of thirty-five men which made up the first body of Cornell men to arrive in France. One of his comrades wrote of him on the trip over: "'Ed' Tinkham is the recognized leader of the unit and whatever he says goes. No one could be more devoted to our welfare and there is something about the quiet way he handles things and looks after us that makes everyone love and respect him."

Arriving in France the latter part of April, the Cornell unit was selected as the first contingent of the camion corps just being organized, and on May 8, 1917, left for the hastily organized training camp in the forest of

Dommiers near Soissons. This unit, under Tinkham's leadership, is generally conceded to be the first organized group to go to the front carrying the American Flag.

After five months on the Aisne front in the camion service, where he proved himself a wise officer and leader, he resigned from the Field Service and enlisted in the American Naval Aviation Forces just arrived in France He was commissioned a Flight Ensign in July, 1918, and was sent to the Naval Aviation Station at Porto Corsini, Italy, where he served until the armistice, patroling the Adriatic, and in the operations against the Austrian Naval Base of Pola. He was cited for the Italian War Cross at Porto Corsini in 1918, and subsequently for the U. S. Navy Cross. Soon after the Armistice he was taken sick and was transferred to the Italian Military Hospital at Ravenna where he died of meningitis and pneumonia on March 30, 1919.

"Ed" Tinkham's military career will be for those who knew him but the natural expression of his loyal personality. He was one of the earliest from his Alma Mater to learn at first hand, months before his country entered the war, what the struggle meant and his position in her annals is unique. The following verses from a tribute by Professor A. B. Recknagel, which appeared in the "Cornell Forester" soon after his death bear witness to the fact:

"As the first song birds of returning Spring
Bring hope and vigor after Winter's dearth,
So Tinkham with his band of Cornell youths
An earnest was of greater help to come
And of our country girding for the strife

. . .

" Consumed as with a bright fierce flame
Of patriotic fervor, he is not dead
Whom once we knew and loved.
He is translated, apotheosized
As One who also loved humanity."

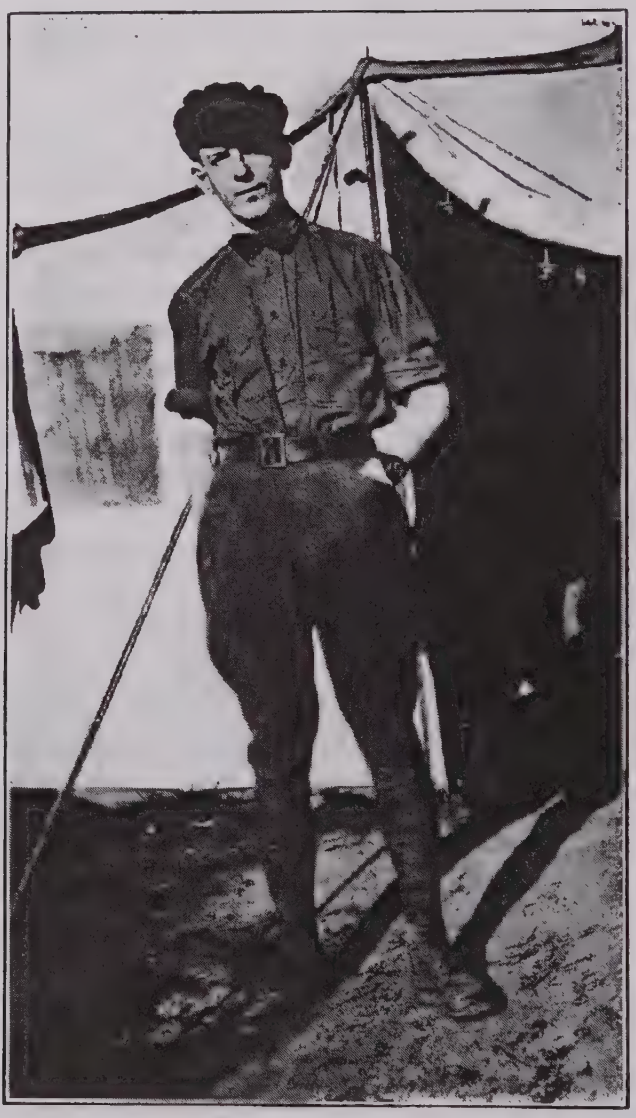
His brother has written of him "He was the type of boy who always cared a great deal for soldier life and anything that might have an element of risk in it, always being the ring-leader when there was any mischief afoot. While at high school and at Staunton he played football and was known as a very fast, hard hitting player." On being graduated from the Staunton Military Academy, he entered business with his father where he remained until shortly after his father's death. Then, with a boy's spirit of adventure and a desire to see something of his own country he set out with a companion of his own age for the Pacific Coast. The two started with only moderate funds and worked their way to and from California, obtaining employment on cattle ranches, in moving picture studios, or anywhere they could find work.

After such an experience, life in a New York office seemed insufferable and as trouble with Mexico was pending, he welcomed the opportunity to enlist with the First Cavalry, Troop C, of Brooklyn, and went with that squadron to the Mexican border. His was one of the last formations to be sent home and his discharge gave him an excellent character On his return he entered the employ of A. G Spaulding and Brother as a salesman in their New York office, but found it extremely difficult to adapt himself to the ordinary affairs of life, particularly after this country declared war on Germany. On June 30, 1917, he left for France as a member of the American Field Service

His ambition was to serve in a camion section, but as the need just then was for ambulance drivers, he was sent to the front with Ambulance Section Seventy-One which took over its quota of Fiat cars at Noyon on July 31, 1917. They spent the greater part of the summer around Noyon in action in the Saint-Quentin sector. Brown was acting *Sous-Chef* of the Section and when the

United States Army took over the Field Service he enlisted in the United States Army Ambulance Service and was given the rank of Sergeant, first Class, and continued his work at the front. He was twice gassed, once in October, 1917, and again the following year, and was awarded a "Medal of Honor" with citation by the French Government for his work during a grippe epidemic among the French soldiers.

During the latter part of his stay in France he suffered from the effects of gas and diabetes and was for a time transferred to the Provisional Battalion in Paris. He arrived in Hoboken, on the U. S. Transport Mobile, April 23, 1919, in a semi-conscious condition and was taken immediately to the United States Embarkation Hospital No 1 where, three days later, he died. His commanding officer wrote of him in a letter to his brother: "Your brother served under my command as assistant sergeant-major during the most critical period of the war. His loyalty, energy, faithfulness, and devotion are such that I cannot put into words my appreciation of his services. I feel that his death is not only that of a valued and trusted assistant, but that of a warm personal friend as well."



JAMES SNODGRASS BROWN

Born February 10, 1893, in New York City. Son of Willard P. and Mae McHenry Brown. Educated Mount Vernon High School, New York, and Staunton Military Academy, Virginia. Business with W. P. Brown and Sons. Troop C, 1st N. Y. Cavalry. Seven months Mexican Border. Business with A. G. Spaulding and Bro. Joined American Field Service, June 30, 1917; attached Sections Seventy-one and Twenty-nine, until August 31, 1917. Transferred to U. S. A. Ambulance Service. Ill in Paris. Arrived in America, April 23, 1919. Died April 26, 1919, in Embarkation Hospital Number One, Hoboken, New Jersey, of diabetes and gas-poisoning. Buried in New Rochelle, New York.

EDWARD NEWELL WARE, JUNIOR

Born April 5, 1892, at Florence, Wisconsin. Son of Reverend Edward N. and Cora Willis Ware. Home, Chicago, Illinois. Educated Lake View High School, Chicago. Business, four years. Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, Class of 1919. Joined American Field Service, May 5th, 1917; attached Section Thirteen. Enlisted U. S. A. Ambulance Service with French Army. Gassed November, 1917, near Verdun. Joined Hoover Food Commission, February, 1919, at Paris. Died of smallpox at Bucharest, Roumania, May 7, 1919. Buried Military Cemetery, Bucharest.

EDWARD NEWELL WARE, JUNIOR

WITH a sensitive, artistic mind, "interested in books, architecture, art, and music," Edward Newell Ware, Jr., combined unusual firmness of mind and sturdiness of character. Unwilling to continue college after his freshman year because of the burden upon his father's shoulders, he gave up his cherished hopes and set resolutely to work in a field for which he had no love, but which he mastered so completely that, at the end of four years, he was able to resume his place in the School of Engineering of Northwestern University. He was initiated into the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and became a leader in its activities,—"an inspiration to all who were associated with him." "Architecture was his goal," says his mother, "to which his constructive ability and his appreciation of art led him." He advanced rapidly and stood high on the Honor Roll for scholarship when the war made a second and final interruption of his career. He enlisted in the American Field Service and sailed for France on May 5, 1917.

He gave himself as wholeheartedly to the work of transporting wounded as to everything else he had ever undertaken. "He was the most courageous and fearless of us," says a comrade; and others speak of "his wonderful devotion to his wounded," and of his self-sacrificing helpfulness on all occasions. In November, 1917, he was badly gassed, but his love of action and desire to be with the Section soon brought him back from the hospital where he might have had a much longer convalescence. He was loved by his companions, as he had been at college, not only for the strange beauty of his nature, but also for his courageous independence of spirit which led him, regardless of consequence, into generous and brotherly acts. With instinctive sympathy for the "under dog," he used to be particularly friendly to fellows in the Section who, through some accident or slight fault, had become temporarily unpopu-

lar. Music was the great comfort and delight of his life. It exalted him, lifting him above the "dreadful circumstance of war" into the beautiful places where his delicate and impressionable imagination wandered joyous and free. It was this imagination of his that made him so keenly alive to the horror and suffering of war, and caused him to bear equally with his wounded the pain caused by long journeys over frightful roads.

After the Armistice, instead of returning home with his unit, Newell volunteered his services to the Hoover Food Commission, and after serving for a short time in Paris, was sent out with a small contingent to bring help to the poor and suffering of Roumania. He rejoiced in what he referred to as "this very minor sort of role in the economic reconstruction of a romantic story book country, poor Roumania." It was while working in the midst of famine and disease that he contracted smallpox, from which he died on May 7, 1919. He was buried with full military honors in the cemetery of Bucharest.

Newell's sympathies were broad and quick, his generosity ready and open, and his character unflinchingly upright. The many friends who wrote to his mother on learning of his death were all impressed by the fact that by no word or deed had he ever swerved the least bit from "the high ideals of pure, true manhood which he held." "He not only stood for the right and best," says his fraternity paper, "but he had the supreme courage of his convictions." It is this completeness of his spiritual and moral development that alone can lessen the tragedy of his unrealized hopes and ambitions.

HUGO WING FALES

MANY of the men who volunteered for the American Field Service were young fellows still in college, free of responsibility, whose departure did not include giving up a hard-won position in the world. Hugo Wing Fales went with the same ready spirit of sacrifice that moved them all, in spite of the fact that for him it meant making the climb in business all over again when he should come back. He was twenty-six years old with a successful record as salesman for a silk manufacturing concern when, in July, 1917, he sailed for France. He went out to the front in the camion branch joining Section 397, and when the American Field Service was taken over by the United States Army, he enlisted in the American Mission, continuing his work as a truck driver with the French army. His ability as a driver and his knowledge of machinery caused him to be included, shortly after his enlistment, among those to attend a course at Chauvigny for instructors. After graduating from this school in January, 1918, he was made an instructor for American truck drivers at Pont St. Maixent and later at Motor Transport School Number One. On November 11, 1918, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of the M. T. C. and assigned to duty as assistant to the Motor Transport Officer at Bourges Throughout the dreary winter and spring that followed the armistice he worked at his uninspired task with unflagging cheerfulness, never complaining even when troops with half his length of service went past him on their way home, while he stayed apparently anchored to his desk for all time. His commanding officer, Captain Russell H. Bird, says that "at all times he proved himself an untiring and energetic worker, with a sunny disposition and a kind word for everyone." It was a time when it took all a man's buoyancy of spirit just to keep smiling, yet Hugo always managed to create an atmosphere of cheeriness even when his heart ached most for home. In his letters he

betrayed very little of his real feelings. In the last one, written eight days before his death, there is no word of complaint,— simply the casual reference, "I don't expect to get to go before July 15th. It seems a long time, does n't it, but the time flies."

Colonel David L. Stone of the General Staff has given the following account of the accident that caused Hugo's death.

"The Motor Transport Park where your son was on duty is located near the proving grounds or target range for a French artillery depot . . . . . On the morning of May 2nd a shrapnel shell being fired on the French proving grounds burst prematurely in mid-air and by some freak of the explosion part of the shell was projected way to one side, crashing through the roof of the office and striking your son in the hip Every medical attention was at once administered and Captain Bird, his commanding officer, offered to have his own blood transmitted to your son in order to compensate for excessive bleeding, but the shock of the large piece of metal passing through your son's body was too great for him to recover."

He was game to the very end. When he was given cocaine he said smilingly, "If I had known it was so easy to take dope, I would have tried it long ago."

Colonel Stone concluded his report with the words "I know that he was universally loved and respected by all officers and men," and this opinion was held by everyone who came in contact with him. The words of his chaplain, Edward J. Smith, might stand for all, "I doubt if there was an officer more popular with his men or more highly esteemed by his fellow officers for the fine soldierly qualities he displayed."

HUGO WING FALES

Born March 17, 1892, in Belding, Michigan. Son of Elmer E. and Clara Palmer Fales. Educated Belding High School and Ferris Institute. Six years with Belding Brothers & Company, silk manufacturers. Joined American Field Service, August 7, 1917; attached Transport Section 397 until November 13, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Motor Transport Corps; attached Section 242. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, M. T. C., November 11, 1918. Killed by accidental explosion of shell, Bourges, May 2, 1919. Buried at Bourges, Cher.

KRAMER CORE TABLER

Born April 2, 1895, in Parkersburg, West Virginia. Son of Professor Daniel C. and Ella Core Tabler. Educated Parkersburg High School and Marietta College, Ohio, Class of 1920. Joined American Field Service, May 26, 1917; attached Transport Section 184 to November 20, 1917. Enlisted U. S. Aviation, January, 1918. Trained French schools. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, May 8, 1918. Instructor, First Air Depot, Colombey-les-Belles. First Lieutenant, May 12, 1919. Killed in aeroplane accident, May 16, 1919, Colombey-les-Belles. Buried Colombey-les-Belles, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

KRAMER CORE TABLER

On the very eve of his departure from camp, having just received his commission as First Lieutenant and his sailing orders to return to America, Lieutenant Kramer Core Tabler met his tragic death.

On the 16th of May, 1919, while rendering his last service in instructing a fellow officer to fly, the plane carrying both men "crashed" from a distance of about one thousand feet, burst into flames, and the two officers were instantly killed. On the following day, the same on which he was to have left to go to a port of embarkation for America, he and his comrade were tenderly buried in a little cemetery in France, with forty-two other Americans, near the field where they fell.

Beloved by all who knew him, Lieutenant Tabler had, indeed, in his two years of service, "played his part and proved himself a man."

The grandson of Brigadier General Andrew S. Core, of the Civil War, he was born in Parkersburg, West Virginia, April 2, 1895. He graduated from the Parkersburg High School in 1913. In the fall of 1916 he entered Marietta College with just ten dollars in his pocket and a lively determination to earn his way. Then the menace of war beckoned to us, and in the spring of 1917 young Tabler enlisted in the "Marietta Unit" for which his college equipped and sent twenty boys to France. They sailed from New York, May 26th, arriving in France, June 4th, where they drove camions for the American Field Service. Young Tabler served in this capacity until November 20th.

Instead of returning to America at the expiration of his enlistment with the American Field Service he remained in France and the following January he entered the American Aviation. He was immediately sent to a training school, from which he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant and Pilot, May 8, 1918.

Instead of being sent to the front immediately, he was

stationed at the First Air Depot in Colombey-les-Belles where he remained, as a flying instructor, during the rest of the war, and until the spring of 1919, when he met his death.

All those who saw Lieutenant Tabler, testify to his being the most daring of all the officers at the First Air Depot, and one of the most loved. The day he was killed, according to his comrades in the camp, was the bluest of all their days over there.

Kramer Tabler was always happy, and glad just to be alive. The most companionable of boys, he naturally made friends readily, and held them to him by bonds of deep affection. He was a great sportsman, loving activity, competition, good clean fun His home he reverenced and idolized and loved beyond all else — as he was loved in return there, and wherever he went.

Yet he renounced all this, like thousands of others, to do the task which lay unquestionably before him — before all of his kind. With the precious gift of his life he contributed to the greatest moral victory of all history.

This poem by an ambulance man of Section Sixty-Five, might well have been his song:

"Where I shall fall upon my battleground
There may I rest — nor carry me away
What holier hills could in these days be found
Than hills of France to hold a soldier's clay?
Nor need ye place the cross of wooden stuff
Over my head to mark my age and name;
This very ground is monument enough!
'T is all I wish of show or outward fame
Deep in the hearts of fellow countrymen
My first immortal sepulchre shall be,
Greater than all the tombs of ancient kings.
What matter where my dust shall scatter then?
I shall have served my country overseas
And loved her — dying with a heart that sings"

R. W. G.

FRANK HOPKINS, JUNIOR

FRANK HOPKINS, JR., was a little older than most of the men in the American Field Service, but in his enthusiasm and eagerness to see action he was almost boyish. On November 20, 1917, he wrote, "At last, at last! Tonight at suppertime came the long-looked for and impatiently awaited '*ordre de mouvement*,' and it looks as though we would get to see the front!" But the orders were countermanded, and it was not until some weeks later that his Section was finally on its way to the Chemin des Dames. Frank's letters from the front were extraordinarily restrained, with hardly a reference to the fact of war. He wrote often and at length, but confined himself to telling of the routine of section life and of his personal relations with the other men. There is not a single mention of shelling or of danger of any kind, though Section Sixty-Five saw a great deal of fighting and suffered its share of casualties. Through his correspondence we see him as a man of humor, who saw life clearly and simply, with a healthy matter-of-factness.

In August, 1917, Frank enlisted in the American Field Service, sailing with the Syracuse University Unit, and left Paris with Section Sixty-Five which had just been taken over by the army, and which was at that time stationed at a rest camp.

There is nothing more deadly than a prolonged *repos*, particularly to one who has never seen the front and is all anxiety lest the war be over before he gets there, but Frank's sense of humor saved him from utter discouragement. On November 22d, after the Section had made a futile move to another rest camp he wrote disappointedly but philosophically, "Anyway we are seeing a little of France — about twenty miles in two months. In December with undampened spirits, though with the added discomfort of the cold to depress him, he wrote, "The business of war seems to have struck a dull season, but I guess there is no danger of the help being laid off."

The Section, however, made up for its long idleness by getting into the midst of the action that marked the following spring and summer Frank was constitutionally delicate and the exhausting work weakened his powers of resistance to any sickness that might be in the air. Towards the end of September he was evacuated for grippe and wrote from Base Camp — "I should be able to rejoin the Section soon, as they need every man now. And here I am down here — sick — and missing the fun and excitement up there." A year of war had not in the least quenched his enthusiasm.

After a few arduous weeks at Base Camp he managed to get sent to Paris, to the haven of all Field Service men, 21 rue Raynouard, from which he wrote, "Here I am home again, or so it seems to me — the old Field Service headquarters — the first place that made us feel at home in this foreign land!" He remembered his convalescing there as one of the bright spots of his life in France and often referred to the care he received and the attention with which he was treated. He arrived at the front again in time to take part in the last splendid drive, writing on November 4th that his division had just made "a fine advance of forty kilometers or more."

After the Armistice, Section Sixty-Five followed its French division into Germany as a part of the Army of Occupation until the last days of March, 1919, when it was called back to Base Camp at Ferrières and eventually sent home. On June 5th of the same year Frank died at General Hospital No. 5, Fort Ontario, New York, of valvular disease of the heart. The manner of his death was tragic, but no one who knew him can ever doubt that he met it with the same smiling courage and ready enthusiasm that he had carried across the sea into his other Great Adventure.

FRANK HOPKINS, JUNIOR

Born March 2, 1888, in Syracuse, New York. Son of Frank and Mary Lally Hopkins. Educated Syracuse Central High School and Syracuse University, Class of 1910. Practiced law. Joined American Field Service, August 16, 1917; attached Section Sixty-five. Transferred to U. S. Ambulance Service, Section 552. Returned to America, March, 1919. Died of heart disease, June 5, 1919, at General Hospital No. 5, Fort Ontario, New York. Buried in St. Agnes Cemetery, Syracuse, New York.

JERRY THOMAS ILLICH

Born April 30, 1893, in Los Angeles, California. Son of Jerry and Helen Stovell Illich. Home, San Diego, California. Educated Belmont School, California, and University of California, Class of 1913. Farming. Joined American Field Service, December 30, 1915; attached Section Three to May 22, 1916. Returned to America. Subsequently enlisted U. S. Aviation at Chico, California. Trained University of California and Rockwell Field, San Diego. Commissioned First Lieutenant, January 9, 1917. Trained Camp Dick, Texas, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and Camp Columbia, South Carolina. Sailed for France, September 13, 1918. Attached 278th Aero Squadron. Killed in accident, April 7, 1919, at Toul. Buried American Cemetery, Toul, Meurthe-et-Moselle. Body transferred to Thiaucourt, Meurthe-et-Moselle.

JERRY THOMAS ILLICH

AFTER five months with a Field Service section on the Lorraine front, to have gone back to the United States to enter the aviation branch of the army, to have trained in various parts of the country and then finally, having returned to the front in the 278th Aero Squadron with prospects of immediate active service, and then to have lost his life in a sudden and avoidable accident — this was the tragic misfortune of Jerry Illich. Nor was that all. Adding to the bitterness of the tragedy, two other American lives were needlessly sacrificed in a heart-broken effort to pay homage to Illich.

The unfortunate accident at Toul is described by Illich's sister, as follows:

"On April 7, 1919, Lieutenant Illich and four others were walking across a field where there were several hangars and planes 'warming up.' Suddenly one started to take off. An officer about forty feet in front of my brother saw him, ran, and yelled a warning at the same time. But my brother turned to see what was coming and found the machine so close that he threw himself on the ground, thinking the plane would rise above him. But the pilot was unable to do this, and the plane's wheel hit my brother between the shoulders, crushing his heart. He lived only a few minutes.

"The Lieutenant in the plane that killed my brother was beside himself . . . . . and the day of the funeral, wanted to pay a final tribute by showering flowers upon the cortège. While doing this he crashed into another machine, above the grave, and the two came down, one in flames, the other a total wreck. Both pilots were instantly killed. They now lie beside my brother in the cemetery at Toul."

Jerry Illich's devotion to duty was described by a friend in a letter written when the former first volunteered for service in France "Jerry wishes to go and serve in the ambulance unit, knowing that such adven-

ture is not a pleasure trip and appreciating full well the hard work which will follow. He goes for the service to mankind which he can render."

He first sailed for France in December of 1915 to join the American Ambulance Field Service, and was sent with Section Three to Lorraine, where he served loyally and efficiently for five months.

Returning to the United States, Jerry enlisted in the United States Air Service at Chico, California: and entered the first school of aviation at the University of California. From there he went to Rockwell Field, where he was commissioned a First Lieutenant. After training at Camp Dick and Fort Sill, he received his sailing orders while at Camp Columbia, South Carolina. He sailed from New York, September 13, 1918, and, the following month, joined the 278th Aero Squadron at Toul. There he remained until the time of his death, April 7, 1919.

In the little American cemetery near Toul, last resting place of many American aviators, three graves side by side mark the place where lie these three loyal Americans overtaken by such unforseen misfortune. There upon his grave wreaths were kept fresh for months by comrades who carried on to victory the fight to which Jerry Illich had dedicated his life.

HAROLD VINCENT AUPPERLE

LIKE Kim, "a friend to all the world," — that was Harold Vincent Aupperle, of Section Ten. "Little Aup," as he was lovingly called by his pals, gave his life in the service of humanity. It was in the bleak and dingy little town of Nova Varosh, Serbia, that he fought his last battle — with typhus. Weary, worn, and weak from the strain of unrelenting service, "Little Aup" lost.

Aupperle came from Grand Junction, Colorado, where by his eighteenth year he had finished school and had become city editor of a crusading daily paper. Three years later he began his college career at Stanford University, where he captained a winning track team and became a leader in student affairs. Chancellor David Starr Jordan took Aupperle as private secretary on a number of his extended tours.

Aupperle's story is not one of spectacular heroism. War's choice for him was a series of drudgeries, monotonous details, and steady duties. He accepted his lot with cheerful endurance and whimsical philosophy. When death took him all unexpectedly, Aupperle was on the last lap of a wearing, nerve-racking job, doing his bit long after he might have been repatriated, had he so wished.

Rejected for regular war service, in the spring of 1917, as underweight, Aupperle enlisted in the Field Service with the third Stanford unit On reaching Paris he was assigned to the second Stanford Section, just starting for the Balkans. There he served with the French *Armée d'Orient* until his formation was recalled to France. When the Field Service was militarized Aupperle was rejected by the army and navy and as a last resort enlisted in the American Red Cross, returning, in December, 1917, to the unfortunate Balkans.

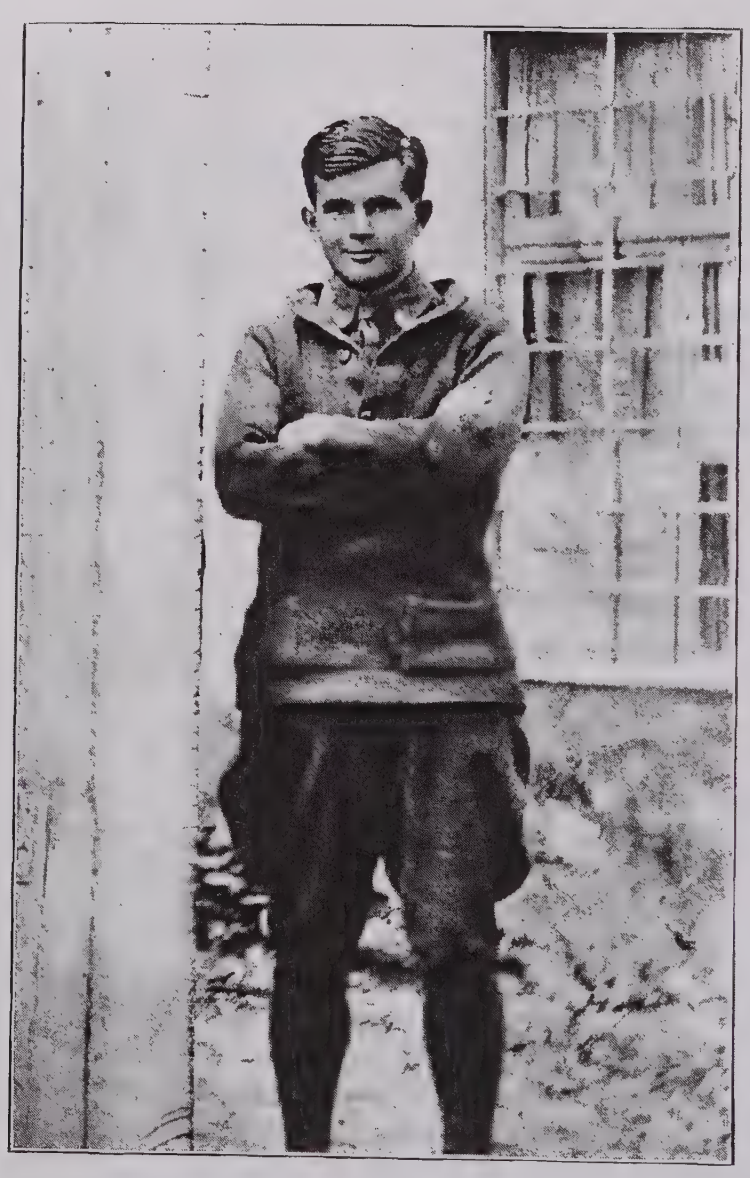
At Salonica Aupperle had charge of the Red Cross motor transport for nearly a year. Then he joined the first relief expedition for Northern Serbia. He was in a

small party that left Salonica early in December Two weeks of adventure brought the expedition to Fiume. To Aupperle was assigned the difficult task of getting supplies through to Belgrade. He took the first relief to the Serbian capital, and received the grateful thanks of its people.

In April, at Belgrade, Aupperle suggested that he might get relief to certain mountain regions along the Bosnian frontier where conditions were distressful. Transportation was the principal problem. Aupperle was given this strenuous and tremendous undertaking and eventually was able to lead a train of wagons loaded with miscellaneous supplies to the beleaguered region.

His letters tell of plodding ox-cart caravans, and of weary treks with trains of pack animals. From a land of desolation he wrote letters so cheerful that they were used as official propaganda to counteract lagging enthusiasm. Aupperle was just completing this last assignment when he succumbed to the malignant typhus. A letter received by a chum in the same service two weeks before Aupperle's death, had said, "Another week will see me out of here — a country which would make Buddha himself lose his even temperament. Well, Pop, pray that I may have good luck and finish up quickly."

"A little more than two weeks later," writes this chum, "on the hills beside the Danube, the Prince's band stopped playing for a moment while a company of Serbian veterans fired a salute over an open grave. Over and over again I said, 'Goodbye, Little Aup,' as I thought in turn of the many friends, American, French, British, Greek, Serbian, Albanian, and Turkish, that loved him, too."



HAROLD VINCENT AUPPERLE

Born August 9, 1892, in Sioux City, Iowa. Son of D. W. and Nancy Gilman Aupperle. Home, Grand Junction, Colorado. Educated Grand Junction High School and Leland Stanford University, Class of 1917. Joined American Field Service, June 25, 1917; attached Section Ten in the Balkans to November 18, 1917. Rejected by U. S. Army and Navy. Enlisted American Red Cross. To Salonica and Belgrade. Serbian Order of the White Eagle. Died June 14, 1919, of typhus at Nova Varosh, Serbia. Buried Belgrade, Serbia. Body transferred to Masonic Cemetery, Grand Junction, Colorado.

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